

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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## THE VIOLIN OF MESSIRE ANDREAS.



THE Messire Andreas—good old man!—  
Made violins on the ancient plan.  
By such a rule and by such a chart  
He gauged and fashioned every part,  
Until, to those who went and came,  
His work, monotonously the same,  
Failed of its favor, as the eye  
Wearies of dull, unchanging sky;  
And cleverer craftsmen stole away  
The hearts of his patrons day by day.

For Messire Andreas—patient soul!—  
Perceiving a part, had lacked the whole.  
He tuned and tempered well enough  
To smooth and subtle from gross and rough,  
But never yet his heart, aflame,  
Had burned with hope of a deathless fame.

And, strangely now, all ears were dead;  
And, strangely now, the critics said:  
“No genius is wedded to daily bread.”  
They pointed the finger and tossed the head:  
“Stainer and Klotz have nothing to dread;  
And by Straduaris, old Guarnerius,  
The four Amati and Ruggierius,  
This poor fool had better be led.  
If he were wise,” said they, “he would find  
Our modern workmen are left behind:  
If he were wise he would not dare  
To meddle—but let him make a chair,  
A table, a bed—not vie with those  
Who carried their art to its very close.  
Fiddles, perhaps, by the twenty score,  
But *violins* will be seen no more!”

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Quietly thus, from day to day,  
His craft and gain were dropping away;  
And gilded lords and ladies fine  
Drank of the opera's airy wine,  
Or flashed and reveled in jest and song—  
While over the heads of the hollow throng,  
Marvelous music of other men  
Floated and leaped and laughed, as when  
The glad sun wakens a woodland glen.  
No richer rapture was ever trilled  
By bird in the bush—no air was thrilled  
With sweeter ripple and rounder note  
From the joy of some singer's mellow throat:  
And he whose magical skill expressed  
Those wonderful longings of the breast—  
The first of the first, and the best of the best—  
Living afar from all that throng,  
Kept his sympathies pure and strong.

At length old Andreas came to see  
Him who controlled this mystery—  
A dark face lit by fiery eyes,  
Like Satan peering at Paradise;  
A hand whose tremulous fingers, still  
Unfaltering, aided the cunning will,  
And a soul which quivered through and through,  
With grass-blades bending to drops of dew,  
With branches which swung to the stormy stroke,  
With the lark which sang when the morn awoke,  
With the brook's low murmur, the night-wind's  
moans,  
Or the diapason of thunder tones.

From the burning eyes he caught their fire,  
From the Master's heart he caught its ire,  
By the strange wild nature his was stirred;  
He trembled, and, as when a bird,  
Enchanted by the basilisk's glow,  
Under the greenwood hovers low,  
His soul to the violinist's bow  
So rose and fell, most loth to go.

And then he took from a secret store  
A piece—most precious—of sycamore,  
Whereon harmonious sun-rays fell  
Long years ago in a silent dell,  
And over its fibers breezes sweet  
Swept to make concord more complete,  
And under the mild Italian sky  
The peasants caroled in passing by.  
No knot nor wrench the eye might trace—  
No warp or fissure in any place,  
To mar its fitness or spoil its grace:  
This should the back of the fabric be.

For the sides he chose an aspen tree,  
Stripped of its bark while standing free,  
And gathering into its splendid white

Electric strength from the Northern Light.  
So sensitive, quick and moved aright  
To every touch, and melted through  
With blue of the sky and ocean's blue.

Then, searching further, he got him pine,  
Dug from that most melodious mine,  
An organ's heart, where symphonies  
Wandered like some Arcadian breeze;  
Or where the grandeur of music grew  
Till pulsing particles, throbbing true,  
Sent from above and beneath the same  
Strong, tender praise to the Holy Name.

And then, with love, and hope, and care,  
He fashioned the instrument here and there,—  
A life's best thought, a spirit's prayer.

For the bridge a harp most quaintly stood,  
And a lady's head in carved wood,  
Smiled on the strings! Each turning-pin  
Such precious ebony as 'twere sin  
To grant to a common violin.  
And Messire Andreas bent his soul  
To the curves and bends of the perfect bowl,  
And the open-work of each sounding-hole.  
He watched the birds who sang all day,  
With swelling breasts and throats in play,  
On the elm-tree branches across the way,  
To find that mold which best could know  
To reinforce the flickering bow.  
He sought the wreathings of 'he snow;  
The clouds, wind-wasted, torn and rent;  
The waves on long sea-reaches spent:  
And he held to his ear the shell's white tent.  
To catch the curves of the instrument—  
Whose shape, beyond a thought of doubt,  
Should throw the notes with gladness out.

He searched the cities all about;  
He looked each Straduarus through,  
He noted the varnish and marked the glue.  
Guarnerius taught him nothing new;  
Amatus gave him joy and pride;  
But, after these, were none beside,  
To know the art or the fame divide.

And thus his single work of skill,  
With marvelous handicraft and will  
Intense, came nearer to fulfill  
Its master's deep desire, for he  
Had gained the clew to the mystery.  
But not in varnish and not in those  
Myriad points which some suppose;  
He found it rather in sobs and throes.  
In gladness deeper than words disclose,  
That binding of soul to soul, wherein  
The maker is blent with the violin.

But the Master's eyes were dimming now,  
And the frosty winter on his brow,  
Was shedding the crystal flakes which fall  
From the wan, white Death which is over all.  
Darker his brow than the Alpine night,  
For never had there met his sight  
That best of instruments, fit to bear  
His soaring art to the highest air;  
And him, adoring the Cremonese,  
Scarcely Guarnerius chanced to please.  
He loved him well, but felt him weak,  
At the subtle crisis when souls should speak;  
He loved him well, but yet he drew  
More from Guarnerius than he knew,  
And, ceasing there, no more could do.

To him the Messire Andreas came,  
Unknown by face, unpraised by name,  
With ashen cheek but with heart aflame—  
A weak old man, who, sad and bent,  
Bare that most perfect instrument.

The Master seized it, scanned it well,  
And touched a string, as though to tell  
Its merit by a magic spell.  
Then, grasping bow, at once there sprang  
A music forth whose chords outrang,  
In sighing sweetness or martial clang,  
In fervent praising or prayerful pang,  
The loftiest notes Guarnerius sang.

"Set me the price!" the Master said;  
But Messire Andreas bowed his head.  
"I only ask," he made reply,  
"To have my honor before I die—  
I only ask that men shall see  
How sadly they have mistaken me."

Crowds upon crowds are pressing in  
With eager swiftness and cheerful din  
To hear the Master's violin—  
That dark Cremona, loved and known  
Next to himself, his very own,  
So sweet in temper, so rich in tone  
But see! the Master comes again,  
And the pattering hands like a burst of rain,  
Which dashes upon the window pane,  
Welcome him back with fierce delight:  
This is his noblest triumph-night.  
And now a hush—like a dropping pall—  
For everywhere, in seat and stall,  
They stare agast as the Master stands,  
With another instrument in his hands.

The ivory bridge, the ebony pins  
Mark it among all violins,  
And fluttering ribbons of azure float  
From the carved lady's beautiful throat.

No sound is heard.—In air the bow  
Sweeps o'er the human sea below,  
Like the staff of Moses o'er Pharaoh.

And then the waves of music dash  
With sudden, and swift, and terrible crash  
From strings above, from strings below,  
Wherever the flying fingers go,  
In shouts of triumph and sobs of woe,  
While far, far off, amid the din,  
Creeps up the song of the violin.  
Now faint, now firmer, now soft, now strong,  
The tones of the melody steal along,  
And rising higher and higher yet—  
Like a singer scaling a parapet—  
Above the clamor, and shout, and call,  
The song of the singer conquers all!

Ah me! the throb of the hearts which spoke  
To each swift pulsation, each wondrous stroke.  
Ah me! the lovely eyes which wept  
At the cadences which the Master kept!  
Ah me! the silence, deep, profound,  
Which followed after the latest sound—  
And then the thunders, pealing in,  
Gave victory to the violin.

Like surges over Pharaoh's host,  
Closing with cries of the rocky coast,  
And the voices of maidens on the shore  
Praising the One who went before;

So, when the Master, standing still,  
*Kisses the wood*—for a sudden thrill  
 Bursts in a storm of wild applause,  
 And the triumph follows the moment's pause.

Bowing low as he leaves their sight,  
 Tumult pursues him with its might;  
 And lord or lady, or serf or sage,  
 Peasant or prince, or peer or page,  
 Penniless youth, or prosperous age,  
 It matters not in their glorious rage.  
 For the walls re-echo fair and well  
 The popular heart in its highest swell  
 Where lately, clear as a chiming bell,  
 The marvelous sounds on their senses fell.

They may not, they will not, be denied,  
 Clamoring on unpacified—  
 And now the Master stands once more,  
 But where, so lonely, he stood before,  
 Another comes through the open door;  
 An old, old man with silver hair,  
 And a shabby jerkin unfit to wear,  
 In the face of the splendor waiting there.

But what for this does the Master care!  
 "'Tis Messire Andreas, friends, 'tis he  
 Who made this beautiful gift for me!"

Ah, then what roses, clustering rare,  
 What snowy lilies, what violets fair,  
 What visions of beauty were flying there,  
 And filling with flashes the fragrant air!  
 Ah, then what diamonds shot their light,  
 From wrist and finger across the sight,  
 As the kerchiefs waved on left and right,  
 To the men who had climbed the highest height.

No time for speech, no time for prayer,  
 Has Messire Andreas gotten there.—  
 A gasp, a gurgle, a cry of alarm,  
 And his head sinks low on the Master's arm.

They thought him fainting, but he drew  
 A single breath, and then there flew  
 A fearful whisper through the throng.  
 A moment more—it was not long—  
 And then the man who sang no song,  
 Lay in his last and peaceful rest,  
 His lips to the clustering roses pressed.

## THE CAÑONS OF THE COLORADO.

(THIRD PAPER.)

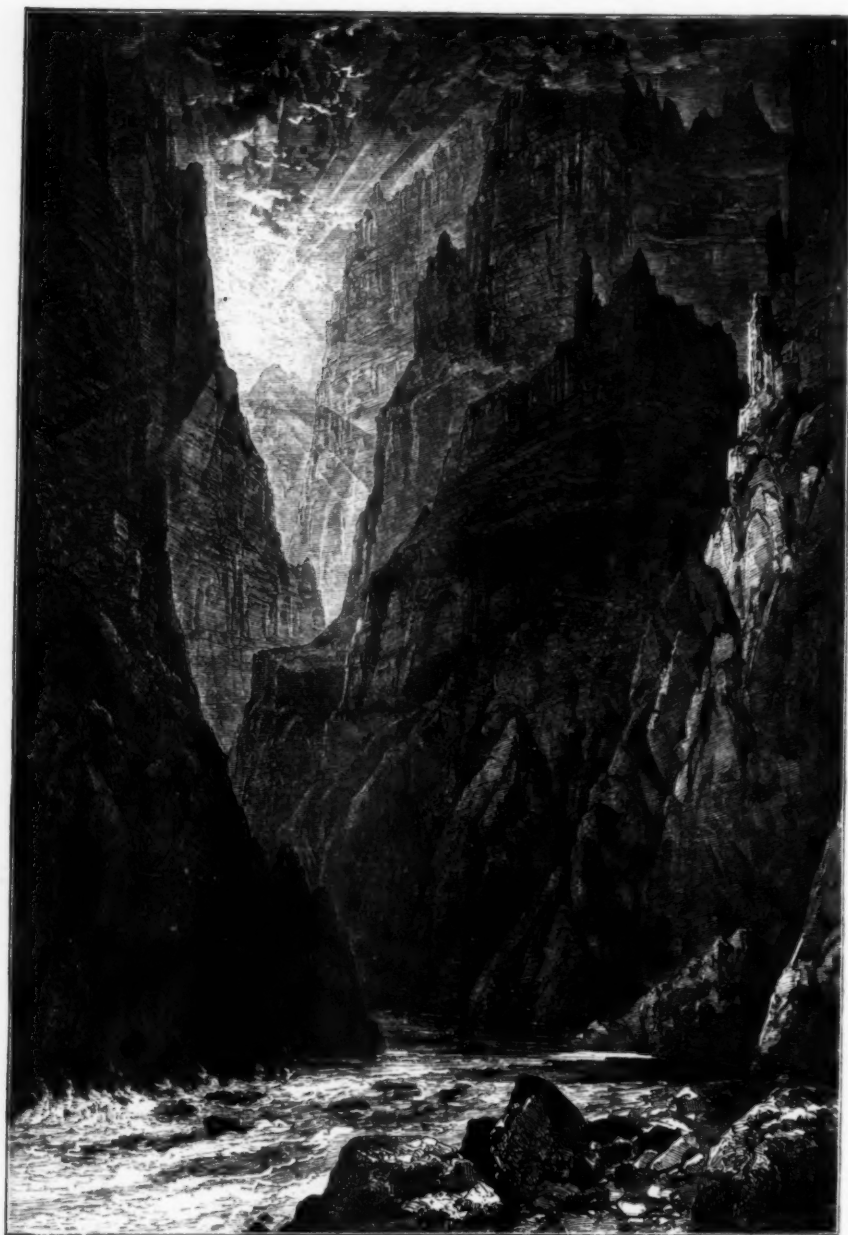
BY MAJOR J. W. POWELL.

THE walls were now more than a mile in height. Stand on the south steps of the Treasury Building in Washington and look down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol Park, measure the distance with your eye, and imagine cliffs extending to that altitude, and you will understand what I mean. Or, stand at Canal Street in New York and look up Broadway to Grace Church, and you have about the distance; stand at Lake Street Bridge in Chicago and look down to the Union Dépôt, and you have it again.

A thousand feet of this is up through granite crags, then slopes and perpendicular cliffs rise one above the other to the summit. The gorge is black and narrow below, red and gray and flaring above, and crags and angular projections on walls which, cut in many places by side cañons, seem to be a vast wilderness of rocks. Down through these gloomy depths we glided, always listening; for the mad waters kept up their roar; always watching and peering ahead—for the narrow cañon was winding and the river was closed so that we could see but a few hundred yards, and what might be below we knew not. We strained our ears for warning

of the falls and watched for rocks, or stopped now and then in the bay of a recess to admire the gigantic scenery; and ever as we went, there was some new pinnacle or tower, some crag or peak, some distant view of the upper plateau, some deep, narrow side cañon, or some strangely shaped rock. On we went, through this solemn, mysterious way. The river was very deep, the cañon very narrow and still obstructed, so that there was no steady flow of the stream, but the waters wheeled, and rolled, and boiled, and we were scarcely able to determine where we could go with greatest safety. Now the boat was carried to the right, perhaps close to the wall, again she was shot into the stream and dragged over to the other side, where, caught in a whirlpool, she spun about like a chip. We could neither land nor run as we pleased; the boats were entirely unmanageable; now one, now another was ahead, each crew looking after its own safety.

We came to another rapid; two of the boats ran it perforce; one succeeded in landing, but there was no foothold by which to make a portage, and she was pushed out again into the stream; the next minute a



THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.



great reflex wave filled the open compartment; she was water-logged, and drifted at the mercy of the waters. Breaker after breaker rolled over her, and one tossed her deck downward. The men were thrown out, but they clung to the boat, and she drifted down alongside of us, and we were able to catch her. She was soon bailed out and the men were aboard once more, but the oars were lost; their place being supplied by a pair from the "Emma Dean."

Clouds were playing in the cañon that day. Sometimes they rolled down in great masses, filling the gorge with gloom; sometimes they hung above from wall to wall, covering the cañon with a roof of impending storm, and we could peer long distances up and down this cañon corridor, with its cloud roof overhead, its walls of black granite, and its river bright with the sheen of broken waters. Then a gust of wind would sweep down a side gulch and make a rift in the clouds, revealing the blue heavens, and a stream of sunlight poured in. Again the clouds drifted away into the distance and hung around crags and peaks, and pinnacles, and towers, and walls, covering them with a mantle that lifted from time to time and set them all in sharp relief. Then baby clouds crept out of side cañons, glided around points, and crept back again into more distant gorges. Other clouds stretched in strata across the cañon, with intervening vista views to cliffs and rocks beyond.

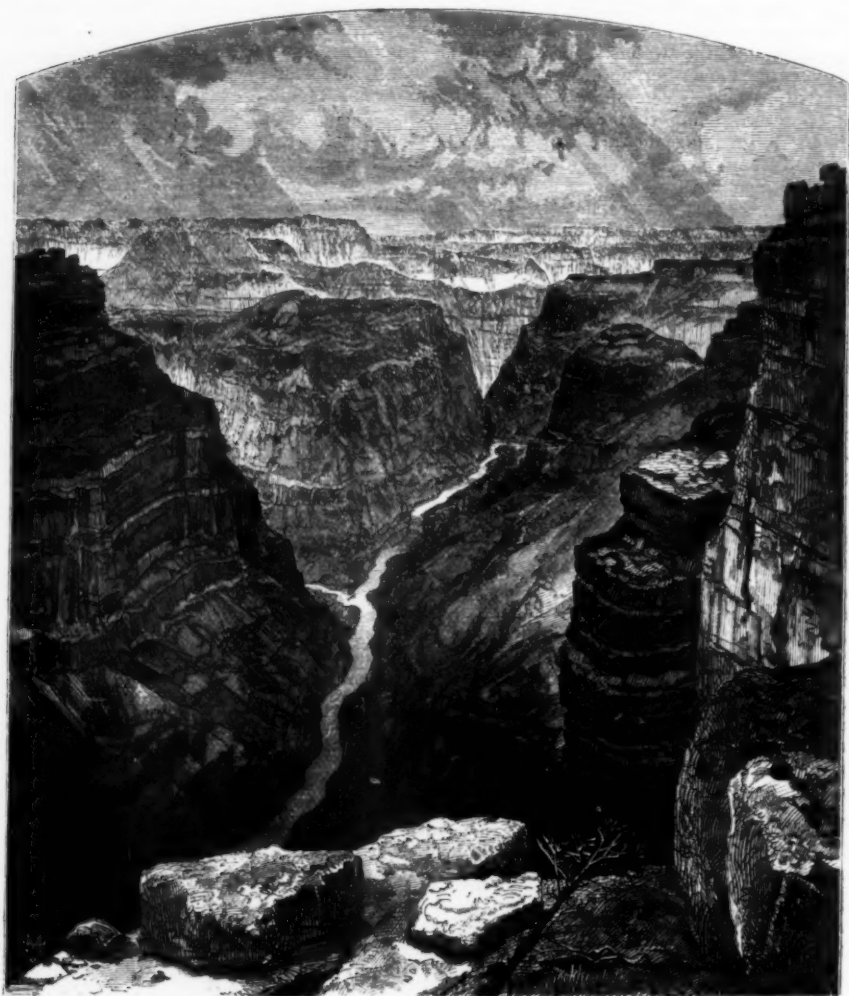
Then the rain came down. Little rills were formed rapidly above; these soon grew into brooks, and the brooks into creeks, which tumbled over the walls in innumerable cascades, adding their wild music to the roar of the river. When the rain ceased, the rills, brooks, and creeks ran dry. The waters that fall during the rain on these steep rocks are gathered at once into the river; they could scarcely be poured in more suddenly if some vast spout ran from the clouds to the stream itself. When a storm bursts over the cañon a side gulch is a dangerous place, for a sudden flood may come, and the inpouring water raise the river so as to drown the rocks before your very eyes.

On the 16th of August we were compelled to stop once more and dry our rations and make oars.

The Colorado is never a clear stream, and, owing to the rains which had been falling for three or four days, and the floods which were poured over the walls, bringing down great quantities of mud, it was now exceedingly turbid. A little affluent entered

opposite our camp—a clear, beautiful creek, or river, as it would be termed in the Western country, where streams are not so abundant. We had named one stream, above, in honor of the great chief of the bad angels, and as this was a beautiful contrast to that, we concluded to name it "Bright Angel River."

In a little gulch just above the creek, I discovered the ruins of two or three old houses, which were originally of stone laid in mortar. Only the foundations were left, but irregular blocks, of which the houses were constructed, were scattered about. In one room I found an old mealing stone, deeply worn, as if it had been much used. A great deal of pottery was strewn about, and old trails were seen, which, in some places, were deeply worn into the rock. It was ever a source of wonder to us why these ancient people sought such inaccessible places for their homes. They were doubtless an agricultural race, but there were no lands here of any considerable extent which they could have cultivated. To the west of Oraiby, one of the towns in the Province of Tusayan, in northern Arizona, the inhabitants have actually built little terraces along the face of the cliff, where a spring gushes out, and there made their site for gardens. It is possible that the ancient inhabitants of this place made their agricultural lands in the same way. But why should they seek such spots? Surely the country was not so crowded with population as to demand the utilization of a region like this. The only solution which suggests itself is this: We know that for a century or two after the settlement of Mexico, many expeditions were sent into the country now comprised in Arizona and New Mexico, for the purpose of bringing the town-building people under the dominion of the Spanish Government. Many of their villages were destroyed, and the inhabitants fled to regions at that time unknown, and there are traditions among the people who now inhabit the pueblos which still remain, that the cañons were these unknown lands. It may be that these buildings were erected at that time. Sure it is that they had a much more modern appearance than the ruins scattered over Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. These old Spanish conquerors had a monstrous greed for gold, and a wonderful lust for saving souls. Treasure they must have, if not on earth, why, then in heaven; and when they failed to find heathen temples bedecked with silver they propitiated heaven



THE GRAND CAÑON, AT THE FOOT OF TO-RÓ-WEAP, LOOKING WEST.

by seizing the heathens themselves. There is yet extant a copy of a record made by a heathen artist to express his conception of the demands of the conquerors. In one part of the picture we have a lake, and near by stands a priest pouring water on the head of a native. On the other side a poor Indian has a cord about his throat. Lines run from these two groups to a central figure, a man with a beard and full Spanish panoply. The interpretation of the picture writing is this: "Be baptized as this saved heathen, or be hanged as that damned heathen."

Doubtless some of these people preferred a third alternative, and rather than be baptized or hanged, they chose to be imprisoned within these cañon walls.

Our rations were rapidly spoiling, the bacon being so badly injured that we were compelled to throw it away, and our saleratus had been lost overboard. We had now plenty of coffee, but only musty flour sufficient for ten days, and a few dried apples. We must make all haste possible. If we met with difficulties as we had done in the cañon above, we should be compelled to

give up the expedition and try to reach the Mormon settlements to the north. Our hopes were that the worst places were passed, but our barometers were so badly injured as to be useless, so we had lost our reckoning in altitude, and knew not how much descent the river had yet to make.

It rained from time to time, sometimes all day, and we were thoroughly drenched and chilled, but between showers the sun shone with great power, and the mercury stood at 115°, so that we had rapid changes from great extremes, which were very disagreeable. It was especially cold in the rain at night. The little canvas we had was rotten and useless; the rubber ponchos, with which we started from Green River City, were all lost; more than half the party were without hats, and not one of us had an entire suit of clothes, nor had we a blanket apiece. So we gathered drift-wood and built fires, but the rain came down in torrents and extinguished them, and we sat up all night on the rocks shivering. We were, indeed, much more exhausted by the night's discomfort than by the day's toil.

So difficult were the portages on August 18th that we advanced but two miles in this work. I climbed up the granite to its summit and went back over the rust-colored sandstones and greenish-yellow shales to the foot of the marble wall. I climbed so high that the men and boats were lost in the black depths below, and

the river was but a rippling brook, and still there was more cañon above than below.

I pushed on to an angle where I hoped to get a view of the country beyond, to see, if possible, what the prospect was of our soon running through this plateau, or, at least, of meeting with some geological change that would let us out of the granite; but, arriving at the point, I could see below only a labyrinth of deep gorges.



MU-AV CAÑON, LOOKING WEST.

After dinner, in running a rapid, the pioneer boat was upset by a wave. We were some distance in advance of the larger boats; the river was rough and swift and we were unable to land; so we clung to the

boat and were carried down stream over another rapid. The men in the boats above saw our trouble, but were caught in whirlpools, and went spinning about so in the eddies that it seemed a long time before they came to our relief. At last they came. The boat was turned right side up and bailed out, the oars, which, fortunately, had floated along in company with us, were gathered up, and on we went without even landing.

On the 20th, the characteristics of the cañon changed; the river was broader, the walls were sloping, and composed of black slates that stood on edge. These nearly

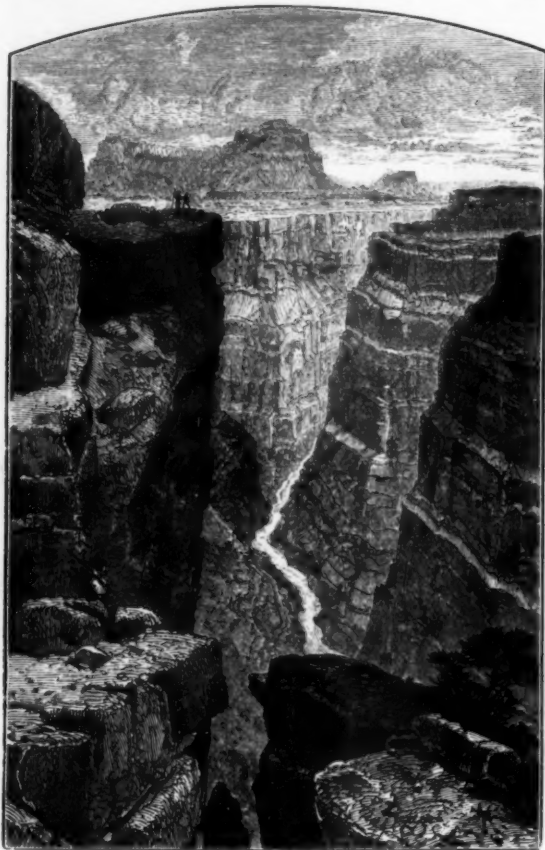
much smaller scale than the great bays and buttresses of Marble Cañon. The river was still rapid, and we stopped to let down with lines several times, but made greater progress, running ten miles.

On a terrace of trap we discovered another group of ruins. Evidently, there was once quite a village here. Again we found mealing-stones and much broken pottery, and upon a little natural shelf in the rock, back of the ruins, we found a globular basket that would hold perhaps a third of a bushel. It was badly broken, and, as I attempted to take it up, it fell to pieces. There were many beautiful flint chips scattered about, as if this had been the home of an old arrow-maker.

The next day, in nearing a curve, we heard a mad roar, and down we were carried with a dizzying velocity to the head of another rapid. On either side, high over our heads, there were overhanging granite walls, and the sharp bends cut off our view. A few moments and we should be carried into unknown waters. Away we went on a long, winding chute. I stood on deck, supporting myself with a strap fastened on either side to the gunwale, and the boat glided rapidly where the water was smooth. Striking a wave, she leaped and bounded like a thing of life, and we had a wild ride for ten miles, which we made in less than one hour. The excitement was so great that we forgot the danger until we heard the roar of a great fall below, when we backed on our oars, and were carried slowly toward its head, and succeeded in landing just above. We found we could make a portage, and at this we were engaged for some hours.

Just here we ran out of the granite. Good cheer returned; we forgot the storms and the gloom, and the cloud-covered cañons, and the raging of the river, and pushed our boats from shore in great glee.

The next day we came to rapids again, over which we were compelled to make a



GRAND CAÑON, FROM TO-RÓ-WEAP, LOOKING EAST.

vertical slates are washed out in places; that is, the softer beds are washed out between the harder, which are left standing. In this way curious little alcoves are formed, in which are quiet bays of water, but on a

portage. While the men were thus employed I climbed the wall on the north-east to a height of about 2,500 feet, where I could obtain a good view of a long stretch of cañon below. Its course was to the south-west.

The walls seemed to rise very abruptly for 2,500 or 3,000 feet, and then there was a gentle sloping terrace on each side for two or three miles, and then cliffs rising from 1,500 to 2,500 feet. From the brink of these the plateau stretches back to the north and south for a long distance. Away down the cañon on the right wall I could see a group of mountains, some of which appeared to stand on the brink of the cañon. The effect of the terrace was to give the appearance of a narrow, winding valley with high walls on either side, and a deep, dark, meandering gorge down its middle. It was impossible from this point of view to determine whether there was granite at the bottom or not; but from geological considerations I concluded we should have marble walls below, and this proved to be the case, except that here and there we passed through patches of granite, like hills thrust up into the limestone. At one of these places we made another portage, and, taking advantage of this delay, I went up a little stream to the north, wading all the way, sometimes having to plunge in to my neck, and in other places to swim across little basins that had been excavated at the foot of the walls. Along its course were many cascades and springs gushing out from the rocks on either side. Sometimes a cottonwood tree grew over the water. I came to

one beautiful fall of more than a hundred and fifty feet, and climbed around it to the right on broken rocks. As I proceeded the cañon narrowed very much, being but fifteen or twenty feet wide, the walls rising on



MARBLE PINNACLE IN KANAB CAÑON.

either side many hundreds of feet—perhaps thousands.

In some places the stream had not excavated its channel vertically through the rocks, but had cut obliquely, so that one wall overhung the other. In other places it was cut vertically above and obliquely below, or obliquely above and vertically below, so that it was impossible to see out overhead. But I could go no farther. The



time which I estimated it would take to make the portage had now almost expired, so I started back on a round trot, wading in the creek and plunging through basins, and finding the men waiting for me.

Farther on we passed a stream which leaped into the Colorado by a direct fall of more than a hundred feet, forming a beautiful cascade. There was a bed of very hard rock above, thirty or forty feet in thickness, and there were much softer beds below. The harder beds above project many yards beyond the softer, which are washed out, forming a deep cave behind the fall, and the stream poured through a narrow crevice above into a deep pool below. Around on the rocks, in the cave-like chamber, were set beautiful ferns with delicate fronds and enameled stalks; the little frondlets had their points turned down to form spore-cases. It had much the appearance of the maiden-hair fern, but was larger. This delicate foliage covered the rocks all about the fountain and gave the chamber great beauty.

It was curious to see how anxious we were to make up our reckoning every time we stopped, now that our diet was confined to plenty of coffee, a very little spoiled flour, and a very few dried apples. It had come to be a race for a dinner. On the 23d, we ran twenty-two miles, and on the 24th, twenty miles. Such fine progress put all hands in good cheer, but not a moment of daylight was lost, and on the 25th, though we were retarded by a portage, we made thirty-five miles.

During this last day we passed monuments of lava standing in the river, mostly low rocks, but some of them shafts more than a hundred feet high. Three or four miles farther down these increased in number. Great quantities of cooled lava and many cinder-cones were seen on either side, and then we came to an abrupt cataract. Just over the fall on the right wall a cinder-cone, or extinct volcano with a well-defined crater, stands on the very brink of the cañon. From the volcano vast floods of lava have been poured down into the river, and a stream of the molten rock has run up three or four miles, and down we knew not how far. Just where it poured over the cañon wall is the fall. The whole north side as far as we could see was lined with black basalt, and high up on the opposite wall were patches of the same material resting on the benches and filling old alcoves and caves, giving to the wall a spotted appearance.

The rocks are broken in two along a line

which here crosses the river, and the beds which we had traced coming down the cañon for thirty miles have dropped 800 feet on the lower side of the line, forming what geologists call a fault.

The volcanic cone stands directly over the fissure thus formed. On the side of the river opposite, mammoth springs burst out of this crevice one or two hundred feet above the river, pouring in a stream quite equal to the Colorado Chiquito. This stream seemed to be loaded with carbonate of lime, and the water flowing away leaves an incrustation on the rocks, and this process has been continued for a long time, for extensive deposits are noticed in which are basins with bubbling springs. The water is salt.

As we floated along I was able to observe the wonderful phenomena relating to this flood of lava. The cañon was doubtless filled to a height of twelve or fifteen hundred feet, perhaps by more than one flood. This would dam the water back, and in cutting through this great lava-bed a new channel has been formed, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. The cooled lava, being of firmer texture than the rocks of which the walls are composed, in some places remains; in others a narrow channel has been cut, leaving a line of basalt on either side. It is possible that the lava cooled faster on the sides against the walls, and that the center ran out; but this is only conjecture. There are other places where almost the whole of the lava is gone, only patches of it being seen where it has caught on the walls. As we proceeded we could see that it ran out into side cañons. In some places this basalt has a fine columnar structure, often in concentric prisms, and masses of these columns have coalesced. In places, when the flow occurred, the cañon was probably at about the same depth as it is now, for we could see where the basalt rolled out on the sand, and what seemed curious to me, the sands were not metamorphosed to any appreciable extent. At places the bed of the river is of sandstone or limestone, in others of lava, showing that it has all been cut out again where the sandstone and limestone appear, but there is a little yet left where the bed is of lava.

What a conflict of water and fire there must have been here! Imagine a river of molten rock running down into a river of melted snow!

Up to this time, since leaving the Colorado Chiquito, we had seen no evidence that



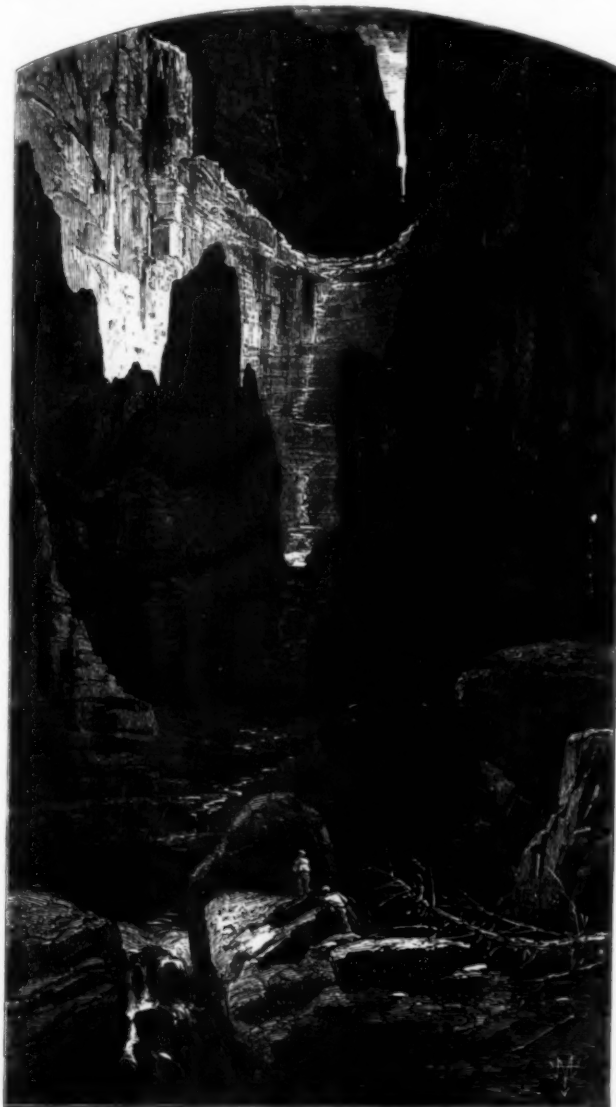
the Indians inhabiting the plateaus on either side ever approached the river, but one morning we discovered an Indian garden at

using the water which burst out in springs at the foot of the cliffs for irrigation. The corn was looking quite well, though not sufficiently

advanced to give us roasting ears; but there were some nice green squashes. We carried ten or a dozen of these on board our boats, and hurriedly left, not willing to be caught in the robbery. We excused ourselves on the plea of our great want. We ran down a short distance to where we felt certain no Indians could follow, and what a kettle of squash sauce we made! True, we had no salt with which to season it, but it made a fine addition to our unleavened bread and coffee. Never was fruit so sweet to us as those stolen squashes.

At night we found, on making up our reckoning, that we had again run thirty-five miles during the day. What a supper we made — unleavened bread, green squash sauce, and strong coffee! We had been for a day or two on half rations, but now we had no stint of roast squash. A few more days like this and we should be out of prison.

On the 27th the river took a more southerly direction. The dip of the rocks was to the north, and we were rapidly running into the lower formation. Unless our course changed we should very soon run again into the granite,—which gave us some anxiety. Now and then the river turned to the west, and gave birth to hopes that were soon destroyed



SIDE GULCH IN GRAND CAÑON.

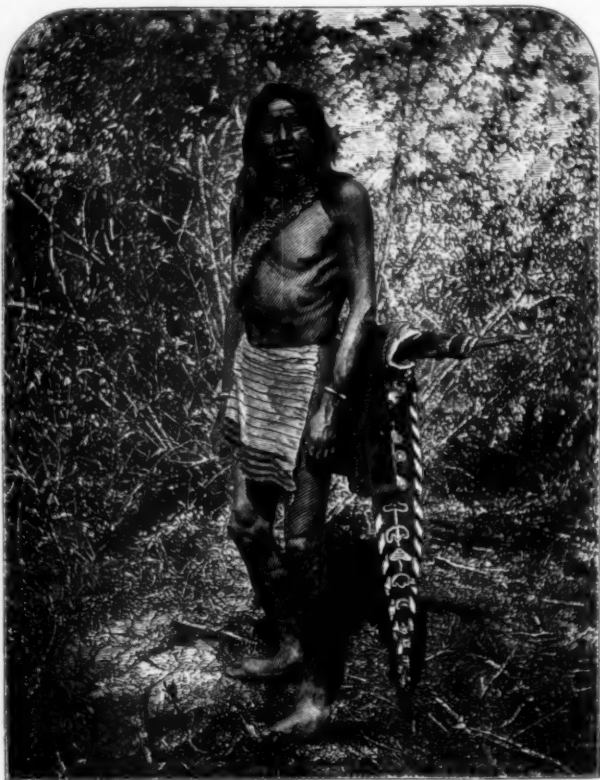
the foot of the wall on the right, just where a little stream, with a narrow flood-plain, came down through a side cañon. Along the valley the Indians had planted corn,

by another turn to the south. About nine o'clock we came to the dreaded rock. It was with no little misgiving that we saw the river enter those black, hard walls. At the very entrance we were compelled to make a portage, after which we had to let down with lines past some ugly rocks.

At eleven o'clock we came to a place in the river which seemed much worse than any we had met in all its course. A little creek came down from the right, and another, just opposite, from the left. We landed first on the right, and clambered up over the granite pinnacles for a mile or two, but could see no way by which we could let down, and to run it would be sure destruction. Then we crossed to examine it on the left. High above the river we could walk along on the top of the granite, which was broken off at the edge and set with crags and pinnacles, so that it was very difficult to get a view of the river at all. In my eagerness to reach a point where I could see the roaring fall below, I went too far on the wall, and could neither advance nor retreat, and stood with one foot on a little projecting rock and clung, with my hand fixed in a little crevice. Finding I was caught here, suspended four hundred feet above the river, into which I should fall if my footing failed, I called for help. The men came and passed me a line, but I could not let go the rock long enough to take hold of it; then they brought two or three of the longest oars. All this took time, which seemed very precious to me. But at last the blade of one of the oars was pushed into a little crevice in the rock beyond me in such a manner that they could hold me pressed against the wall. Then another was fixed in such a

way that I could step on it, and I was rescued.

The whole afternoon was spent in examining the river below by clambering among the crags and pinnacles. We found that the lateral stream had washed boulders into the river so as to form a dam, over which the river made a broken fall of eighteen or twenty feet; then there was a rapid, beset with rocks for two or three hundred yards, while on the sides points of the wall projected into the river. There was a second fall below, how great we could not tell, and below that a rapid filled with huge rocks for two or three hundred yards. At the bottom of this, from



OUR MESSENGER.

V. M. NICHOLS, SC.

the right wall, a great rock projected half-way across the river. It had a sloping surface extending up stream, and the water, coming down with all the momentum gained in the falls and rapids above, rolled up this inclined plane many feet and tumbled over to the left.

I decided that it would be possible to let down over the first fall, then run near the right cliff to a point just above the second, where we could pull out into a little chute, and, having run over that in safety, to pull with all our power across the stream to avoid the great rock below. On my return to the boats, I announced to the men that we were to run it the next morning.

After supper Captain Howland asked to have a talk with me. We walked up a little creek a short distance, and I soon found that his object was to remonstrate against my determination to proceed; he thought we had better abandon the river here. I learned that his brother, William Dunn and himself had determined to go no farther in the boats. We returned to camp, but nothing was said to the other men.

During the two days previous our course had not been plotted, so I sat down and did this for the purpose of finding where we were by dead reckoning. It was a clear night, and I took out the sextant to make observations for latitude, and found that the astronomical determination agreed very nearly with that of the plot—quite as closely as might be expected from a meridian observation on a planet. I concluded we must be about forty-five miles in a direct line from the mouth of the Rio Virgen. If we could reach that point, we knew there were settlements up that river about twenty miles. This forty-five miles in a direct line would probably be eighty or ninety in the meandering line of the river. But then we knew that there was a comparatively open country for many miles above the mouth of the Virgen, which was our point of destination.

As soon as I determined all this I spread my plot on the sand and awoke Howland, who was sleeping down by the river, and showed him where I supposed we were, and where several Mormon settlements were situated. We had another short talk about the morrow, and he lay down again.

But for me there was no sleep; all night long I paced up and down a little path on a few yards of sand beach along the river. Was it wise to go on? I went to the boats again to look at our rations. I felt

satisfied we could get over the danger immediately before us; what there might be below I knew not. From our outlook on the cliffs the cañon seemed to make another great bend to the south, and this, from our previous experience, meant more and higher



OUR MESSENGER'S BOY.

granite walls. I was not sure we could climb the walls of the cañon here, and I knew enough of the country to be certain, when at the top of the wall, that it was a desert of rocks and sand between this and the nearest Mormon settlement, which on the most direct line must have been seventy-five miles away. True, I believed that the late rains were favorable to us, should we go out; for the probabilities were that we should find water still standing in holes. At one time I almost made up my mind to leave the river. But for years I had been contemplating this trip. To leave the exploration unfinished,—to say there was a part of this cañon which we could not explore, having already almost accomplished the undertaking,—I could not reconcile myself to this.

Then I awoke my brother and told him of Howland's determination. He, at least, promised to stay with me. Next I called up Hawkins, the cook, and he made a like promise; then Sumner, Bradley, and Hall, and they all agreed to go on.

At last daylight came and we had breakfast, without a word being said about the future. The meal was as solemn as a funeral. After breakfast I asked the three men if they still thought it best to leave us. The elder Howland thought it was, and Dunn agreed with him; the younger Howland tried to persuade them to go on with the party, failing in which, he decided to go with his brother.

Then we crossed the river. The small boat was very much disabled and unseaworthy. With the loss of hands consequent on the departure of the three men we should not be able to run all the boats, so I decided to leave the "Emma Dean." Two rifles and a shot-gun were given to the men who were going out. I asked them to help themselves to the rations and take what they thought to be a fair share. This they refused to do, saying they had no fear but that they could get something to eat; but Billy, the cook, had a pan of biscuits prepared for dinner, and these he left on a rock.

Before starting we took our barometers, fossils, minerals, and some ammunition, and left them on the rocks. We were going over this place as light as possible. The three men helped us lift our boats over a rock twenty-five or thirty feet high, and let them down again over the first falls. Just before leaving I wrote a letter to my wife and gave it to Howland. Sumner gave him his watch, directing that it be sent to his sister, should he not be heard from again.

The records of the expedition had been kept in duplicate, and one set of these was given to Howland; and now we were ready to start. For the last time they entreated us not to go on, and told us that to go on was madness; that we could never get through safely; that the river turned again to the south into the granite, and a few miles of such rapids and falls would exhaust our entire stock of rations, when it would be too late to climb out. It was rather a solemn parting and some tears were shed, for each party thought the other was taking the dangerous course.

My old boat having been deserted, I went on board "The Maid of the Cañon." The three men climbed a crag that overhung the river, to watch us off. The "Maid" pushed

out, we glided rapidly along the foot of the wall, just grazing one great rock, pulled out a little into the chute of the second fall, and plunged over it. The open compartment was filled when we struck the first wave below, but we cut through it, and then the men pulled with all their power toward the left wall and swung clear of the dangerous rock below.

We were scarcely a minute in running it, and found that, although it looked bad from above, we had passed many places that were worse. The other boat followed without more difficulty.

We landed at the first practicable point below, fired our guns as a signal to the men above that we had gone over in safety, and remained a couple of hours, hoping they would take the smaller boat and follow us. We were behind a curve in the cañon and could not see up to where we left them. As they did not come we pushed on again. Until noon we had a succession of rapids and falls, all of which we ran in safety.

Just after dinner we came to another bad place. A little stream came in from the left, and below there was a fall, and still below another fall. Above, the river tumbled down over and among the rocks in whirlpools and great waves, and the waters were white with foam. We ran along the left, above this, and soon saw that we could not get down on that side, but it seemed possible to let down on the other, so we pulled up stream for two or three hundred yards and crossed. There was a bed of basalt on this northern side of the cañon, with a bold escarpment that seemed to be a hundred feet high. We could climb it and walk along its summit to a point where we were just at the head of the fall. Here the basalt seemed to be broken down again, and I directed the men to take a line to the top of the cliff and let the boats down along the wall. One man remained in the boat to keep her clear of the rocks and prevent her line from being caught on the projecting angles. I climbed the cliff and passed along to a point just over the fall, and descended by broken rocks, and found that the break of the fall was above the break of the wall, so that we could not land, and that still below the river was very bad, and there was no possibility of a portage. Without waiting farther to examine and determine what should be done, I hastened back to the top of the cliff to stop the boats from coming down. When I arrived I found the men had let one of them down to the head of

the fall; she was in swift water and they were not able to pull her back, nor were they able to go on with the line, as it was not long enough to reach the higher part of the cliff which was just before them; so they took a bight around a crag, and I sent two men back for the other line. The boat was in very swift water, and Bradley was standing in the open compartment holding out his oar to prevent her from striking against the foot of the cliffs. Now she shot out into the stream and up as far as the line would permit, and then wheeling, drove headlong against the rock; then out and back again, now straining on the line, now striking against the cliff. As soon as the second line was brought we passed it down to him, but his attention was all taken up with his own situation, and he did not see what we were doing. I stood on a projecting rock waving my hat to gain his attention, for my voice was drowned by the roaring of the falls, when just at that moment I saw him take his knife from its sheath and step forward to cut the line. He had evidently decided that it was better to go over with his boat as it was, than to wait for her to be broken to pieces. As he leaned over, the boat sheered again into the stream, the stern-post broke away, and she was loose. With perfect composure Bradley seized the great scull oar, placed it in the stern row-lock, and pulled with all his power—and he was a strong fellow—to turn the bow of the boat down stream, for he wished to go bow down rather than to drift broadside on. One, two strokes were made, a third just as she went over, and the boat was fairly turned; she went down almost beyond our sight, though we were more than a hundred feet above the river. Then she came up again on a great wave, and down and up, then around behind some great rocks, and was lost in the tumultuous foam below.

We stood speechless with fear; we saw no boat; Bradley was gone. But now, away below, we saw something coming out of the waves. It was evidently a boat; a moment more and we saw Bradley standing on deck swinging his hat to show that he was all right. But he was in a whirlpool. The stern-post of his boat remained attached to the line which was in our possession. How badly she was disabled we knew not. I directed Sumner and Powell to run along the cliff and see if they could reach him from below. Rhodes, Hall, and myself ran to the other boat, jumped aboard, pushed out, and away we went over the falls. A

wave rolled over us and our craft became unmanageable; another great wave struck us, the boat rolled over, and tumbled, and tossed, I know not how. All I know is, that Bradley was soon picking us up. Before long we had all right again, and rowed to the cliff and waited until Sumner and Powell came up. After a difficult climb they reached us, when we ran two or three miles farther, and turned again to the north-west, continuing until night, when we ran out of the granite once more.

At twelve o'clock on August 29th we emerged from the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and entered a valley from which low mountains were seen coming to the river below. We recognized this as the Grand Wash.

A few years before, a party of Mormons taking with them a boat, set out from St. George in Utah, and came down to the mouth of the Grand Wash, where they divided, a portion of the party crossing the river to explore the San Francisco Mountains. Three men, Hamblin, Miller, and Crosby, taking the boat, went on down the river to Colville, landing a few miles below the mouth of the Rio Virgen. We had their manuscript journal with us, so we knew the stream well enough.

At night we camped on the left bank in a mesquite thicket. The sense of relief from danger and the joy of success were great. When he who has been chained by wounds to a hospital cot until his canvas tent seems like a dungeon, and the groans of those who lie about him are an increasing torture—when such a prisoner at last goes out into the open field, what a world he sees! How beautiful the sky, how bright the sunshine, what "floods of delicious music" pour from the throats of the birds, how sweet the fragrance of earth, and tree, and blossom! The first hour of convalescent freedom seems rich recompense for all the pain, the gloom and the terror.

Something like this was the feeling we experienced that night. Ever before us had been an unknown danger heavier than any immediate peril. Every waking hour passed in the Grand Cañon had been one of toil. We had watched with deep solicitude the steady disappearance of our scant supply of rations, and from time to time when we were hungry had seen the river snatch a portion of the little left. Danger and toil were endured in those gloomy depths where often the clouds hid the sky by day, and but a narrow zone of stars



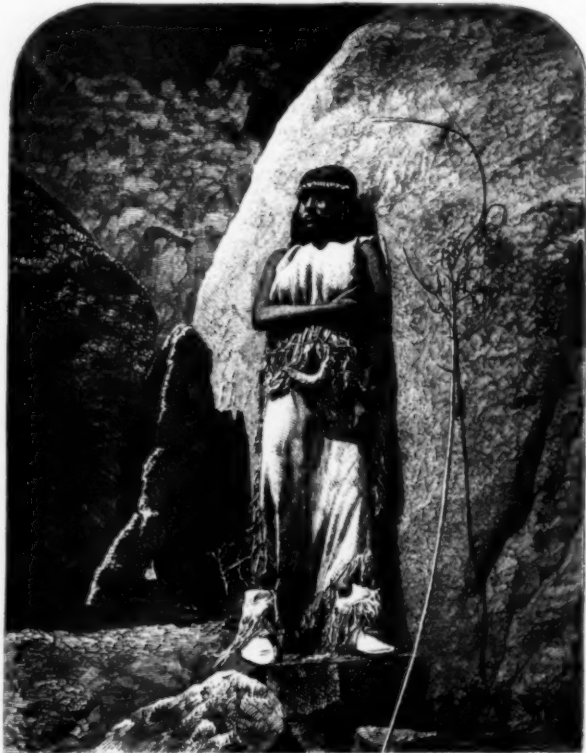
could be seen at night. Only during the few hours of deep sleep consequent on hard labor had the roar of the mad waters been hushed; now the danger was over, the toil had ceased, the gloom had disappeared, and the firmament was bounded only by the wide horizon.

The river rolled by in silent majesty; the quiet of the camp was sweet, our joy was almost ecstasy. We sat till long after midnight talking of the Grand Cañon, of home, and, more than all, of the three men who had left us. Were they wandering in those depths, unable to find a way out? Were they searching over the desert lands above for water? Or were they nearing the settlements with the same feeling of relief that we ourselves experienced?

We ran through two or three short, low cañons the next day, and on emerging from one, discovered a band of Indians in the valley below. They saw us and scampered away to hide among the rocks. Although we stopped and called for them to return, not an Indian could be seen.

Two or three miles farther down, in turning a short bend in the river, we came upon another camp. So near were we before they could see us that I could shout to them, and being able to speak a little of their language, I told them we were friends. But they all fled to the rocks except a man, a woman, and two children. We stopped and talked with them. They were without lodges, but had built little shelters of boughs, under which they wallowed in the sand. The man's only garment was a hat, the woman's a string of beads. At first they were evidently much terrified, but when I talked to them in their own language, told them we were friends, and inquired after people in the Mormon towns, they were soon reassured, and begged for tobacco. Of this

precious article we had none to spare. Sumner looked in the boat for something to give them, and found a little piece of colored soap, which they received as a valuable present; rather, however, as a thing of beauty than of use. They were either unwilling or



OUR MESSENGER'S WIFE.

unable to tell us anything about other Indians or white people, so we pushed off, for we had no time to lose.

Soon after dinner one of the men exclaimed: "Yonder's an Indian in the river!" Looking for a few minutes, we certainly did see two or three figures. The men bent to their oars and pulled toward them. Approaching, we saw three white men and an Indian hauling a seine. We were at the mouth of the long-sought river!

As we came near, the men seemed far less surprised to see us than we were to see them. They evidently knew who we were, and on talking with them they told us that we had been reported lost long ago, and



that some months before a messenger had been sent from Salt Lake City with instructions for them to watch for any fragments or relics of our party that might drift down the stream.

Our new-found friends, Mr. Asa and his two sons, told me they were the pioneers of a town that was to be built on the bank.

Eighteen or twenty miles up the valley of the Rio Virgen there were two Mormon towns, St. Joseph and St. Thomas, and we dispatched an Indian to the latter place to bring any letters that might be there for us.

Our arrival here was very opportune in consideration of the state of our supplies. We had only about ten pounds of flour, and fifteen pounds of dried apples, though there was still left seventy or eighty pounds of coffee.

The next afternoon the Indian returned with a letter informing us that Bishop Leit-

head, of St. Thomas, and two or three other Mormons were coming down with a wagon of supplies for us. They arrived about sundown. Mr. Asa treated us with great kindness. Bishop Leithead brought in his wagon two or three dozen melons and many other little luxuries, and we were comfortable once more.

The next morning, September 1st, Sumner, Bradley, Hawkins, and Hall, taking on a small supply of rations, started down the Colorado with the boats. It was their intention to go to Fort Mojave, and, perhaps, from thence overland to Los Angeles. Captain Powell and myself returned with Bishop Leithead to St. Thomas, and proceeded thence to Salt Lake City.

The exploration of the Great Cañon of the Colorado was accomplished.

The fate of the men who left us will be told in another chapter.

## HOW THE OPERA OF "DANTE" WAS WRITTEN.

"You would like to know how I did it?" said the Lion, carelessly repeating the question just asked by a heavy-looking young man sitting opposite to him.

It was in the smoking-room at the Club *des Orientaux*. Every chime suspended above the city had long since struck midnight. Earlier in the evening we had assisted at an ovation given to the composer on the fiftieth representation of his opera, and afterward a party of us carried him off to supper, but that was now over; the rooms were becoming deserted, and we were nearly alone.

"Dante" was the last new surprise in that city of sensations. It had been repeated every night during the winter, and would continue to be repeated for many winters to come. It was more than a sensation; it was a success; a work for the future as well as for the present, that would always fill a house, and add to the triumph of a prima donna. The critics said it was a great production, and the vulgar sanctioned their dictum,—proof that it possessed that union of nature and art which is so rarely attained, but which, when attained, is imperishable.

For fifty nights the same strains swaying through the air, met the ears of delighted listeners; fifty nights the soprano had lived,

sighed, loved, and died; fifty nights the disappointed, forlorn, and banished tenor had miraculously regained his equanimity in time to pick up the bouquets that fell after the dropping of the curtain; the chorus automatically carried in its opinion at the wing, and, having delivered it with commendable moderation, duly retired; the orchestra gave with great exactness the part assigned it, from the overture to the grand finale, and the applause went up in the proper places. Still the theater was crowded; still the people sat entranced; for the mighty sorcerer Genius had once more visited our earth, and used the music for his voice.

The man through whom this marvel had been accomplished, the blest of the gods, the teacher of men, was he whom I call the Lion; not from any thing suggestive in his appearance, but because, since that night some two months ago, all the town had been ringing with his name, all tongues had combined to praise him. The boys in the street whistled his airs, fair ladies in their boudoirs quarreled over his souvenirs, fops envied him his manner, and men his talent; and beside having the offspring of his brain received with universal favor, he was personally beloved and fêted as no one ever was before, or can be again.

There he sat, using that wonderful right hand to take his cigar from his lips, to lift his glass, and perform those thousand little acts that common people may naturally do without remark. That hand, which the spirit had condescended to guide, was just now grasping the long neck of a bottle of Chambertin and tilting its contents over the thin edge of his rose-colored glass. Was it any wonder that Guy Westcott, seeing him lounging there, every motion as indolent as an African's, with scarcely will or energy enough to blow away the smoke that curled above his head—was it any wonder that even Guy's thick brain should be penetrated with astonishment, and that he should ejaculate:

"By Jove, I should like to know how you ever did it!"

Then the Lion repeated the words with that royal indifference so peculiarly his own, without troubling himself to take his cigarette from his mouth, and with as little animation as a snail on its way to a funeral; but, after a moment, a sudden smile lit up his face, and he added:

"I will tell you."

Immediately a circle of curious listeners gathered about him, as, settling himself more comfortably, and letting the lids drop over his eyes, until only a sparkle was now and then visible, he drawled out:

"The first thing to be done is to get suitable paper. After taking it to your room, draw up the easiest chair you possess—this is a pretty good one I am in just now; choose a pen, a gold one is best for such purposes; fill your inkstand—one that a lady friend has given you, of a design that may be inspiring—Cupid, or something sentimental; arrange all these on your table, take a seat, and begin. The title is the beginning, as I suppose you know. A good name is much; I may say it is every thing; it pleases the manager, and draws the public. On my life, mine cost me at least ten minutes hard study, but I finally accomplished it. After that, it is plain sailing; crowd on canvas until you think you have gone far enough, then separate the score into five parts, and write *Atto primo*, *Atto secondo*, etc., above the several divisions. It is necessary to understand a little Italian, you know. Another fellow, who is expected to have brains, invents the libretto for you, and some poor devil will make a clean copy of the whole for a slight compensation, and the thing is done. Thank you for another cigarette, this is out."

"Did not think it was so easy," observed Guy, stolidly, at the same time handing him the desired article. "But it must be a trouble to learn that same 'little Italian.'"

"Not a bit; you can pick the few words you need out of a dictionary, such as *scena*, *aria*, *coro*, and *strofe*. As I told you, another man composes the story. Pshaw! these things are badly rolled. I believe I have some paper in my pocket," and, taking from thence a small case, he tore out a leaf and commenced making another cigarette.

"Nothing like being behind the scenes," said Westcott, in the tone of a man who had made a discovery.

"Just so," heartily agreed the Lion. "Why don't you try it yourself? It is very good sport, and one of its best results is, that you drink no end of wine and eat no end of dinners at other people's expense. Besides, you are not obliged to go and listen to your own music. It is etiquette to be there the first night as an example to the public, like a mother tasting medicine for an unwilling child to convince him it is not too bad to swallow; but after that you can stay away without offending any one."

In this manner he usually turned off any allusion to what was, or what had been, his intellectual life. A jest or a laugh, followed by some more self-indulgent care, as if rose-leaves could scarcely afford him a soft enough resting-place, and ambrosia itself might offend his fastidious palate. Yet the most censorious forgot to object, there seemed to be such a natural fitness in his life, his easy persiflage, and his assured success, that, as with the coming of the rightful heir to his own, no one thought of questioning his title to do as he pleased.

That night, as he rose to leave the room, I followed him. The moon was full and shed its soft brightness alike over all the city; yet some parts lay in shadow, for barriers raised by human hands obstructed the access of its rays. So do blessings often fail to reach us through the wall of circumstances with which we have surrounded our lives.

"I am going to walk," he said to me, as we stepped from the door-way. "Will you come?"

"Certainly," I replied, glad of the invitation.

With his head bent down, and his arms folded behind him, he sauntered on, turning southward to the old city of narrow streets, where tall houses almost shut out the sky, on and on, without a word or any change

of position but that made by the slow, swinging footstep. I respected his silence as I kept by his side; in fact, to me it was not silence, but rather one of the moods of a great man, and far more eloquent than that half good-natured, half-sarcastic badinage in which he indulged when in society. I felt that he was taking me into his confidence by permitting me to be with him in his present humor.

We threaded the dark streets until we came to where the river lies fretting in monotonous ripples against its chain of quays, flashing red under the lamps, or white under the moon. Here he sat down on the parapet and began slowly dropping pebbles into the stream below, thoughtfully listening to each as it fell, marking with an absorbed air the brief sparkle of the wavelets, the querulous murmur of the current, or the breeze that ran in warning gusts through the chestnut-trees in a garden across the street. By and by he spoke.

"I shall write another opera; the scene, I think, shall be laid in Venice, or somewhere by the sea, and the end of the hero shall be beneath the waves. You see what a fascination the voice of water has for me. I am studying its tones. On such a night as this, what a coaxing, bewitching sound it has. Yes, I shall write a water-opera, or drown myself. I have not yet decided which. In the meanwhile, I come here to listen."

There was quite an interval of silence, when he resumed:

"This same restlessness, this same miserable dejection was upon me before I commenced my 'Dante.' I did not then know what it meant, but now that I do know, I rebel, and doubt whether I shall end it all by dropping myself into the river here on such a night as this, or write another success."

"Write another success!" exclaimed I with ardor.

"What inducement would I have? Not riches; I put myself into a condition in which I cannot use wealth. Not ease; it is the very quintessence of labor. Not fame; it is entire forgetfulness of self. Not pleasure; it is a waking nightmare. When I was your age I should have spoken as you do, but I have tried it, and a burnt child dreads the fire. You had better take care of yourself, or, if I am not mistaken, you will have the same experience."

"You are quizzing me," laughed I, "as you did the fat viscount at the club a while ago; it is hardly fair."

He smiled and shrugged his shoulder at the recollection, then said:

"No, I am not. You have the faculty of appreciation—a faculty which stands next to invention, but a happier gift. If you take my advice, you will never try to go beyond it. Yet why should I tell you that! who can control the fit if it is once upon him! I never thought of being a composer. I studied my music as a boy might study any task, and I shirked it too as often as possible. My father kept me at the dry husks, the orthography and grammar, if I may use such terms; and I learned to write perforce, as a child writes a letter when all the heads are dictated. Then my father died and I was left alone, inheriting only a violin and a light heart.

"Having but little, I determined to set out on my travels—to look up the good things of the world and enjoy them. In this I succeeded perhaps better than most voyagers. My equipage caused me no trouble, and my purse no anxiety. I feared neither thieves nor brigands. Hotel-keepers never overcharged nor did porters deceive, so that I saw only the better side of my fellow-men; and, as I already told you, in addition to my light baggage I carried a light heart.

"Thus I wandered about, now here now there. Many thought me good for nothing, and all thought me idle. I had rather a bad name in the orchestras where I played the violin, usually one of the second, for I never remained long enough in a situation for promotion, and I would not have stayed at all, but sometimes I was obliged to do so, for, as you are aware, clothes will not grow on one's back, even though the rains do water it, and a man cannot always pick up food by the roadside.

"At last chance led me to Florence. I shall not attempt to describe to you the effect the old city had upon me. I had been idle before, now I did absolutely nothing; doubtless in that consisted the charm of the place. I had a small room in an attic, but was seldom in it. I was abroad in the streets, the fields or woods, fully occupied with the mere fact of living and listening. I did not seek employment; it was impossible for me to work. Whenever necessity drove me to it I wrote some trifling song, waltz, or air of little worth, and consequently of little profit; but that little was enough, for my wants were few, and my amusements were not costly.

The instruction of my father had been

complete. I knew the science of music well, and had been milled thoroughly in harmony and counterpoint, which rendered this an easy way of supplying my needs.

"The summer passed in a world of sounds which I then discovered—a world of which no figure of speech can give a just idea. We have two or three meager words to express the singing of the mighty chorus of the winds; the same, with a few additions, to represent the many cadences of water. Others describe a storm; a scanty vocabulary does duty for the multifarious consonance and dissonance produced by the daily avocations of men: the fall of their footsteps; the noise of their hammers; the confusion of their voices; their agony or joy; their pleasure or pain, and their children at play; that is all the attention the speech of the world pays to the sounds of the world. But music gathers them all, and out of them forms another language as perfect, as expressive as that of speech, only, like any unfamiliar tongue, it cannot be comprehended at once. This is what I learned in the course of that idle summer. Think of the delight of existence, when every hour brings a new surprise, a new revelation. Each day I found myself capable of understanding more. What at first was but a confused jargon, gradually took the form of phrases and meanings, and my ears eagerly drew in the secrets of nature. For a time I was satisfied with acquiring this knowledge, and my first idea of reproducing it occurred by accident.

"One evening I returned to my room after a day of rapture spent in the country, and felt myself very hungry. I had not a soldo in my pocket with which to buy any thing. It was nothing unusual for me to go to bed supperless, and after the charm of novelty comes the facility of habit; so I prepared to accept the circumstance without a murmur. While undressing, however, my stomach (the only practical part of me) refused to let me forget that I had neither dined nor supped; and further suggested, in terms which, if not choice, were at least convincing, that inevitably I should have no breakfast. Urged by its importunity, I gave up my design of retiring, and, walking to the window, I began to wonder what I could do that would furnish my larder. For awhile I drummed on the sill in vain; no plan rewarded my efforts. At last, for want of something better, I determined to write down the impressions of the past day, still so fresh in my mind. This I did, and next morning I

received ten scudi for my work. The publisher to whom I sold it insisted that I ought to write more, and the piece, which I called 'An Autumn Day,' has since become famous.

"After autumn comes winter; and like the grillo that sings the pleasant months away, when the cold came, I felt I had nothing better before me than to die. Then came disgust, one of the penalties imposed by idleness. I often went down to the Arno, but the water was muddy and uninviting; not like this," and he pointed to the star-glittering surface beneath us, "so I deferred the grand finale for a later period. Meanwhile the weather was hateful. I scarcely cared to leave my room, and one of those black humors to which I am subject threatened to cause me to hang myself—a death I detest. You see to what a pass I was driven. I was in this state when my fancy led me to compose, as a contrast to the 'Autumn Day,' 'A Winter Day,' which even now I cannot hear with patience, although the world does not seem to share my aversion, for it, too, became popular.

"When I carried it to my publisher he could not conceal his delight, and he predicted a 'future' for me if I would only work. I laughed at his enthusiasm, for at that time I could not look either upon work or fame as within my compass. In returning, I loitered for a few moments at an old bookstore, where I was attracted by the title of a volume standing on a shelf near the door. It was the 'Vita Nuova.' I had never been a reader, but something in this name roused my curiosity, for I too was tired of my present life, and longing for a new one. Perhaps some fellow-mortal had passed through a similar experience, and had left here a record of his struggle. Perhaps he had succeeded in finding a new life, and might teach me also to do so. I bought the book with eagerness, and hurried home flattered by this hope. Sitting down when I reached my attic, I immediately commenced reading; it may be superstitious, but I felt that my destiny was in some way connected with these pages, and a fascination compelled me to continue until I had finished the whole of them.

"I found by the preface, which was inserted by some other hand, that Dante Alighieri was the author, and when I at last closed the book, I recognized that I had discovered my 'new life.' I would reproduce in music the story I had just read, and Dante should be my hero.

"Here was the gay student, now rapt in

study, now indulging in those pleasures which he intimates with so little reserve, then as soldier, patriot, lover, exile—in short, the great Florence of the thirteenth century, with its aspirations, its jealousies, its battles, its learning, its ardor and poetry, stood epitomized in Dante. And the stainless form of Beatrice, like a fair-cut cameo on its ruddy bed, stood white against this background of turbulence.

"Strange to say, I, so indifferent before, was fired with energy. I, so impatient, became patient. My design was the first great passion of my life, and a great passion can conquer nature itself. I approached my subject with the caution of a veteran. I read the history and literature of those times, and every biography of my hero that I could find, especially Boccaccio's. I identified myself with the century. I became familiar with the manners and customs of the people, their modes of thought and action, and then I laid the plan for my libretto.

"The curtain rises on a scene of revelry; there is dance and play, there is woman and wine. A dark-eyed siren sits on a crimson chair, upon which the hero is leaning, casting tender glances at the lady, or toying with her hair. Amid the sounds of rattling dice and rustling silk, there is a short recitativo, while the orchestra leads to the first aria 'Donna o Vino,' which he jestingly sings to the lady, detailing the charms of either, the chorus at the end of each strophe repeating the refrain: 'Woman or wine.'

"The siren, rising, takes from the table a goblet, and, approaching the singer, asks gayly: 'Why separate the gifts of the gods, Donate?' She holds the cup to his lips with her own white hand. His reply is: 'O lady, thou hast solved it,' ending in a duet, after which he slides his arm about her waist to the music of a waltz, and this ends the first act.

"The next opens with an alarm of battle, the tread of soldiers marching from the city, and a chorus of men's voices shouting: 'To arms and to glory.' Then the solo of Dante, recounting the perfidy of Arezzo, the necessity of the war, the honor of the soldier. He unfurls the banner; he lets the yellow lily float before them, when, fired by solemn enthusiasm, they chant that quartet: 'In praise of the Lily.'

"The siren stands on a balcony unheeded, and in retaliation sings: 'Fickle as a soldier;' girls move forward and ask, in touching language, not to be deserted; a wife

holds up an infant, entreating its father not to leave it. Again, the voice of Dante is heard *tempestoso*, demanding: 'Who dares tell us stay when the country is calling?' The chorus of women replies: 'It is we, your mothers, your sisters, your wives, your children.' As if to rebuke them, the men recommence the chant: 'In praise of the Lily.' The shrill soprani continue to bewail and implore, the troops prepare to depart, and the curtain drops on the tumult.

"In the third act, the hero returns victorious from the battle of Campaldino. Among the many who come out to welcome the conqueror is Beatrice. She resembles the angel of peace, as, foremost amid a group of maidens, she scatters flowers before the marching ranks; her eyes beam with enthusiasm as she lifts them to Dante. Meeting those eyes, his soul burns within him, and, in a moment, he is by her side. The chorus of welcome melts away, while the orchestra accompanies the recitativo:

"Beautiful lady, thy hand is fairer than thy flowers; permit me to touch it.'

"Thy deeds are still more fair.'

"My deeds equal not my love for thee.'

"Truth dwells not in the mouth of a soldier.'

"Not in his mouth, but in his heart.'

"Then he sings: 'The god of love and the god of war,' which the male voices take up and finish. The troops pass on, and he is forced to leave with them.

"The next scene is between Dante and his friend Cavalcante. The former relates, not his battle but his love. His friend reproves his ardor, and praises the joys of philosophy. He replies in an ecstatic song describing Beatrice. Guido tells him that his country needs him in its trouble. He answers, that country, ambition, philosophy, the very earth itself, are but shadows; love alone is real.

"The third scene is a disturbance in the street, noise of brawling, and oaths, and clanging of bells. The rival factions have met, and are calling to arms. Dante and Cavalcante are seen in the *mêlée*, and, in the thickest of the mob, the pallid face of Beatrice appears and disappears as they advance or retreat. Dante succeeds in gaining her side, and supports her to the steps of a church, where he defends her until the combatants are dispersed. She calls him her protector, and thanks him in grateful accents. When they part, he begs her permission to see her again, and the act ends in their 'Addio.'



"The fourth act is my greatest. They meet in a garden. It is evening. Dante tells his passion and pleads his cause. I who wrote it say, without audacity, that it is sublime. Beatrice stands unmoved by his ardor, checks his transports by her serene regard, and then describes that higher love which neither death, nor absence, nor time, can destroy, a feeling as far removed from that of which he spoke as the calm sky is from the turbulent sea, as the peaceful heaven is from the weary earth, the only worthy sentiment for a hero and his bride, for a poet and his love. He 'stems entranced; at the end, falling at her feet, he sings: 'O, purità, come tu sei bella.' His poetic soul grasps her ideal of the 'higher love,' and together they sing that duetto, 'Fedeltà eterna,' which you admire so much.

"Thus far, I had not written a note of the music, but now I could restrain myself no longer. As soon as I had arranged my fourth act, I was in haste to begin. I felt that the song of Beatrice would either make or mar my work, but for that very reason I knew that I ought not undertake it first, for if I succeeded, all the rest would appear commonplace to me; and if I failed, I would be discouraged. So, I commenced my overture, and wrote it entire, just hinting therein at the treasures still hidden.

"My gay first act came next, in which the central idea was pleasure.

"Then my noisy military act, in which I tried to represent ambition.

"My third act followed, with love as the theme.

"Thus far, you can see that my own life and experience were sufficient to give me material from which to invent. All the racket and clamor of the great city was there to be reproduced; all the knowledge gathered during the past six months could be made useful.

"But my fourth act was of higher flight; something beyond ambition, beyond love, beyond pleasure, had to be created. Earthly sounds must cease; a simple cavatina was to be transformed into a seraph's song; mortal sentiments give place to immortal, and the air quivers with reverberations from heaven.

"I had gone on successfully and hopefully up to this point. There had been difficulties, but I attacked them manfully and overcame them. Whatever intricacies occurred, I was confident that with patience I could conquer them; but here my strength gave way. I wrote day after day only to destroy

what I had written. I sat idle day after day, but it was of no avail. I found that my ideal, which, at a distance, appeared so well defined, at nearer view was a phantom that escaped my grasp. I had curbed my desire to commence it, with the promise that on this act I would set the seal of the whole, instead of which this was my stumbling-block. I had written up to it. I had arranged every air and chorus with a view to the effect they might have on it. I had intended to concentrate my forces here, to show in this place the motive of the whole. I had hastened over the other parts in order to reach this the sooner, and when I arrived, I found it a blank.

"No harmony was full enough, no melody sweet enough to satisfy me. The strain upon my mind had been too great to last; my enthusiasm had exhausted my body, and left me inert.

"Then began a struggle between spirit and matter. My ideal was inexorable; forcing me to continue my efforts to grasp it, while it tantalized me by forever evading my attempt. It was always present, ever with me, yet I could not seize it. I left my attic and wandered over the fields into the Apennines, up and down through the fiercest weather; still, when no longer able to endure the fatigue, I would return, I found it there before me. I was unable to eat or sleep under its persecution. I became so emaciated that I resembled a bare tree in winter, yet it had no pity. As I grew weaker, it seemed to take corporeal shape, that it might follow me to gloat over the dominion it possessed; and, in my pitiable state, I was compelled to think, think, puzzle, plan, and endeavor to work, while my head throbbed and my eyes burned from my exertions. Many times I sat down to write, believing I had finally conquered, but each time I was deceived, and still it mocked, and drove, and urged me. I felt that, unless I shook off mortality altogether, I could not get free of it, but this it forbade. My room now became so distasteful to me that I only entered it at night, though I was not conscious where I spent the day; and I believed that when I slept, it would cautiously come to my bedside, and, leaning over me, would pick out the best parts of my brain and devour them.

"It would be hard to decide how far I was sane and how far insane. It is but a short step from genius to insanity. Too much application had undermined my health, and my mind, dwelling on this one subject,



had become diseased. I was so reduced by fever, that it was painful for me to walk or stand, and the nourishment I was able to take was so slight, that, had I not been endowed with a good constitution, I should have succumbed.

"Can you believe what follows? While in this state, almost at the last extremity, my hand so weak that I could barely hold a pen, I was startled out of a heavy sleep one morning, by a voice quite close to me, saying, 'Write!' I will not affirm that I *heard* it, but I *thought* I heard it. I believed my tormenting presence had received voice, as before it had received form. Trembling with apprehension, I obeyed. I drew my little table to the window that I might catch the first rays of dawn, and in the gray light I wrote my fourth act. Not rapidly, I had not the strength, but with painstaking effort to form each note, each mark, I accomplished my task.

"How long it took me I can never know. My charwoman, when she made her weekly visit, found me on my bed delirious, but that gave me no clue. I had ceased to mark time, and might have been there but a few hours, or for several days.

"The old woman did what she could for me, by informing the proper authorities of my illness and destitution, and I was taken to a hospital. Of course I knew nothing of that when it happened. I was insensible, from the fever I had contracted, in which situation I lay for two months. Then I slowly came back to consciousness, stripped of my illusions, and helpless as a child. When I was able to recall my condition before this attack, I saw in my wild fancies merely premonitions of the disease, and classed my musical compositions in the same category with my hallucinations. Such ardor, such perseverance was so unlike me, that in my sober senses I could only explain them by the word symptoms.

"At present, desire was dead. I cared to do nothing more than to lie with half-closed eyes and rest; but even this was denied me, for in a little while I was pronounced convalescent, and had to vacate my place to one more needy than myself.

"It was a bright spring day when I first walked abroad; mechanically I turned to the quarter where my garret was, as my only refuge. I found my few possessions just as I had left them, for I had paid my rent some months in advance, when I was taken sick. I threw myself into a chair, a prey to that dependency which the least

exertion gives to an invalid, and looked about me. The manuscript was piled in order on the table, but I had not curiosity enough to look at it. What concerned me more nearly, was some money which I found untouched where I had hidden it, in a crevice of the wall. After such a period of unconsciousness, it would require time to be able to take up the past, to fit myself into life again. The old surroundings, like the old habiliments, are too large for the sick man when he first resumes his accustomed place.

"But I gained strength, and with strength my natural temperament returned. I resumed my wanderings, but limited them to the squares and fountains of the city. With the egotism of a sick man, I devoted myself to the care of my health. The thought of work or exertion of any kind filled me with disgust. I hid away my table in a corner, and tried to banish every remembrance of the nightmare of the winter.

"As my health became re-established, this morbid feeling left me. I began to look into the tabooed corner without repugnance, and finally, with curiosity. One cloudy day when I feared to risk the weather, I concluded that I would amuse myself by examining what I supposed to be my delirious ravings. It was the most supreme hour of my life. Think of my astonishment, my joy, as I turned leaf after leaf of the blurred pages, to find—I may say it without vanity, since the world acknowledges it—the work of a master.

"It was unfinished, it needed additions, pruning, order, and polish; but the grand idea was there. I had spoken my thoughts in music, and they were great thoughts.

"Then rose in me ambition, or whatever the aspiration may be called, that prompts us to aim at perfection—not for our own honor, but for the work's sake, and I resolved to finish what I had so well begun.

"The fifth act had not been written, but it was easy for me to arrange it, as it could only be a development of what went before—a gathering up and joining together of the different threads of melody into further combinations of harmony. The motive of the "*Fedeltà*" returns in every possible form, gliding fugue-like through each scene. It is heard above the noise of factions, it precedes Dante into banishment, it is with him in exile, as if his faithful love were always there to solace and uphold him in all his misery. Sometimes it is the flutes that take it up—high, clear, and unimpassioned; next

it rises from the quivering strings of the violins; then it wails through the tones of the reed instruments, the clarionets, the oboe, the bassoon. The violoncello repeats it, and at intervals her voice assures him that, though unseen, she is still true. In his death hour her spirit appears. They sing the duetto once more, after which an invisible chorus of angels chants a minor paean of victory, in which the passions, the trials, the ambitions of the troubled heart merge into final peace with her he loves.

"By autumn it was completed. It required the winter to make arrangements to get it produced. What followed was inevitable. The world howled with delight, and more than half that praise me don't know what they are talking about. People think they honor me, *me!* They fawn and flatter and envy me, and think I must be happy.

"Do you think a haunted man happy—one who does not know at what moment his specter may reappear? Do you think a man happy who is possessed of a devil and cannot tell when the freakish creature may demand contortions, and frothings of the mouth, and bruising of the limbs, walking in desert places amid solitary horrors? Do you think a man happy who is subject to insanity, and not knowing when the paroxysm may come? I am all these.

"For some months after I had finished that opera I was tranquil. It seemed as if the destiny that controls me was satisfied, and that I could go back to my old careless way of living. Vain hope! I find that I can stop at nothing lower than that cursed existence beyond and out of myself, which demands work that mortal frames are unfit for, and cannot produce without agony. In another life, when the soul is free, then perchance such tasks may be assigned it, and be performed without difficulty, but here—

"Composition—what a simple word to repeat! Any one can explain to you what it means, but if the fiend takes hold of you and forces you to do the thing, see if sooner or later your life does not become a burden.

"When I had fairly given my last work to the public, I said: 'It is well. I am free, and nothing shall induce me to begin again.' I felt that, even if I would, I could not—that all my power had been exhausted in that one effort. But already the spell is being woven about me; pleasure has fled from my earth. For me there is no more freedom in the woods, no forgetfulness in wine. My world is filled with naught but

sound, sound, sound, and something responsive in my nature obliges me to imitate and reproduce it, to vex and torment myself out of rest and peace. How can a man thus driven enjoy life?

"The tones of water are ever harassing me—from the time it is rocked in the lap of a cloud until, grown stronger, it is tossed in drops to the earth, where it murmurs in the brook, roars in the flood, and bellows in the sea.

"Yes; it is evident I shall be obliged to write another opera, and the plot will have to be a fairy tale to afford scope for my design. I invent my own libretto, as perhaps you know, only engaging some one to turn the necessary parts into verse and adapt them to my measures. I shall compose another great work—that is, I shall suffer for another three months, or end it all by leaping into the river some night like this. I like to imagine the waves flowing over my dead face, the soft pure water touching gently and soothing me to rest. My nerveless hand without power to write what it says, my brain without power to interpret or plan, and far beyond further power to suffer. It is such a beautiful death! My next hero shall be drowned. I have already finished 'The Invitation of the Waters,' and it is constantly in my ears. What if I should obey?"

I laid my hand on his arm, frightened by the strange, longing looks he cast into the running stream. I shudder as I think of his words, "It is but a short step from genius to insanity."

"Come away," I cried, struck with a foreboding that if we lingered, the Water Opera would never be completed. "Let us go."

I would not be satisfied until I had left him in his own apartment, where I gave strict injunctions to the servant not to allow his master to leave the house that night without following him. I also told my friend the orders I had given his man, as a warning not to attempt anything desperate. Then I departed.

When I next saw the Lion, there was no trace of his former melancholy. In alluding to it, he asked me gayly if he had frightened me with his fit of low spirits. He was astride of a fiery horse, and seemed, with his ringing laugh and quick motions, the very personation of joy. His animal let him stay but a few moments by my side, and then he was off in a whirl of dust which the sun turned to a cloud of gold that surrounded him as he went. People stopped

in the busy streets to turn and gaze, while lovely women smiled answers to his salutations, and gentlemen looked prouder for his nod. My fears for him were banished.

A week after, a certain journal which is peculiarly fortunate in discovering everybody's secrets, contained this announcement:

"We have it from good authority that a new work from our already celebrated composer, which will eclipse in popularity his first, is rapidly verging upon completion, and may be expected by the coming spring."

A later edition of the same date announced the sudden death of the young and gifted maestro, by "accidental drowning."

The wooing waters had done their will, and my gay, melancholy friend was no more. It is needless to say that his tragic end increased the renown of his one opera, "Dante." At the first representation of it after his death, there was a great dem-

onstration made in his honor; his bust was unveiled on the stage, and crowned while the air was still vibrating with the harmonies he had created. The people wept, and audible grief mingled with the sounds of the music. All regretted the young life cut off in its prime. I too grieved, but I did not regret, for I believed that the tormented soul had found rest.

It was fit that at his grave they should perform his last composition, "The Invitation of the Waters," but few knew how fit. Many who loved him cursed the waters, but I could not but feel that they had been his friend.

I often visit the parapet by the river, where we lingered that night to listen. The waters seem to have changed their tone, and only sob, sob, sob, as they slide by the stone quays. I think that, divining his love for them, they return it and regret him, and lament him as they pass.

## AIRY LILIAN.

"Alonso.      Whe'r thou beest (s)he, or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse  
Beats, as of flesh and blood."

—*The Tempest*, Act V, Scene 1.

It was through an atmosphere hazy and laden to the saturation point with nicotine that I looked at length with a sort of annoyance at Tom, who sat with his feet on the other side of the little open-grate stove which, by a bold fiction of the imagination, was supposed to warm my office. His silence ought, perhaps, to have been construed as a tacit reverence for the arguments which I had been advancing with considerable fluency during the past fifteen minutes. They were certainly incontrovertible, sustained as they were by the only too material and acknowledged facts about us. Certainly, had he been disposed to assail my proposition, that the work of establishing a practice by a young physician without connections was one of poverty and misery and long-suffering, the auction-room furniture would have creaked a denial, my unused instruments would have snapped their joints with indignation in the drawer at the other side of the little room, and the gray ashes that so nearly crowded out the coals from the grate would have glowed again in re-

monstrance. This last event could not have been wholly disagreeable, since we had been smoking for warmth rather than for enjoyment, and my pipe had gone out in the ardor of discourse.

But controversy was not what my heart sought; rather sympathy. And Tom, to whom my plaint had lost its soul-moving quality by frequent repetition, replying at first with words that became inarticulate in the struggle to pass his pipe-stem, had then punctuated my remarks with meaningless gutturals, and finally subsided into the quiet of abstraction. It was not speechless conviction, then, but quite another state of mind that I saw portrayed on my friend's countenance; and there fell upon me that sense of loss which comes with the conviction that a well-expressed and forcible grumble has been thrown away on deaf ears.

Whether it was the unnamed influence which popular superstition assigns to the gaze of the human eye, or whether it was the abrupt cessation of the sound of my voice, something caused Tom to raise his

glance, and, as it were, to gather himself together again from the scattered condition into which he had lapsed. From vacancy, his eyes enlarged the visual angle until probably my figure came in sight, and he spoke:

"Too bad. Didn't you collect anything?"

"Collect your senses, Tom," said I, with some indignation at this irrelevant speech.

"So I will; so I will," was Tom's unofended reply, as he drew that long breath which accompanies a change of mental occupation—or, to speak with more scientific exactness, which is caused by the involuntary respiratory muscles relieving themselves from restraint. "I was thinking of something else."

Now, this mood of abstraction had been growing on Tom of late. His occasional visits of friendship and condolence at my office had been given up more completely to that fumigation which is so admirable an accompaniment to, but not wholly a substitute for, sympathetic companionship; and the evidence that he had something on his mind whose contemplation was more absorbing than even the picture of my woes, had at length become irresistible. I have no hesitation in saying that I was more selfish than my friend. Miserable egotist that I was, my own affairs filled my mind so entirely that, although perceiving that he had a trouble, I shut my eyes to the fact, and inflicted myself upon him more persistently than ever.

It may be that Tom thought himself lacking in generosity while permitting me to unbosom myself and offering nothing of his own in return; or, perhaps, the time and the occasion were peculiarly appropriate. Whatever the case may have been, he was silent only for one moment, long enough to blow a large ring of smoke, thick as a ship's cable, and then to send another, slim as the bracelet of the daintiest wrist, whirling through the exact center of the first, when, just as they broke on the side of the stove, he continued:

"Roger, what are the signs of incipient insanity?"

The inconsequence of this remark made its substance rather startling.

"What in the world do you ask about that for, old fellow?" said I. "There's Maudsley's treatise will tell you all about it, if you really want to know; but, you see, when everybody is more or less insane, it breaks out in all sorts of ways. You have to watch for it."

"No; but seriously, now, did you ever see anything in me that made you think—that made you suspect?"

"Nonsense, Tom! what has got into your head?"

"That's exactly what I want to talk to you about. I want you to feel my pulse"—here he stretched out an arm that would have been formidable, indeed, had a madman's mind controlled its action. "Does it run along furiously? Look at my eyes, are the pupils dilated and glaring? Is there anything bloodshot and feverish there? Do I avoid your glance? Look me straight in the eye. Now give your professional judgment."

I must have grinned in a manner most exasperating to an earnest inquirer as I gazed into Tom's honest face and calm blue eyes, and felt a pulse full, strong, and perfectly regular in its beat, as my sense told me, quite below seventy-eight.

"I don't know as I can trust you, Tom," said I, laughing. "You are, doubtless, as mad as a March hare; but, probably, there is nothing here to excite a display of your mania."

"It's no fooling matter," responded my friend. "I want to know exactly what you think; whether you see anything strange about me."

"Dear old fellow," said I, at last, a little troubled, "your head is as sound as a nut, and don't you go to crack it with such botheration. There is no surer way to get the hypo than to think about it."

"Well, I believe you," said Tom. "But that settles the question. If I'm not going crazy, I know what I am."

"What's that?"

"Floored."

"Eh?"

"Smitten! Smashed! Done up entirely! Spooney on a ghost!" ejaculated Tom, as if to exhaust the synonyms of slang in aiding my comprehension.

Now, as neither Tom nor myself was even approaching that condition of material prosperity which is thought a necessary precedent of matrimony, it should, perhaps, have been considered an act of profound discretion on his part to fall in love, if fall he must, with a creature so inexpensive and intangible as a ghost; but the statement was none the less strange and possibly alarming. It certainly required explanation.

"That's about the long and short of it," continued Tom, leaning back his head and sending the smoke through his nostrils to-

ward the ceiling. "If I'm subject to illusions and that sort of thing, I'm all right; it is only an insane imagining. If my head is clear, as you say it is, then I won't answer for myself. The first time I saw her at Madame L'Astra's —"

"You don't mean to say you've been running after that sort of humbug, Tom," I exclaimed, in amazement.

"I mean to say exactly that," replied he; "and I don't know about its being a humbug, either; or, that a lawyer hasn't as much right to investigate psychical phenomena as a physician. But I was going to say that the first time I went to one of those materializing séances, I fell in love with that girl."

"Then she isn't a ghost?"

"Oh! you know what I mean. They call it a materialized spirit. I don't mind talking to you about her, Roger, and I have been bursting to talk to some one. I find I can't keep it to myself; she is really growing fond of me."

"A true spirit love!"

"And isn't that the truest kind? She always wears my flowers now when she appears; and Madame says that if I am not there, she seems more shadowy and sad. Two weeks ago, she let me kiss her hand, and when I had a private sitting, she really put her cheek against mine. If it were not for those touches, I should think with you that it is all a humbug; but they thrill me now. Then I thought, perhaps, I was not all right in my head. Perhaps you can't tell. Are you sure? But your brain is clear enough, and you shall come with me and see for yourself."

"When?"

"This evening," answered Tom, pulling out his watch. "Madame begins her séance at eight. We shall have just fifteen minutes to get there."

The door-way before which Tom halted me was the entrance to one of those semi-public buildings in which rooms may be hired for any conceivable purpose on payment of rent weekly in advance, whether one may wish to use them for preaching, for manufacturing, or for lodging. There was evidently a photographer's room in the upper story, for padlocked shutters hid what must have been a remarkable display of "art" just inside on the walls of the passage. The words "Intelligence Office" mocked the passer in brilliant letters on one side; and opposite swung a flattened representation of a portion of the human leg, which,

when viewed in profile, illustrated the legend of "Gaiters made to Order," and when seen edgewise, painfully suggested a victim of the torture of the iron boot. There was of course a dentist up one flight, and the sign of a patent invention of some sort was very fresh at the foot of the staircase.

The street lamp shone brightly, or the modest tin plate tacked on one of the jambs of the door-way, announcing "Madame Estelle L'Astra, Clairvoyant," would have been invisible. Tom preceded me up the stairs, turned to the right through a close darkness that seemed to make itself smelt, and climbed another flight at the top of which swung a dim kerosene lamp, shedding oily rays on two cards of the showcase order, one of which read: "Madame Estelle L'Astra, Business and Healing Medium;" and, the other, "Séance To-night;" while the hand of an unprofessional letterer had added in rickety print beneath, "Walk In."

As I followed my companion through the door, which he opened as if familiar with the peculiar weaknesses of the loose knob and the rattling latch, there smote upon my senses that odor, indescribable in words, which is found only in apartments bearing more than their share of the burdens of daily human existence. There was a suggestion of tea and toast in the air, with possibly something fried; a sofa-bed and a curtained recess, which was doubtless a lavatory, hinted other family uses of the room; a faint flavor of wet gingham floated in from the umbrella-stand in the entry to mingle with the scent of the lamps; and when to these were added the burdened exhalations of some dozen persons already assembled for the exhibition, it did not seem altogether incredible that from such an atmosphere a spirit having synthetic power could easily gather the means of materialization.

"Fifty cents admission, if you please," said a large and not unkindly-looking woman as we passed into this home of mysteries, advancing with an assumed dignity ludicrously out of keeping with the nature of her demand. "Ah! Mr. Bolter; I am glad to see you. We had a beautiful see-ance last evening. They were all so harmonious. We don't often get the conditions so perfect; harmony is so essential. There was a lady here who received a wonderful test. It was her brother, killed two years ago by the Indians in Arizona. I was under the control of Big Mountain, and he described it exactly. He gave the initials of the name—J. V. R.—which are very uncommon initials.



Lilian didn't seem in good spirits last night and couldn't materialize, only her hands. It was a great disappointment. Do you know, she tells me she is never so strong as when you are in the room. She draws a great deal from you, and that is a relief to me; it is so exhausting to my magnetism to keep up the supply of her currents when she materializes."

During the progress of this professional monologue, I had opportunity to regard the person who had such familiar relations with the unseen. She was a tall woman, with a frame implying considerable physical power, dressed plainly in black that showed signs of wear and of careful preservation; her hair, which gave intimations of gray, arranged close to her head, and her face, while not yet what might be called aged, showing the hardness which generally precedes the wrinkling of the skin. Her figure was full, and her teeth, when she smiled in welcome of Tom, appeared preternaturally regular.

"This is my friend Mr. Atkinson," said Tom, introducing me; "I hope Lilian will appear to-night; for I wish him to see her very much."

"I have no doubt she will," said the seeress, addressing me. "She told me she would come and bring your flowers, Mr. Bolter; although the weather is so bad that the conditions are not very favorable. I don't know as we shall get the flowers."

I mentioned my gratification, and referred to the interest which her name had awakened in me.

"That is my spirit name," was her reply. "They gave it to me. Estelle L'Astra—it is Alwato language, and means the Starry One. They say I have great influence among them."

There had been several fresh arrivals during our conversation, and after collecting fifty cents from each, Madame L'Astra, whose name, as interpreted, seemed sufficiently inappropriate, announced that she felt the influence coming on, and that harmony would be gained if some one would sing. Song was quaveringly furnished by two ladies of elderly habit, in whom I thought I saw habitués of the entertainment. Nor was harmony disturbed when, on the entrance of a tardy disciple, the medium, aroused from the magnetic sleep that was rapidly possessing her through sighs and gaspings and contortions, calmly made change for fifty cents, and was speedily under "control" again.

Soon the spirit spoke. It was an Indian warrior who claimed possession of the Starry One. He announced his presence by a whoop, and he chuckled and grunted as he pictured the spirit forms which he saw standing in that close and stuffy chamber, now over the shoulder of this, and again by the side of another. One he summoned to clasp the hand of the medium and listen to a revelation from a guardian angel giving his name as John, to the effect that perseverance in the right will bring happiness, and that the future has changes of importance in store. A woman, in whose dress there is a conspicuous absence of bright color, is compelled to ply her handkerchief freely as she hears what to her is the lisping voice of her child, assuring her that heaven is much nicer than she expected, and that dear papa is there by her side, anxious to speak with dear mamma at a private sitting with this excellent medium, price two dollars. A substantial business man hears, with staring eyes, the assertion of a spirit giving his name as William, to the effect that the enterprise in which he is now engaged is in danger of failure through the treachery of a man with dark hair; and his alarm is only partially quelled when the spirit promises to influence him toward the right course, especially if he will inquire again through the medium. A young man, with resplendent scarf-ring and huge dangling locket, is inclined to skepticism, and prone to indulge in scoffing and gentle railery, until startled into wondering faith by the spirit's revelation of the fact, known only to the young man himself, that his appetite is not good in the early morning, and that he frequently feels it necessary to take bitters. When the Indian warrior adds that chamomile flowers are not as beneficial as thorewort, the youth gives a conscious start, thrusts something into his cheek with his tongue, and slides away to his seat astonished.

During all this and much more, I was occupied in watching Tom's expression. It was that of one bored, half-contemptuous, and on the verge of disgust. Neither did he display evidence of a truly harmonious spiritual frame of mind when Madame L'Astra, shaking off her possession, stood with one knee under the piano and summoned by her word stout spirits, who lifted and bumped the heavy instrument in time to music. It was only when she stretched two heavy shawls across one end of the room that a spark of interest seemed to flash in his face.



"Now, Roger," said he, "you may think what you like about the Indian and the piano. I know you could do as well as that yourself. But you must believe this."

"My friends," spoke Madame L'Astra, "the spirits that have been with us this evening have not all acquired the high development necessary to enable them to become visible to earthly eyes; but I have the promise of Lilian, one who has reached a higher plane, that she will materialize so far as the conditions permit."

There was a brief silence, during which there was evidently much magnetism proceeding from the medium, whose spasmodic twitchings and flutterings were even painful.

"I am not sure that Lilian will be able—"

Here her speech was cut short by a white hand that protruded from between the shawls, and laid itself gently across her lips. Something glittered on the round arm. A sigh went up from the entire company.

"My bracelet!" murmured Tom.

I looked at my friend in indignant wonder.

"Have you been wasting your substance on a shadow in that way?"

But he was gazing in a sort of ecstasy at the swaying shawls. Two hands, shapely, and attached to arms whose symmetry was unquestioned, now appeared, flickered, and vanished. The dim light—for the lamps had been turned down and smelled vilely—permitted only shapes to be seen; when suddenly, seeming to glow as if by the light of its own beauty, there sprang out, framed between those musty shawls, a face whose bright, joyous loveliness was better worthy of the spirit land than of dull earth. The folds of the drapery were gathered close beneath the chin. Slowly they parted downward for the space of two or three hand-breadths, giving a glimpse of a throat as white and as round as was fitting for such a face. In her hair were flowers, and a spray hung down toward her bosom. The vision seemed to melt rather than to draw back within the curtains; and now, for the first time, I noticed that its eyes had never been diverted from my fascinated companion. They were still upon him as the shawls seemed about to close over the fair face, when, by a sudden movement, the full head and bust came quickly into view; a hand carried what seemed to be a small bunch of flowers to the lips, and with a movement as if wafting a kiss in Tom's direction, the whole vanished.

He was on his feet in an instant, dragging me after him.

"That is all. Come! come!" And he pulled me out of the now stifling den, down the stairs, past the intelligence office, the patent agency and the dentist's room, dark and dismal enough for the haunts of veritable ghosts, into the street.

"I can't stay and hear their doubts and ridicule, or their twaddling belief either, after that," he at last spoke, as we buttoned up our coats and turned down the street toward my office. "Now, what do you say, Roger?"

"I should like to see the young lady in a less dramatic situation—without so much of stage effect, if I may say so—for it is rather distracting to sober judgment upon her."

"But you understand me. I mean, what do you say about me? Am I under an hallucination, or is that the loveliest creature in the world?"

Although fully confident that the apparition of the fair young girl with which the exhibition closed was of the same fictitious character as the spirit revelations and the tippings that had preceded, it was impossible for me to dislodge from Tom's mind the ridiculous notion that the purity and beauty of the face guaranteed its celestial origin, and that, where all else might be deception, Lilian was a truth. He tried to explain to me the difference in the feeling which he experienced toward this inaccessible spirit-love as compared with that which he must feel toward one of less evanescent flesh and blood. The hopelessness of all thought of possession, the intangibility of the object of his affection except for a few moments at a time, the brief interviews permitted, all tended to give an elevation to his passion such as no earthly conditions could produce.

I began to fear that my friend was indeed touched with a mania on this subject; and as the weeks wore on, this impression was confirmed, and gave me exceeding pain. For Tom neglected his law reading, neglected me, neglected everything, apparently, except the ghostly Lilian. He was a constant visitor at Madame L'Astra's; and twice, as I passed the door-way, did I encounter him coming out with a countenance expressive of such exaltation of soul that his failure to recognize me, his old friend, was no surprise.

My anxiety was at its height, when one afternoon there came a hasty ring at my office bell. It was not office hours, to be sure, but at that time those distinctions had

little meaning in my practice. I was wanted by Mrs. Lunt. No other doctor on the street was to be found, and I must come at once. The girl who brought the message wore a water-proof cloak—for it was raining—with the hood put up over her head. She waited in the passage while I hastily armed myself with rubbers and umbrella, and then hurried me along. She led me through a passage, up a staircase, then turning and up again, until she placed her hand on the rattling knob of a door, on which were the words: "Madame L'Astra, Business and Healing Medium."

"Isn't there some mistake here?" I asked, for I was young in the profession, and more sensitive to possible association with quackery, and to other violations of the code of ethics, than I am now.

"No, sir," answered the girl, in a voice of rather coarse and metallic quality. "This is where Mrs. Lunt lives. Her other name is Madame L'Astra. Come right in."

It was the same room, with but a slight change in appearance, while the odor of a stew of some medicinal herbs was added to the compound scent which I had analyzed on my former visit. The sofa-bed was in its bed form, and on it lay Madame L'Astra, evidently much nearer the spirit world than she ever before suspected herself of being.

As I raised my head from a brief examination of the sick woman to ask a question of the girl, who had thrown off her cloak and was standing at the side of the couch, I was conscious of a puzzling reminiscence. The face I had certainly seen before, yet I utterly failed to recall the circumstances. It was youthful and fresh; rather too fresh and obtrusively rosy for refinement, in fact; the texture of the skin seemed healthy, but coarse; the expression was that of self-consciousness with a tinge of boldness; and in the manner of dressing the hair there was a somewhat unpleasant suggestion of frowsty display. The features were in their shape not without beauty of a rather striking character, and this was what agitated my memory.

As I looked I became conscious that the feeble eyes of the seeress were upon me, evidently with recognition in their gaze. I bent my head to hear what she was struggling to utter.

"Do—you—know—her?" rolling her eyes in the direction of the girl.

At once it flashed through my mind. Here was the original of the spirit Lilian, in her permanently materialized form, as seen without the accessories of shadows and

flowers, and probably pearl powder and chalk.

"Don't—expose—her. I—did it all—for her. She—will not—starve when I'm gone," gasped out the old woman. "Lucy!"

"Well, mother?"

But whatever the poor woman had to say to her daughter was left unsaid. Her strength was exhausted by the short effort to excite my sympathy for her helplessness. The maternal instinct was strong even to the verge of death, and would have employed the last breath in the service of the child.

When I returned to my office there was Tom. Had he at this time put to me the question regarding his sanity my answer would have been less confident than it had been a month before. His delusion had grown apace. He had indulged in fancies that were actually wild at times. One of these was, that since he could never possess Lilian in this world, he would serve his own happiness by getting himself into the spirit world as quickly as possible. He would become restive under opposition; and when, as I met him now, he advanced with the statement that he had come to say good-bye, wished me to take the key of his room and deliver in the morning a package I would find on the table, as he was to take the night train and wouldn't be back for some days, I thought the crisis had come. It required a sharp awakening, or his mania might indeed push him on to suicide.

"Have you bade good-bye to Lilian and the Madame?" I asked, with as close an imitation of pleasantry as I could summon up.

"Lilian, Lilian?" said Tom, with the strangest yearning in his voice and eyes. "No; Madame has been too sick to give sittings for a fortnight past. But I hope to see Lilian before I return."

"When does your train leave?"

"Oh, it makes no difference—I mean, about nine o'clock, I believe."

"Then you will have time to walk a little way with me. I have a patient to whom I must return at once."

"Oh, yes," said Tom, wearily; "I'll walk along with you."

Now, I thought to myself, for an experiment that will either kill or cure. If Tom would not yield his morbid fancy to reason, he must to startling fact.

"Here? You're surely not going up here?" said he, as I turned into the doorway of the passage leading to Madame L'Astra's apartments.

"Yes," I replied. "The Madame is my patient. Come up with me. It is a curious case, and I know she won't object to my bringing you in for a minute."

"It makes no difference! It makes no difference now!" I heard Tom mutter, as he followed me along the dim passages.

I presumed upon my professional privilege for a purpose of my own, and entered without knocking. Madame lay as before, and the filial Lucy was engaged in ministering, with camphor and other such common medicaments, to the sick woman's fancied comfort. She was tender enough in her care, but outwardly she was even less attractive than when I had seen her a few hours before. She had changed her gown for one of calico, which, without being absolutely slatternly, had a leaning in that direction. Her hair, which she had worn loose, had become tangled and was askew over her forehead. Her face looked redder and coarser than ever; and, but for those large and brilliant eyes, I doubt if Tom would have recognized the Lilian of his fancy.

Perhaps the eyes themselves would have been insufficient, had not a startled look come into them as their glance fell upon Tom; but that he saw it all, and took it all in at once, I was conscious.

It was, in my opinion, an even chance whether his mania would burst out into evident insanity on the spot, or whether his physical strength would collapse, and then

probably a run of fever to work off his trouble. But Tom neither yelled nor fainted. All the man in him rose up at once and saved him, half crazed though he had been. This is what he said, speaking low in my ear:

"Don't hurry yourself, Roger; but when you get through with your patient you needn't wait for me. I want to speak with that young woman."

What was spoken at that interview Tom never told me exactly. It was enough to know, from the manner in which Madame sounded his praises at my subsequent visit, that he had behaved both handsomely and discreetly; and, from Tom himself, that his delusion was over.

Madame L'Astra, perhaps I ought to say unfortunately, paid tribute to Lucy's nursing and my medical skill by recovering; and if the spirits that have gone before thus lost by the postponement of what would doubtless have been a distinguished arrival, the materialized ghosts visiting this sphere endured perhaps greater bereavement, for Lilian never reappeared. I think this must have been one of the conditions imposed by Tom for his silence on the subject; and whatever may have been Madame L'Astra's ambition for her very substantial familiar spirit, it could hardly have been that of which Tom shortly brought me news, in the announcement of the marriage of Lucy Lunt to the keeper of a small restaurant around the corner.

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LAURA.

"O HATEFUL Death!" my angry spirit cries,  
 "Who thus couldst take my darling from my sight,  
 Shrouding her beauty in sepulchral night;  
 O cruel! unto prayers, and tears, and sighs  
 Inexorable." "Hush!" my soul replies;  
 "Be just, O stricken heart!—the mortal strife  
 Which we call 'death' is birth to higher life.  
 Safe in the Father's mansion in the skies  
 She bides thy coming; only gone before,  
 A little while, that at thy parting breath,  
 Thou may'st endure a lighter pain of death,  
 And gladlier pass beyond this earthly shore;  
 For, with thy Laura calling from on high,  
 It cannot, sure, be very hard to die!"

## A GHOST'S STORY.

WITHIN a shadowed angle near the door,  
 I stood beside the chattering stream that passed,  
 And waited for her coming; but once more  
 To see her face, a moment and the last.

As from afar, I saw the crowd that came,  
 As in a dream, I marked the throbbing light,  
 That touched the narrow windows into flame,  
 And with its golden wedges cleft the night.

The organ overhead, so low and sweet,  
 Dropped down, as from a cloud, soft flakes of sound,  
 Till in the swinging clash of horses' feet  
 And whirr of wheels its harmony was drowned.

I swear to you I had not meant her harm,  
 My dagger was but destined for my breast;  
 But as they came, with tingling, tightening arm,  
 I stepped before them—well, you know the rest.

Two thrusts, shrieks, sudden clamor, spreading fright,  
 White faces, whirling lights—and all was o'er:  
 The blood which could not in our lives unite,  
 In a broad stream was mingled on the floor.

## LA FONTAINE AND HIS FABLES.

MONTAIGNE said that "our minds discover at twenty years of age what they are to be and promise all their future greatness," adding that, "no mind, that does not at this age give an evident pledge of its powers, will ever after prove their existence." Exactly the reverse was the case of La Fontaine, who, at the age named, gave no indication of the work he was to do afterward. Neither himself nor any of his friends knew that he was a poet at this time. Most young men possessed of poetic feeling go mooning about in their adolescent days making rhymes, but La Fontaine did not. His first knowledge of his until then latent admiration of the muse, came to him from hearing an ode of Malherbe read by an officer who was in winter quarters in his native place of Château-Thierry. Malherbe was the fashion, and he at once found an ardent admirer in this listener, who fell to reading everything that he had written and was

writing. More, he took him as his model, declaring this rather ordinary songster to be the greatest poet of his time. He began to write and tried to follow in the footsteps of his model, but before long, as it became revealed to him that he possessed the sacred fire, he discovered that he was on the wrong path. As he tells us himself, he was nearly led astray by him whom he had adopted as a master with so much enthusiasm, for he copied his defects as well as his perfections. After this discovery he studied the old French poets, and did much toward saving Rousseau from oblivion. He also became enamored of Marot, of whom he made excellent imitations. Like a true poet, he naively and gushingly admired the work of another whenever he thought it was well done.

At the first public acknowledgment of La Fontaine's poetic faculty, his father consulted a literary relation, who, after examining the son's work, put into his hands

Horace, Virgil, Terence and Quintilian, and advised him to take these as his guides. He did so, and by the time he became familiar with these writers, readily discovered the imperfections of his model—*Malherbe*. According to his own account, he owed his artistic education to the study of the classics. The poet being lazy and fond of pleasure, the father thought marriage and an occupation would be a remedy for such inclinations. He was accordingly married to a girl of sixteen—more probably the choice of the father than the son. To make a regular round of duties for him, the father resigned his place of Master of the Water

fect; then he gave up the task in giving up his life, and left the twain to manage as they could. It is difficult to say which of the two was wrong—probably both were. He alleged that she had a bad temper, and she that he was a faithless husband—perhaps both were right. She was young and handsome, and in the hands of an ordinary man might have made a good helpmeet; he was a kind-hearted, indolent fellow, who would possibly have made a tolerable husband in the hands of a clever woman. As it was, the poet grew lazier, and more gallant to the village maidens, and the wife more severe and exacting. In the conjugal domicile, the husband was



THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

and the Forest in favor of the new husband. It appears that neither of these steps was followed by the results hoped for; the wife and the woods were both more or less neglected. When he should have been afoot going over the domain, he was lying under the shade of a tree; when he should have been at home, alongside of his marital companion, he was off in the village chucking the maidens under the chin. He had a universal admiration for the gentle sex, and found it difficult to confine its expression to one—of which his wife naturally complained. The father tried to pour oil on this troubled water, but without much ef-

like a canary-bird in its cage, longing for liberty and the green fields. The routine of every day was tiresome to the last degree—the marital cackle as well as the functions of Master of the Woods and Water. And here, at this opportune moment, while the poet was yawning over his good-for-nothing life an episode occurred which changed the course of everything. The fairy with the magic wand was the Duchesse de Bouillon, for a time exiled to Château-Thierry, where some of the poetic lounge's verses fell under her eye. She was so much pleased with them that she made the acquaintance of the author,



and sentimentalized with him about poetry and nature in the environs of Château-Thierry. It is hardly necessary to add that Madame La Fontaine had no part therein. The society of the poet was the principal resource of the young and handsome duchess during her exile. As soon as the pain of banishment was withdrawn, she hurried back to Paris—taking La Fontaine with her, much to the chagrin of his wife. He was fortunate in knowing an uncle of his wife who was employed under the Superintendent Fouquet, and who presented him to this powerful minister as a poet of promise. The love of letters being the passion of the day, La Fontaine turned a few complimentary verses in honor of the minister, which pleased him so much that he granted a pension to the poet, with the stipulation, in view of La Fontaine's laziness, that he should write a certain number of verses for his patron every quarter. Thus provided for, and holding on to his sinecure of Master of the Water and the Woods, he entered with zest upon a life of pleasure in the Capital.

His relations with the Duchesse de Bouillon continued in Paris, and it is probable that she exercised considerable influence over him in his first productions, called the "Contes," then in vogue. She was a niece of Mazarin and one of the worldly women of a very worldly court. It is probable, that at her instigation he seasoned his little stories with more wickedness than he otherwise would have done—always with that *naïveté* and absence of moral sense which characterized him.

The age in which the poet lived was licentious and free of speech, and in his "Contes" he went as far as Rabelais. The gayety of these unchaste stories is apparently the expression of one who is not aware of doing any harm, and their amiable ingenuousness renders them all the more mischievous. His success in writing these little stories was remarkable, although he never recited them himself in society, as was the custom, not probably because he saw any harm in doing so, but because he was indolent and indifferent. When asked to tell one of them in a salon he usually alleged a faulty memory as an excuse for declining, and recommended one of his companions, a certain Gaches, as one who knew his stories better than he did himself; and while Gaches recited amidst general applause, our author was in a corner thinking about something else.

Still these "Contes" partook of the general coloring of the time, and this excuse is the only one that can be offered in extenuation of this particular work of the author. Scenes which would not be tolerated for a moment now were produced in the theater, in the book; if people talked in the drawing-room now as they did then, their objection would follow; and if Gaches were to tell one of the contes at which the dames laughed and clapped their hands, he would probably go out of the window. Polite France, at the time, was reading such literature as the "Decameron" and the "Heptameron;" and La Fontaine had nourished himself in such books as these. When Honoré Balzac, twenty-five or thirty years ago, published his "Contes Moralistes" in imitation of those of the seventeenth century, he was severely criticised, and this work probably prevented him from becoming a member of the French Academy, which shows the change which literature has undergone in this respect.

The *vers de société* were also much in vogue. Every man who wore ruffles and a sword was held to be able to make verses for his mistress. The incidents of every-day life were turned into epigrams, and few letters between the sexes were entirely written in prose. Those who excelled in rhymed compliments were favored by the women, and here is furnished one of the principal reasons of La Fontaine's popularity among them, for much of what he wrote was on trivial subjects to please some woman whom he admired or to whom he owed a debt of gratitude. Through the solicitations of the Duchesse de Bouillon, for example, he wrote a poem on Peruvian bark, which he dedicated to her, she having become enthusiastic over the curative properties of the South American importation, then just introduced into France. As one can fancy, the task was an ungrateful one, and the poem mediocre. It was a strange request on the part of the woman, yet she was in the general movement. The doctors had got to battling over the bark, and the Grand Monarch had taken some of it for one of his ills, with good results, and this made of it one of the principal topics of the court. Having passed into the royal stomach, it consequently passed into those of the courtiers, for, in their relations with their sovereign, they were like the Japanese before the Tycoon. In a word, they put themselves *à plat ventre* before their master, the amiable

Duchesse with the rest, and in this way came La Fontaine to sing Peruvian bark.

He became an habitué of the magnificent hotel of his protector Fouquet, where he made the acquaintance of celebrated people, with whom he was soon popular. La Bruyère, in his portrait of him, said that he was plain in feature and ungracious in person, and that in society he said nothing. This is only true in part according to others, La Bruyère's tendency to exaggerate being well known. His most trustworthy biographer, Walckenaer, affirms that he was passable in appearance, and charming in conversation when once interested.

After this introduction into the brilliant society of the capital he returned no more to his native place, where his wife continued to dwell, except from time to time, to sell a portion of his patrimony, and in these journeys he was usually accompanied by Boileau and Racine, with whom he had become intimate. He had an antipathy to anything in the way of business, and he tried to turn these visits into pleasure junketings, in the company of these gay fellow-poets. In time, these journeys ceased, because there was nothing more to sell, and his patron, Fouquet, became a prisoner of state and powerless to render him further aid. After the minister's fall and disgrace the poet invoked the king's clemency for him, in an elegy called "The Nymphs of Vaux," but to no purpose.

At this time one of his friends, Madame de la Sablière, who was fond of letters, seeing the poet's incapacity to take care of himself, generously took charge of him and gave him a home in her own house, where he remained for twenty years. It was in her house that he wrote most of his fables and where he did his best work, usually submitting whatever he did to his hostess for criticism, of which he always entertained a high opinion. It was Madame de la Sablière who once said to him after a dinner, through which he had

sat silent and absorbed, "Really, my dear La Fontaine, you would be stupid, if you had not so much *esprit*."

History furnishes no example of four distinguished men of letters living united in such close intimacy as Boileau, Racine, Molière, and La Fontaine. In character the four differed widely. Boileau was frank and noisy; Racine was of a gentle gayety, and a quiet turn, dashed with cynicism; Molière, naturally thoughtful and melancholy; La Fontaine, often absent-minded, but occasionally very jovial, and always simple and *naïf*. There was a fifth, less famous, but who enjoyed the privilege of their intimacy, whose name was Chapelle. The last named was the stimulator of the group—"boute-en-train" of the table. Inferior to any of the four in mental gifts and attainments, he was their superior as a man of society, being an accomplished courtier, of the mode of Louis XIV. The five usually met in a little apartment of the Faubourg Saint Germain two or three times a week for supper, literary discussion, and general gossip. At this time Molière sat on the summit of the



THE HARE AND THE FROGS.



THE LION AND THE RAT.

French Parnassus, and Boileau, Racine and La Fontaine were hardly half way up.

At these re-unions the absent-mindedness of La Fontaine was often the cause of mirth. They called him "*Bonhomme*," on account of his unsuspecting *naïveté*, and the name adhered. One evening when he was more than usually lost in dreamy abstraction Boileau and Racine made him the target of so many facetious epigrams that Molière said, in speaking to a guest who happened to be present, "They laugh at the '*Bonhomme*,' but he will live longer than they." To-day Molière's prophecy is partially fulfilled, for the readers of Boileau and Racine are few compared to those of La Fontaine.

At a dinner with Molière and Boileau, there was a discussion on the drama. La Fontaine was at length roused from his habitual lethargy, and spoke against the practice of the "*asides*" employed in the theater. He warmed to his theme and it was impossible to interrupt him, at which Boileau repeated at intervals in a loud voice, "La Fontaine is a thief and a scoun-

drel." Boileau went on repeating the same words and La Fontaine continued to speak. At last the two forced listeners burst into a laugh, when La Fontaine, like one waking out of a dream, asked what they were laughing about. "What!" said Boileau, "I exhaust myself in calling you names, and you don't hear me, although I am standing alongside of you, and you are surprised that one actor should not hear what another says on the stage." La Bruyère tells, that La Fontaine, having attended the funeral of one of his friends, a few days afterward called at his house as if he were still in the flesh. But this is possibly another of La Bruyère's exaggerations.

Like the members of the French Academy in its origin, the five friends sought to correct each other's faults in other things besides literature. La Fontaine was earnestly talked to by the other four in reference to the separation between him and his wife, and was urged to bring about a reconciliation. After an exhortation from Boileau and Racine on the subject,

his instincts being good, he started off to Château-Thierry. When he asked for his wife, he was informed that she was at vespers, when he went to the house of a friend who gave him supper and lodging and with whom he remained two days, then he returned to Paris without seeing his wife. On being questioned by Boileau and Racine as to his mission he answered that his wife was at vespers when he visited the house, the answer being given with the embarrassment of a school-boy. This appears to be the last step he ever took toward a reconciliation.

Time and death broke up the intimate relations of the five; Chapelle sank into a debauché of drunkenness which estranged him from his companions; Molière died, and Boileau, possibly through literary rivalry, grew less intimate with the fabler, but he who remained a sincere and close friend as long as he lived was Racine. Boileau left La Fontaine out of his work of the French Parnassus, making no mention of the apologue or fable on the ground that it was not a creation but something borrowed from the ancients. The response of La Harpe to this at a later day was apt: "He invented his style and the secret died with him." This omission was unjust as well as unfriendly, and

was so considered by contemporaries, some of whom attributed it to Boileau's failure in his attempt in the same field, he having endeavored to remodel La Fontaine's fable of "The Woodcutter and Death," with the idea of improving upon it, but without success. Jean Baptiste Rousseau also endeavored to do the same thing, and it was followed by the same result. After this, the futility of competing with La Fontaine in fable versification was generally recognized.

Boileau and La Fontaine were rival aspirants to a seat in the Academy, the former being favored by the king. Notwithstanding the royal protection, La Fontaine secured sixteen votes to seven cast for Boileau. Before the ballot, the president of the Academy, throwing down a copy of the "Contes" on the table, asked his colleagues if they dared to propose the author of such a book for the approbation of the king (his majesty having at this time "reformed"); when one of La Fontaine's friends answered, "It is not for his 'Contes' that we vote for him,—although there is merit in them,—but for the 'Apologues,' which will be the eternal glory of the French language." When the choice of the Academy was made known to the king he refused to sanction it. La Fontaine endeavored to soften him with some flat and adulatory verses, but to no purpose. Another vacancy soon afterward occurring in the Academy, Boileau was elected to it; the king then gave his approval for both, saying of La Fontaine as he did—"You may receive him—he has promised to be good," referring, doubtless, to his writings, for in his life there was as yet no evidence of change.

The fables of La Fontaine



THE DOG AND HER COMPANION.

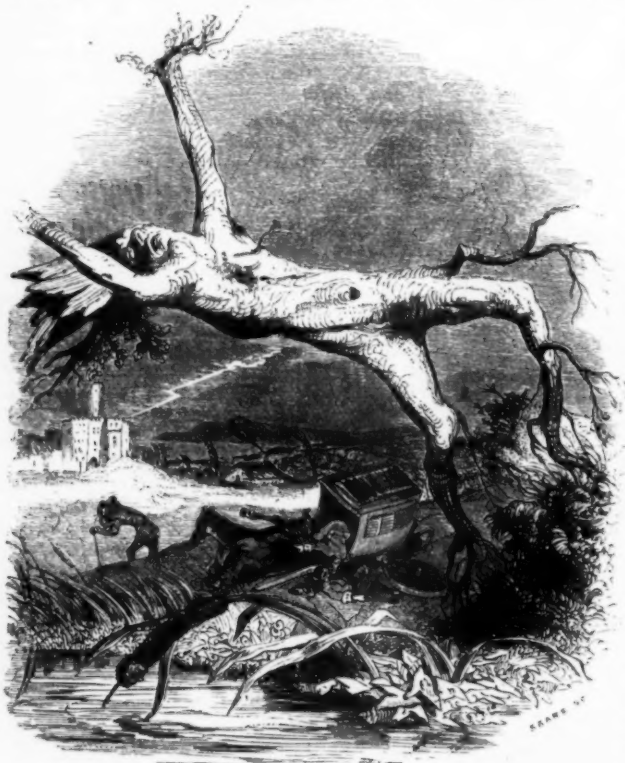
please the young and old of both sexes. Two hundred years have affirmed the judgment of his contemporaries and something more. He has stood the most critical of all tests, time, and will probably be a favorite author as long as the world reads. Sainte-Beuve says that, in certain respects, he is the French Homer. And what is singular in such popularity is that the original subjects were, to a great extent furnished by others, as in the fables, most of which came from *Æsop*; but he clothed them in a form that has never been equaled. His genius was in the form, and he took his material wherever he found it. He turned the rough-hewn images of *Æsop's* Fables into graceful and immortal statues. A dry, and somewhat crude fable, after passing through his hands became as perfect as words could make it. The word was found whose place could not be supplied by any other. In almost all his fables, as

in Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," a word may not be changed or misplaced without marring the clearness and symmetry of the whole.

La Fontaine himself said that he put much time on his verses, and it was true. A proof of this is shown in the fable of "The Fox, the Flies, and the Hedgehog," of which the manuscripts have been preserved, that from which the proof-sheet was taken containing only two verses of the original draft. The "Enchanted Cup," which appeared in one edition, re-appeared in a subsequent almost entirely changed; and the copy of a poem entitled "Adonis," preserved in the archives of the descendants of Fouquet, differs widely from the poem of that name which appears in La Fontaine's works. Walckenaer, who examined the manuscripts of the poet, said that they bore many changes and erasures. Thus the reputation of facility given him was unfounded; and this shows the artist

—the effects, only, were seen, the causes being hidden. This fact furnishes, indeed, the best illustration of art.

The difference between his work and his life is remarkable. His fables are marked by wisdom and a healthy moral tone, and his life by folly and licentiousness. He must have kept one corner of his mind free from the contamination of bad habits and bad intercourse, for his work is full of lessons of prudence and virtue. Fénelon was so impressed with them, that he taught his royal pupil, the Duke of Burgogne, to learn some of them by heart, to serve as precepts in the conduct of life. In reading his apologues one feels as if the author spoke in a quiet, pastoral scene, in sight of peaceful



THE OAK AND THE REED.





THE FOX AND THE STORK.

sheep and oxen, and in sound of buzzing insects and singing birds, far away from all that by which he was surrounded. In his mouth the words of wisdom were gentle and the ways of virtue smooth. He never struck the high note of heroism, nor descended to that of despair; the tone of passion was foreign to his nature.

There is no assumption of superior wisdom, no desire to appear in the character of a philosopher; the moral follows the story with a natural and logical sequence, and one reads a lesson in philosophy almost without knowing it. He did not show the path to glory, he did not teach men how to die; he taught them how to live with prudence, economy, and the natural pleasures which are attached to healthful life. There are no forced notes in all these pleasant songs—nothing horrible, ghastly nor ecstatic; no expression of hatred, no scream of agony, no shout of victory.

In his "Psyché" he endeavored to give an idea of his taste under the name of Polyphile, who is fond of "gardens, flowers, shades, music, poetry, and is possessed of all the gentle passions which fill the heart with tenderness." All this was different enough from the man in actual life. Yet the rake, haunting the boudoirs, the coul-

isses, and frequenting the society of all kinds of people, was the same man who produced the fables.

To an American who sees La Fontaine through democratic spectacles, one of the blemishes in his character is a want of independence and dignity. Through the greater part of his life he was making overtures of a fulsome kind to Louis XIV., who scarcely took any notice of him,

and certainly did not appreciate him. He was always holding on to the skirts of some great man for favors or relief. He availed himself of any avenue to approach the sovereign, and one of these is exhibited in his absurd eulogy of the Dauphin, a child of five or six years. He was always under the wing of some grand signor or grand dame, and had to be looked after like a lad of tender years. His attitude before great people was one of deprecation—the spirit of manhood was wanting. Like most easy persons, he was good-natured and almost without resentment to those who behaved badly toward him. Anger requires energy, and of this he had very little. He evidently thought with Théophile Gautier of later days, that there was too much trouble and discomfort in hatred, and in order to make his life as smooth as possible he seldom attacked any one with tongue or pen.

In extenuation it should be observed that it was the chief business of the gentlemen of that day to pay court to some personage for protection or preferment, and success in life came usually from a skillful faculty for intrigue. La Fontaine sang the virtues of men in power, which they did not possess. Some of his admirers have writ-



THE RAT RETIRED FROM THE WORLD.

ten that he was sincere in this, but it is difficult to reconcile this want of penetration with the clairvoyance which he usually shows in the study of nature. The truth is probably, that in his indolent, indulgent sense of right and wrong he did not care to discern the faults of those whom he praised. Besides, his own acts did not warrant him in holding others to a strict accountability. A man of pleasure, year by year he ate up his patrimony; lived separately from his wife, and had a son whom he scarcely ever saw; his life was made up of *liaisons* and debts; he wrote the "Contes," which even in that day of social corruption were considered immoral and mischievous. Living in a house of glass, he could not very well throw stones.

Poets are usually sensitive, often morbidly so, but La Fontaine was not. Neither was he envious nor jealous. An injury he pardoned or soon forgot. He was generous and sympathetic and simple. These qualities, in the estimation of most critics, more than balanced the debit side of his account; add these to his healthy organization and blunted moral sensibilities and you have a happy man—of a certain kind.

Any appearance of erudition in his fables is carefully avoided, as well as complicated ideas. His philosophy is universal, being taken from the proverbial wisdom which runs through all languages, and which is

the experience of all ages. Some of this which floated about through lack of form, he molded into undying verse of easy application. The work attributed to Æsop and Phædrus, somewhat objectionable on account of nakedness of style, under his hands appeared in new and beautiful garments, of simple and delicate pattern. Over two thousand years the slave Æsop had been the master of the fable, but the seventeenth century produced a fabler who forced him to abdicate; and yet this modest modern, as Fénelon said, had the "*bêtise*" to believe himself inferior to Phædrus—owing probably to the fetishism of his age for the classics; for whatever has been said to the contrary, La Fontaine was conscious of his merit, as genius always is.

Loving idleness, one of his pleasures was to lie under the shade of a tree the greater part of the day. He was fond of sleep, and remained more than the usual number of hours abed. It was difficult to arouse him from his laziness; the wants of a family and a dwindling patrimony left him indifferent. Most of his life was objectless. Occasionally love, friendship, or poesy lifted him up from his bed of indolence. A calm forgetfulness was his normal state; he was like a man who had drunk of the waters of Lethe. None could appreciate better than he the pleasure of lying on one's back and looking at the

stars, dreaming by the hour, until nature reminded him that he wanted to eat or drink. He incurred many reproaches from his contemporaries for his laziness and consequent unproductiveness — too many, I think, for doubtless some of the time he was accused of wasting was devoted to mental conception.

To write about the fables of La Fontaine, is to go over what is, to many, familiar ground; but there are certain authors of whom the reader seldom tires, and La Fontaine is one of them. His apologues find an application now as well as in the seventeenth century; and a thousand years hence it will be the same. He wrote about two hundred and fifty of them; over two hundred are *chefs-d'œuvre*, all of which have passed into the proverbial rhymes of the French nation. The one which he himself preferred was "The Oak and the Reed," but some critics have assigned the first place to "The Animals sick with the Plague" — "*Les Animaux malades de la Peste*," — holding it to be wider and deeper as a subject, and in versification equal to "The Oak and the Reed." An able critic of the Academy of Belles Lettres and Inscriptions, Walckenaer, however, thought that "Death and the Dying" was the best, maintaining that in this one was embraced a part of the genius of Molière and Pascal; in this is the well-known closing line,

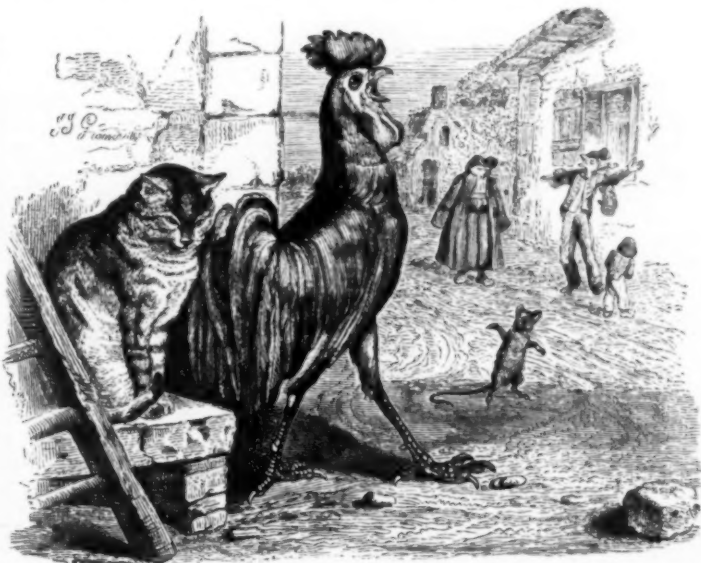
"Le plus semblable aux morts meurt le plus à regret."

Most French children are taught to recite from memory the beauties of La Fontaine, as our children give verses from the Bible. In presence of friends, the mother persuades the little blushing girl of seven

or eight, to stand up before the company and give the account of "The Industrious Ant and the Impoverished Grasshopper." The little one, with the lisp of childhood and the soft sounds of the French tongue, essays two or three times, and halts; mother comes to the rescue and gives the next word and perhaps two, before the fading lines go out of memory's sight; then the eyes brighten, the lisp and soft sounds continue, and when the end is reached the coy fable-teller is caught up and kissed by several listeners and called all sorts of pet names, after which, the mother makes rather an awkward application of the moral in enjoining the offspring to study her lessons diligently or she will have nothing to eat, like the poor grasshopper.

Although this fable is often quoted, — probably from being the first in the collection, — it is not considered up to the poet's usual work. The subject — the poor trying to borrow from the rich — is of course good for all time.

To a pleasure-loving people, like the French, the lesson of this fable may be beneficial, but by the Americans, who work too much, it is not needed. For my own part, I am persuaded that this ant was a toiling, avaricious, hard, dry, selfish, unlovely insect, and the gay grasshopper was a poet, thinking neither of herself nor the



THE COCK, THE CAT, AND THE YOUNG MOUSE.

future, who hopped about in the golden grain and the flowers, and sang the song of happiness. The festive songster, of course, never thought of providing for the hard times,—those who sing seldom do,—and she applied to the ant for food to prevent her from starving, and here a fine opportunity was offered for the exercise of charity, but the ant was stingy and hard-hearted, and she turned this applicant away with a rebuke that lacked the common form of politeness. To me, therefore, the example of the ant is unworthy of emulation, and the grasshopper enlists my sympathy as an unfortunate Bohemian, thoughtless, improvident, and lazy, if you will, but entirely unselfish. La Fontaine, himself, was not unlike this very grasshopper.

In "The Fox and the Stork," the former bethinking himself of a plan to play the host at little cost, invites the bird to a repast consisting of soup, which is poured into a flat plate, the fox lapping up the whole because his neighbor cannot manage it with her long bill. Some time afterward the stork, in her turn, invites the fox to her table, where the soup is poured into a long glass, which the hostess drains with facility, and into which the animal cannot introduce his muzzle, and he returns to his home with an empty stomach, dropped ears and tail, as shameful as a fox that has been taken in by a chicken. This is written for the deceivers, the sharpest of whom are caught at last in their own traps. It also furnishes the proverb: "*Honteux comme un renard qu'une poule aurait pris.*"

In "The Oak and the Reed," the tree said to the reed: You have good cause for accusing Nature; to you the smallest bird is a burden, the slightest wind

which wrinkles the face of the water compels you to bow your head, whilst my front not only arrests the rays of the sun, but braves the fury of the tempest. If you were only born under the shelter of my foliage, you would suffer less; but unfortunately you grow on the humid borders of the kingdom of the wind. It seems to me that Nature has indeed been unjust to you. "Your compassion," answered the small plant, "comes from a good heart, but your apprehensions are groundless. The winds are less redoubtable to me than to you; I bend and do not break. You have until now resisted their strongest efforts without bending your back, but wait until the end." As the reed said these words, from the very edge of the horizon one of the most terrible children which the north had until then borne in its flanks, burst forth. The tree still stood the shock; the reed bent. The wind redoubled its efforts, and at last it uprooted him, whose head towered toward heaven and whose feet touched the empire of the dead.

As far as I am able to judge, I think the poet was right in regarding this apologue as the brightest gem of the collection. Chamfort affirms that it will always remain a *chef-d'œuvre* of the French tongue and French literature. In his design, the artist has well caught its spirit, and put much



THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.



THE TWO COCKS.

expression into the tree, which throws aloft its limbs in despair and falls back in the agony of death, as if it were a living being.

In "The Dog and her Companion," one poor dog, in view of an approaching increase of family, begs her neighbor to allow her the use of her house. The obliging neighbor consents, and at the expiration of a certain time returns, when she who is in possession solicits a prolongation of the term, as her young ones are only beginning to walk. The charitable neighbor grants the request as before, and at the end of the second term asks for her house, when the mother in possession, surrounded by her young ones, well grown, shows her teeth and says: "I am ready to go out with all my band—if you can put us out." From which the poet concludes that one always regrets what is given to the evil-disposed; to get back what is lent to them one is obliged to come to blows. Give them a foot in your house, and they soon take four. This is taken from Phædrus, and is a neat satire on the law of might, by which the affairs of the world are usually regulated.

That the weak can sometimes lend a hand to the strong, is shown in the fable of "The Lion and the Rat." A thoughtless little rat pops out of the earth into the paws of the lion, who, with the majesty which belongs to the true king of the

forest, suffers the creature to depart unharmed, little thinking that it would ever be in the power of so insignificant an animal to do him any service. The lion is caught in a net which has been spread for him, from which he struggles in vain to extricate himself. Here the grateful rat appears, attracted by the roars of the great animal, gnaws through a knot or two, undoes the net, and releases the prisoner. Thus we learn that patience and perseverance sometimes accomplish much more than rage and strength. This apologue is also found in Marot as well as Æsop.

In "The Hare and the Frogs," the hare makes his reflections, in his hole, on the misfortune of those like himself who are cowards by nature. They can never eat their food in tranquillity; they never have an unalloyed pleasure. This cursed fear prevents him from sleeping; a breath, a shadow, a nothing, gives him a fever. The melancholy animal, thus thinking, hears a slight noise, which is a signal to him to fly to his hole, and in doing so, passes by the border of a pond where a group of frogs dive into the water, and seek refuge in their grottoes. "Oh," says he, "I produce the effect on them which others produce on me. My presence frightens these people; I alarm the whole camp. How come I to be so valiant? What! there are animals that tremble before me, as if I were



a thunder-clap of war! I now see that in this world, however much of a coward one may be, there is always some one else still more cowardly." This last remark of the timid animal has passed into a proverb.

"The Wolf turned Shepherd" is a very old fable, and one familiar to every school-boy. The wolf in emulation of the tricks of the fox, clothes himself in the garments of the shepherd, while the latter, his dog, and his flock are asleep. To make the deception more complete, he endeavors to imitate the voice of the shepherd, and this unmasks the interloper. The sleepers are all aroused, and the wolf embarrassed in his coat, is unable to defend himself or escape from man and dog. Conclusion: rascals always have a weak side by which they are caught. Whoever is a wolf should remain one.

The artist gives a new design for the familiar fable of "The Fox and the Grapes." Besides the natural grapes, that are sour because beyond reach, in the distance there are grapes in the form of a couple of handsome young pullets, to whom a monkey calls his attention; but as they are accompanied by a trusty dog, armed with a stout club, the fox, turning away his head with indifference, says that they are sour. Was not this, asks the poet, better than to complain?

The foxiest of old foxes—one of the most skillful of rabbit and chicken stealers—narrowly escapes being taken in a trap, in which he leaves his tail as a souvenir. At the next council of his fellows, carefully keeping his rear out of view, he discourses on the uselessness of a tail; it is an unnecessary weight, a sweeper of dust and mud, and he favors an immediate cut-



THE FOX AND THE CAT.

ting off of the appendage. "Your opinion is good," says one, "but turn round and let us see yours before pronouncing on so grave a question." When the want of a tail is seen, there is a shout of ironical laughter, and the diplomatic fox cannot find another word to say in behalf of his project. And thus, as the author says, the fashion of wearing a tail continues. The moral of "The Fox without a Tail" is so obvious that the author did not deem it necessary to write it.

The form of "The Cock, the Cat, and the Young Mouse" is one of the best. An inexperienced, *naïf* little mouse tells his adventure to his mother. He had crossed the boundaries of the mouse domain, and trotted along the high road to amuse himself, when two animals arrested his attention. One was gentle, benign and gracious; the other turbulent and unruly, with a rude and piercing voice, his head crowned with a piece of sanguinary flesh, a kind of arm on each side of him, which he raised in the air as if to fly, and a curved tail behind. "He beat his flanks with his arms with such noise and fracas," said the mouse, "that I was scared, and fled, cursing him with all my heart, for if it had not been for him I would have made the acquaintance of the other sweet and gentle animal.

He is velvet-skinned like us, mother, with a long tail and a humble countenance, a modest regard and yet a shining eye. I think he is sympathetic to our people, for his ears are shaped like ours. I was on the point of addressing him when the feathery animal frightened me away with his loud cry." "My son," said the mother, "the gentle creature is a cat, who, under the hypocritical mask, hides an eternal passion for our destruction. The other animal, on the contrary, does us no harm—so far from it that he will, perhaps, one day be served up to us as food; while as to the cat, we are the staple of his kitchen. From which learn, my son, not to judge people only by appearances."

The legend of Levantine origin is presented in a new form in "The Rat retired from the World"—that is to say, in a Dutch cheese, which the English have changed into a Cheshire cheese. According to the rat's account, he is tired of the poms and vanities of the world, and flees from them into profound solitude. He works so well in the rich, solidified cream, that he is soon provided with food and lodging, and grows fat; Heaven protects those who devote themselves to her cause. One day several deputies of the rat people call on this devout personage to ask for alms, for the purpose of going into a foreign country in quest of aid against the cat people; Ratopolis is blocked; they

are constrained to leave without money, owing to the indigent condition of the attacked republic. They ask for very little, sure that the succor they are going for will be ready in four or five days. "My friends," answers the solitary, "the things of earth occupy me no longer. In what can a poor recluse assist you? What can he do but pray heaven in your behalf? I trust it will take you under its charge." Thus speaking, the saintly rat shuts his door. Here the author observes that if the reader thinks the rat is a monk, he is mistaken; that a dervish is meant, adding that he supposes a monk to be more charitable. This saintly rat recalls the "Tartuffe" of Molière, and was evidently a satire upon some one nearer France than an Eastern dervish.

Two cocks lived in peace, a hen came, and with her, war. Love lost Troy—from it arose the quarrel in which the Xanthus was stained with the blood of the gods. The cocks maintained the combat for a long time, the noise thereof went abroad in the neighborhood, and the people who wore combs ran to behold the spectacle; more than one Helen of beautiful plumage was the prize of the conqueror. The vanquished disappeared, and hid himself alone in obscurity to weep over his lost loves and his glory. Every day he saw from afar his victorious rival surrounded by the hens, and this sight kept alive his hate



THE WOLF TURNED SHEPHERD.



THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

and lifted his courage. He sharpened his beak, beat the air and his flanks, exercised himself against the winds, and armed himself with a jealous rage. Of all this he had no need. His conqueror perched himself on a roof to sing his victory, and a vulture heard his voice. Adieu love and glory; all this pride perished under the talons of the vulture, and the vanquished took the place of the victor among the hens amidst a general cackle of joy. Thus Fortune often leads the insolent conqueror to his destruction; therefore let him look well to himself after the victory, for then the battle really begins. There was temptation here to make a point on the gentle sex as a disturbing element, but the author gallantly refrained. The lesson as it stands, is a good one, and the account, given in the tone of Homer, is one of the most amusing.

"The Cat and the Fox," like worthy saints, started on a pilgrimage together, stealing much cream and many chickens by the way. The road was long and tiresome, and to shorten it, they entered into a dispute. After much discussion the fox said to the cat, "You pretend to be very skillful, but you are far behind me—I have

a hundred tricks in my head." The cat answered, "I have only one, but I maintain that it is worth a thousand of yours." In the midst of the dispute a pack of hounds came barking toward them, when the cat said, "My friend, seek for a sure strategy in that fertile brain of yours; as for my trick, here it is;" and with these words he rapidly climbed a tree, around whose base the other turned in vain, then ran into a hole, whence he was smoked out to be mangled by the dogs. Too many expedients often bring failure instead of success; have only one, but let it be a good one.

A young mouse of little experience thought to soften an old cat in imploring his clemency. "Let me live," said the small animal, "a mouse of my size and wants cannot be a charge in this house; what I take can never be missed; I feed myself with a grain of wheat, a nut makes me fat. At present I am thin; wait some time and reserve this repast for your children." The other answered, "It is useless to employ such words with me; you might as well speak to the deaf. A cat, and an old one at that, is not given to pardoning. So you must die; as for my children they will look

out for themselves." And this was the last of the unfortunate mouse. Thus, youth flatters itself with hope and old age is pitiless. This was written at the age of seventy-four, at the request of his patron the Duke of Bourgogne, preceded by a poem of which the refrain was "the cat and the mouse," the poet playing with his subject as the larger animal with the smaller.

The apologues here roughly but literally translated, may be regarded as fair specimens of two hundred, the remaining fifty being somewhat inferior—that is, for such a fabler as La Fontaine.

Up to his seventieth year we find him still continuing his orgies, passing much of his time with a dissolute abbe and a certain disreputable Madame Ulrich, and in close relation with the Princes Conti, from whom he secured a pension, as well as from the Duke of Vendôme. Notwithstanding Louis the Fourteenth's love of letters, the poet never succeeded in getting into his good graces. His work, from its simple genre, did not attract the king, who was fond of the grandiose in letters as well as fine arts. Besides, the king was undergoing a change, and the poet's manner of life did not meet with his approval. Behind the king stood his pious mistress, Madame Maintenon, whom La Fontaine had known well when she was the wife of Scarron, and she is believed to have set his majesty still more against him, as she would have nothing to do with those who had known her in the days of her poverty. Thus, while his majesty was toiling up the narrow path of virtue in expiation of his sins, the poet was following the broad and easy road of **pleasure**. The difference between them was that the king got old before La Fontaine.

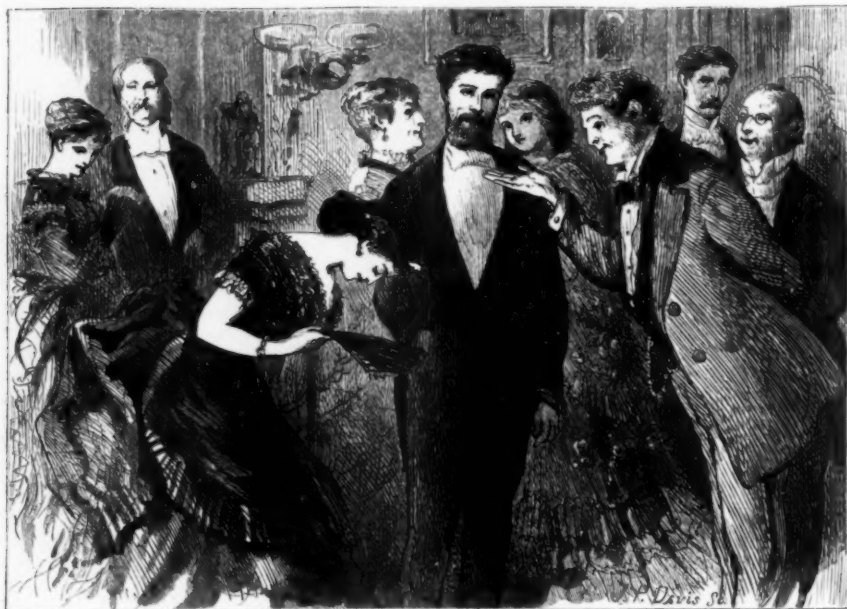
In France of the seventeenth century there were few of what we now call Positivists. The fashionable population of Paris was mainly composed of tepid Christians—those who gave an intellectual assent to Scriptural truths but did not practice them until death was thought to be near at hand. Thus, when age or sickness seized upon them, like scared children they cried out for the succor of the Church they had neglected in health and pleasure,

and at the last hour the Church stretched forth its powerful arm and bore the repentant sinners into Paradise. La Fontaine was one of these. At three score and ten this votary of pleasure found himself dangerously sick. A priest became a regular visitor at his bedside, and induced him to read the Evangelists, which he had either forgotten or never read. After getting through, he observed to one of his friends: "I have been reading the New Testament; I assure you it is a very good book—yes, by my faith, a very good book." Diderot affirms that he said to the priest: "I presume the damned get used to the fire, and in the end find themselves in their natural element as fish do in the water;" and this without any intention of being irreverent. Still, this *naïf* soul could not reconcile the goodness of the Maker with eternal punishment. The assiduous and persuasive priest ended, however, in removing the difficulty. It was in the midst of these discussions that the nurse said to the physician of the mind, "Don't torment him so much—he is more stupid (*bête*) than he is wicked; God will never have the courage to damn him." And he to whom this was said, afterward wrote that the poet was as simple in his wickedness as he was in his goodness.

He yielded to every demand of the Church, withdrew a new edition of the "Contes" on which he had relied for handsome returns, burnt an unpublished comedy, and expressed repentance for having written both before a deputation of the Academy. On recovery, had he been younger, it is possible that there would have been some backsliding; as it was, the fire of nature had burnt out, and he remained consistent with his vows. He gave what was left of his vitality to religion, turned some of the blank-verse hymns into rhymes, and read a paraphrase of the "Dies Iræ" before the Academy. It was only known at his death to what austerity he had subjected his poor body, then found enveloped in a rude hair shirt. Thus, the author of "Joconde" at last ended in a garment of self-punishment! It is a commentary on his life and the age in which he lived.

## THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



MR. DELCHER IS PRESENTED TO MRS. DILLINGHAM.

## CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH JIM AND MIKE CONLIN PASS THROUGH A GREAT TRIAL AND COME OUT VICTORIOUS.

"THERE, Turk, there they be!" said Jim to his dog, pointing to his passengers, as he stood caressing him, with one foot on the land and the other holding the boat to the shore. "There's the little chap that I've brung to play with ye, an' there's the sick man that we've got to take care of. Now don't ye make no row."

Turk looked up into his master's face, then surveyed the new comers with a wag of his tail that had all the force of a welcome, and, when Harry leaped on shore, he smelt him over, licked his hand, and accepted him as a satisfactory companion.

Jim towed his boat around a point into a little cove where there was a beach, and then drew it by a long, strong pull entirely out of the water. Lifting Benedict and

carrying him to his own cabin, he left him in charge of Harry and the dog, while he went to make his bed in "Number Ten." His arrangements completed, he transferred his patient to the quarters prepared for him, where, upheld and pillowed by the sweetest couch that weary body ever rested upon, he sank into slumber.

Harry and the dog became inseparable companions at once; and as it was necessary for Jim to watch with Benedict during the night, he had no difficulty in inducing the new friends to occupy his cabin together. The dog understood his responsibility and the lad accepted his protector; and when both had been bountifully fed they went to sleep side by side.

It was, however, a troubled night at Number Ten. The patient's imagination had been excited, his frame had undergone a great fatigue, and the fresh air, no less than the rain that had found its way to his person through all his wrappings on the



previous night, had produced a powerful impression upon his nervous system. It was not strange that the morning found Jim unrefreshed, and his patient in a high, delirious fever.

"Now's the time," said Jim to himself, "when a feller wants some sort o' religion or a woman; an' I hain't got nothin' but a big dog and little boy, an' no doctor nearer 'n forty mile."

Poor Jim! He did not know that the shock to which he had subjected the enfeebled lunatic was precisely what was needed to rouse every effort of nature to effect a cure. He could not measure the influence of the subtle earth-currents that breathed over him. He did not know that there was better medicine in the pure air, in the balsamic bed, in the broad stillness, in the nourishing food and the careful nursing, than in all the drugs of the world. He did not know that, in order to reach the convalescence for which he so ardently longed, his patient must go down to the very basis of his life, and begin and build up anew; that in changing from an old and worn-out existence to a fresh and healthy one, there must come a point between the two conditions where there would seem to be no life, and where death would appear to be the only natural determination. He was burdened with his responsibility; and only the consciousness that his motives were pure and his patient no more hopeless in his hands than in those from which he had rescued him, strengthened his equanimity and sustained his courage.

As the sun rose, Benedict fell into an uneasy slumber, and, while Jim watched his heavy breathing, the door was noiselessly opened, and Harry and the dog looked in. The hungry look of the lad summoned Jim to new duties, and leaving Harry to watch his father, he went off to prepare a breakfast for his family.

All that day and all the following night Jim's time was so occupied in feeding the well and administering to the sick, that his own sleeplessness began to tell upon him. He who had been accustomed to the sleep of a healthy and active man began to look haggard, and to long for the assistance of a trusty hand. It was with a great, irrepressible shout of gratification that, at the close of the second day, he detected the form of Mike Conlin walking up the path by the side of the river, with a snug pack of provisions upon his back.

Jim pushed his boat from the shore, and

ferried Mike over to his cabin. The Irishman had reached the landing ten miles below to learn that the birch canoe in which he had expected to ascend the river had either been stolen or washed away. He was, therefore, obliged to take the old path, worn in former years by the lumbermen, at the side of the river, and to reach Jim's camp on foot. He was very tired, but the warmth of his welcome brought a merry twinkle to his eyes and the ready blarney to his tongue.

"Och! divil a bit wud ye be glad to see Mike Conlin if ye knowed he'd come to arrist ye. Jim, ye're me prisoner. Ye've been stalin a pauper—a pair av 'em, faith—an' ye must answer fur it wid yer life to owld Belcher. Come along wid me. None o' yer nonsense, or I'll put a windy in ye."

Jim eyed him with a smile, but he knew that no ordinary errand had brought Mike to him so quickly.

"Old Belcher sent ye, did he?" said Jim.

"Be gorry he did, an' I've come to git a reward. Now, if ye'll be dacint ye shall have part of it."

Although Jim saw that Mike was apparently in sport, he knew that the offer of a cash reward for his own betrayal was indeed a sore temptation to him.

"Did ye tell 'im anything, Mike?" inquired Jim, solemnly.

"Divil a bit."

"An' ye knowed I'd lick ye if ye did. Ye knowed that, didn't ye?"

"I knowed ye'd thry it faithful, an' if ye didn't do it there'd be niver a man to blame but Mike Conlin."

Jim said no more, but went to work and got a bountiful supper for Mike. When he had finished he took him over to Number Ten, where Harry and Turk were watching. Quietly opening the door of the cabin, he entered. Benedict lay on his bed, his rapt eyes looking up to the roof. His clean-cut, deathly face, his long, tangled locks, and the comfortable appointments about him, were all scanned by Mike, and, without saying a word, both turned and retired.

"Mike," said Jim, as they retraced their way, "that man an' me was like brothers. I found 'im in the devil's own hole, an' any man that comes atween me an' him must look out fur 'imself forever arter. Jim Fenton's a good-natered man when he ain't riled, but he'd sooner fight nor eat when he is. Will ye help me, or won't ye?"

Mike made no reply, but opened his pack

and brought out a tumbler of jelly. "There, ye bloody blaggard, wouldn't ye be afther lickin' that now?" said he, and then, as he proceeded to unload the pack, his tongue ran on in comment. (A paper of crackers.) "Mash 'em all to smithereens now. Give it to 'em, Jim." (A roasted chicken.) "Pitch intil the rooster, Jim. Crack every bone in 'is body." (A bottle of brandy.) "Knock the head off his shoolders and suck 'is blood." (A package of tea.) "Down with the tay! It's insulted ye, Jim." (A piece of maple sugar.) "Och! the owld, brown rascal! ye'll be afther doin' Jim Fenton a bad turn, will ye? Ye'll be brakin 'is teeth fur 'im." Then followed a plate, cup, and saucer, and these were supplemented by an old shirt and various knick-knacks that only a woman would remember in trying to provide for an invalid far away from the conveniences and comforts of home.

Jim watched Mike with tearful eyes, which grew more and more loaded and luminous as the disgorgement of the contents of the pack progressed.

"Mike, will ye forgive me?" said Jim, stretching out his hand. "I was afared the money'd be too much for ye; but barrin' yer big foot an' the ugly nose that's on ye, yer an angel."

"Niver ye mind me fut," responded Mike. "Me inimies don't like it, an' they can give a good raison fur it; an' as fur me nose, it'll look worsen nor it does now when Jim Fenton gets a crack at it."

"Mike," said Jim, "ye hurt me. Here's my hand, an' honors are easy."

Mike took the hand without more ado, and then sat back and told Jim all about it.

"Ye see, afther ye wint away that night I jist lay down an' got a bit uv a shnooze, an' in the mornin' I shtarted for me owld horse. It was a big thramp to where ye lift him, and comin' back purty slow, I picked up a few shticks and put intil the wagin for me owld woman—pine knots an' the like o' that. I didn't git home much afore darruk, and me owld horse wasn't more nor in the shtable an' I 'atin' me supper, quiet like, afore Belcher druv up to me house wid his purty man on the seat wid 'im. An' says he: 'Mike Conlin! Mike Conlin! Come to the dour wid ye!' So I wint to the dour, an' he says, says he: 'Hev ye seen a crazy old feller wid a b'y?' An' says I: 'There's no crazy owld feller wid a b'y been by me house in the daytime. If they wint by at all, at all, it was when me family was aslake.' Then he got out of his

wagin and come in, and he looked 'round in all the corners careless like, and thin he said he wanted to go to the barrun. So we wint to the barrun, and he looked all about purty careful, and he says, says he: 'What ye been doin' wid the owld horse on a Sunday, Mike?' And says I to him, says I: 'Jist a pickin' up a few shticks for the owld woman.' An' when he come out he see the shticks in the wagin, and he says, says he: 'Mike, if ye'll find these fellers in the woods I'll give ye five hundred dollars.' And says I: 'Squire Belcher,' says I (for I knowed he had a wake shpot in 'im), 'ye are richer nor a king, and Mike Conlin's no better nor a pauper himself. Give me a hundred dollars,' says I, 'an' I'll thry it. And be gorry I've got it right there' (slapping his pocket). 'Take along somethin' for 'em to ate,' says he, and faith I've done that same and found me min; an' now I'll stay wid ye fur a week an' 'arn me hundred dollars."

The week that Mike promised Jim was like a lifetime. To have some one with him to share his vigils and his responsibility lifted a great burden from his shoulders. But the sick man grew weaker and weaker every day. He was assiduously nursed and literally fed with dainties; but the two men went about their duties with solemn faces, and talked almost in a whisper. Occasionally one of them went out for delicate game, and by alternate watches they managed to get sufficient sleep to recruit their exhausted energies.

One morning, afther Mike had been there four or five days, both stood by Benedict's bed, and felt that a crisis was upon him. A great uneasiness had possessed him for some hours, and then he had sunk away into a stupor or a sleep, they could not determine which.

The two men watched him for a while, and then went out and sat down on a log in front of the cabin, and held a consultation.

"Mike," said Jim, "somethin' must be did. We've did our best an' nothin' comes on't; an' Benedict is nearer Abram's bosom nor I ever meant he should come in my time. I ain't no doctor; you ain't no doctor. We've nussed 'im the best we knowed, and I guess he's a goner. It's too thunderin' bad, for I'd set my heart on puttin' 'im through."

"Well," said Mike, "I've got me hundred dollars, and you'll git yer pay in the nixt wurru'd."

"I don't want no pay," responded Jim.

"An' what do ye know about the next world, anyway?"

"The praste says there is one," said Mike.

"The priest be hanged! What does he know about it?"

"That's his business," said Mike. "It's not for the like o' me to answer for the praste."

"Well, I wish he was here, in Number Nine, an' we'd see what we could git out of 'im. I've got to the eend o' my rope."

The truth was that Jim was becoming religious. When his own strong right hand failed in any enterprise, he always came to a point where the possibilities of a superior wisdom and power dawned upon him. He had never offered a prayer in his life, but the wish for some medium or instrument of intercession was strong within him. At last an idea struck him, and he turned to Mike and told him to go down to his old cabin, and stay there while he sent the boy back to him.

When Harry came up, with an anxious face, Jim took him between his knees.

"Little feller," said he, "I need comfortin'. It's a comfort to have ye here in my arms, an' I don't never want to have you go 'way from me. Your pa is awful sick, and perhaps he ain't never goin' to be no better. The rain and the ride, I'm afeared, was too many fur him; but I've did the best I could, and I meant well to both on ye, an' now I can't do no more, and there ain't no doctor here, an' there ain't no minister. You've allus been a pretty good boy, hain't ye? and don't ye s'pose ye can go out here a little ways behind a tree and pray? I'll hold on to the dog, an' it seems to me, if I was the Lord, I sh'd pay 'tention to what a little feller like you was sayin'. There ain't nobody here but you to do it now, ye know. I can nuss your pa and fix his vittles, and set up with 'im nights, but I can't pray. I wasn't brung up to it. Now, if you'll do this, I won't ax ye to do nothin' else."

The boy was serious. He looked off with his great black eyes into the woods. He had said his prayers many times when he did not know that he wanted anything. Here was a great emergency, the most terrible that he had ever encountered. He, a child, was the only one who could pray for the life of his father; and the thought of the responsibility, though it was only dimly entertained, or imperfectly grasped, overwhelmed him. His eyes, that had been strained so long, filled with tears, and, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable weeping,

he threw his arms around Jim's neck, where he sobbed away his sudden and almost hysterical passion. Then he gently disengaged himself and went away.

Jim took off his cap, and holding fast his uneasy and inquiring dog, bowed his head as if he were in a church. Soon, among the songs of birds that were turning the morning into music, and the flash of waves that ran shoreward before the breeze, and the whisper of the wind among the evergreens, there came to his ear the voice of a child, pleading for his father's life. The tears dropped from his eyes and rolled down upon his beard. There was an element of romantic superstition in the man, of which his request was the offspring, and to which the sound of the child's voice appealed with irresistible power.

When the lad reappeared and approached him, Jim said to himself: "Now, if that won't do it, ther' won't nothin'." Reaching out his arms to Harry, as he came up, he embraced him, and said:

"My boy, you've did the right thing. It's better nor all the nussin', an' you must do that every mornin'—every mornin'; an' don't ye take no for an answer. Now jest go in with me and see your pa."

Jim would not have been greatly surprised to see the rude little room thronged with angels, but he was astonished, almost to fainting, to see Benedict open his eyes, look about him, then turn his questioning gaze upon him, and recognize him by a faint smile, so like the look of other days—so full of intelligence and peace, that the woodsman dropped upon his knees and hid his face in the blankets. He did not say a word, but leaving the boy passionately kissing his father, he ran to his own cabin.

Seizing Mike by the shoulders, he shook him as if he intended to kill him.

"Mike, said he, "by the great horned spoons, the little fellow has fetched 'im! Git yer partridge-broth and yer brandy quicker'n lightnin'. Don't talk to me no more 'bout yer priest; I've got a trick worth two o' that."

Both men made haste back to Number Ten, where they found their patient quite able to take the nourishment and stimulant they brought, but still unable to speak. He soon sank into a refreshing slumber, and gave signs of mending throughout the day. The men who had watched him with such careful anxiety were full of hope, and gave vent to their lightened spirits in the chaffing which, in their careless hours, had become habitual with them. The boy and the dog

rejoiced in sympathy, and if there had been ten days of storm and gloom, ended by a brilliant, outshining sun, the aspect of the camp could not have been more suddenly or happily changed.

Two days and nights passed away, and then Mike declared that he must go home. The patient had spoken, and knew where he was. He only remembered the past as a dream. First, it was dark and long, and full of horror, but at length all had become bright, and Jim was made supremely happy to learn that he had had a vision of the glory toward which he had pretended to conduct him. Of the fatherly breast he had slept upon, of the golden streets through which he had walked, of the river of the water of life, of the shining ones with whom he had strolled in companionship, of the marvelous city which hath foundations, and the ineffable beauty of its Maker and Builder, he could not speak in full until years had passed away; but out of this lovely dream he had emerged into natural life.

"He's jest been down to the bottom, and started new." That was the sum and substance of Jim's philosophy, and it would be hard for science to supplant it.

"Well," said Jim to Mike, "ye've been a godesend. Ye've did more good in a week nor you'll do again if ye live a thousand year. Ye've arned yer hundred dollars, and ye haven't found no pauper, and ye can tell 'em so. Paul Benedict ain't no pauper, an' he ain't no crazy man either."

"Be gorry ye're right!" said Mike, who was greatly relieved at finding his report shaped for him in such a way that he would not be obliged to tell a falsehood.

"An' thank yer old woman from me," said Jim, "an' tell her she's the queen of the huckleberry bushes, an' a jewel to the side o' the road she lives on."

"Divil a bit will I do it," responded Mike. "She'll be so grand I can't live wid her."

"An' tell her when ye've had yer quarrel," said Jim, "that there'll allus be a place for her here in Number Ten."

They chaffed one another until Mike passed out of sight among the trees; and Jim, notwithstanding his new society, felt lonelier, as he turned back to his cabin, than he had ever felt when there was no human being within twenty miles of him.

The sun of early May had begun to shine brightly, the willows were growing green by the side of the river, the resinous buds were swelling daily, and making ready to burst

into foliage; the birds returned one after another from their winter journeyings, and the thrushes filled the mornings and the evenings alike with their carolings. Spring had come to the woods again with words of promise and wings of fulfillment, and Jim's heart was full of tender gladness. He had gratified his benevolent impulses, and he found upon his hands that which would tax their abounding energies. Life had never seemed to him so full of significance as it did then. He could see what he had been saving money for, and he felt that out of the service he was rendering to the poor and the distressed was growing a love for them that gave a new and almost divine flavor to his existence.

Benedict mended slowly, but he mended daily, and gave promise of the permanent recovery of a healthy body and a sound mind. It was a happy day for Jim when, with Harry and the dog bounding before him, and Benedict leaning on his arm, he walked over to his old cabin, and all ate together at his own rude table. Jim never encouraged his friend's questions. He endeavored, by every practical way, to restrain his mind from wandering into the past, and encouraged him to associate his future with his present society and surroundings. The stronger the patient grew, the more willing he became to shut out the past, which, as memory sometimes—nay, too often—recalled it, was an unbroken history of trial, disappointment, grief, despair, and dreams of great darkness.

There was one man whom he could never think of without a shudder, and with that man his possible outside life was inseparably associated. Mr. Belcher had always been able, by his command of money and his coarse and despotic will, to compel him into any course or transaction that he desired. His nature was offensive to Benedict to an extreme degree, and when in his presence, particularly when he entered it driven by necessity, he felt shorn of his own manhood. He felt him to be without conscience, without principle, without humanity, and that it needed only to be known that the insane pauper had become a sound and healthy man to make him the subject of a series of persecutions or persuasions that would wrest from him the rights and values on which the great proprietor was foully battenning. These rights and values he never intended to surrender, and until he was strong and independent enough to secure them to himself, he did not care to expose his gentler will

to the machinations of the great scoundrel who had thrived upon his unrewarded genius.

So, by degrees, he came to look upon the woods as his home. He was there at peace. His wife had faded out of the world, his life had been a fatal struggle with the grossest selfishness, he had come out of the shadows into a new life, and in that life's simple conditions, cared for by Jim's strong arms, and upheld by his manly and cheerful companionship, he intended to build safely the structure of his health, and to erect on the foundation of a useful experience a better life.

In June, Jim did his planting, confined almost entirely to vegetables, as there was no mill near enough to grind his wheat and corn should he succeed in growing them. By the time the young plants were ready for dressing, Benedict could assist Jim for an hour every day; and when the autumn came, the invalid of Number Ten had become a heavier man than he ever was before. Through the disguise of rags, the sun-browned features, the heavy beard, and the generous and almost stalwart figure, his old and most intimate friends would have failed to recognize the delicate and attenuated man they had once known. Jim regarded him with great pride, and almost with awe. He delighted to hear him talk, for he was full of information and overflowing with suggestion.

"Mr. Benedict," said Jim one day, after they had indulged in one of their long talks, "do you s'pose you can make a house?"

"Anything."

"A raal house, all ship-shape for a woman to live in?"

"Anything."

"With a little stoop, an' a bureau, an' some chairs, an' a frame, like, fur posies to run up on?"

"Yes, Jim, and a thousand things you never thought of."

Jim did not pursue the conversation further, but went down very deep into a brown study.

During September, he was in the habit of receiving the visits of sportsmen, one of whom, a New York lawyer, who bore the name of Balfour, had come into the woods every year for several successive years. He became aware that his supplies were running low, and that not only was it necessary to lay in a winter's stock of flour and pork, but that his helpless *protégé's* should be supplied with clothing for the coming cold weather.

Benedict had become quite able to take care of himself and his boy; so one day Jim, having furnished himself with a supply of money from his long accumulated hoard, went off down the river for a week's absence.

He had a long consultation with Mike Conlin, who agreed to draw his lumber to the river whenever he should see fit to begin his enterprise. He had taken along a list of tools furnished him by Benedict, and Mike carried him to Sevenoaks with the purpose of taking back whatever, in the way of stores, they should purchase. Jim was full of reminiscences of his night's drive, and pointed out to Mike all the localities of his great enterprise. Things had undergone a transformation about the poor-house, and Jim stopped and inquired tenderly for Tom Buffum, and learned that soon after the escape of Benedict the man had gone off in an apoplectic fit.

"He was a picktler friend o' mine," said Jim, smiling in the face of the new occupant, "an' I'm glad he went off so quick he didn't know when he was goin'. Left some rocks, didn't he?"

The man having replied to Jim's tender solicitude, that he believed the family were sufficiently well provided for, the precious pair of sympathizers went off down the hill.

Jim and Mike had a busy day in Sevenoaks, and at about eight o'clock in the evening, Miss Keziah Butterworth was surprised in her room by the announcement that there was a strange man down stairs who desired to see her. As she entered the parlor of the little house, she saw a tall man standing upright in the middle of the room, with his fur cap in his hand, and a huge roll of cloth under his arm.

"Miss Butterworth, how fare ye?" said Jim.

"I remember you," said Miss Butterworth, peering up into his face to read his features in the dim light. "You are Jim Fenton, whom I met last spring at the town meeting."

"I knowed you'd remember me. Women allus does. Be'n putty chirk this summer?"

"Very well, I thank you, sir," and Miss Butterworth dropped a courtesy, and then, sitting down, she pointed him to a chair.

Jim laid his cap on the floor, placed his roll of cloth upright between his knees, and, pulling out his bandana handkerchief, wiped his perspiring face.



"I've brung a little job fur ye," said Jim.  
 "Oh, I can't do it," said Miss Butterworth at once. "I'm crowded to death with work. It's a hurrying time of year."

"Yes, I knowed that, but this is a pertickler job."

"Oh, they are all particular jobs," responded Miss Butterworth, shaking her head.

"But this is a job fur pertickler folks."

"Folks are all alike to me," said Miss Butterworth, sharply.

"These clo'es," said Jim, "are fur a good man an' a little boy. They has nothin' but rags on 'em, an' won't have till ye make these clo'es. The man is a pertickler friend o' mine, an' the boy is a cute little chap, an' he can pray better nor any minister in Sevenoaks. If you knowed what I know, Miss Butterworth, I don't know but you'd do somethin' that you'd be ashamed of, an' I don't know but you'd do somethin' that I sh'd be ashamed of. Strange things has happened, an' if you want to know what they be, you must make these clo'es."

Jim had aimed straight at one of the most powerful motives in human nature, and the woman began to relent, and to talk more as if it were possible for her to undertake the job.

"It may be," said the tailoress, thinking, and scratching the top of her head with a hair-pin, "that I *can* work it in; but I haven't the measure."

"Well, now, let's see," said Jim, pondering. "Whar is they about such a man? Don't ye remember a man that used to be here by the name of—of—Benedict, wasn't it?—a feller about up to my ear—only fleshier nor he was? An' the little feller—well, he's bigger nor Benedict's boy—bigger, leastways, nor he was then."

Miss Butterworth rose to her feet, went up to Jim, and looked him sharply in the eyes.

"Can you tell me anything about Benedict and his boy?"

"All that any feller knows I know," said Jim, "an' I've never telled nobody in Sevenoaks."

"Jim Fenton, you needn't be afraid of me."

"Oh, I ain't. I like ye better nor any woman I seen."

"But you needn't be afraid to tell me," said Miss Butterworth, blushing.

"An' will ye make the clo'es?"

"Yes, I'll make the clothes, if I make them for nothing, and sit up nights to do it."

"Give us your hand," said Jim, and he

had a woman's hand in his own almost before he knew it, and his face grew crimson to the roots of his bushy hair.

Miss Butterworth drew her chair up to his, and in a low tone he told her the whole long story as only he knew it, and only he could tell it.

"I think you are the noblest man I ever saw," said Miss Butterworth, trembling with excitement.

"Well, turn about's fa'r play, they say, an' I think you're the most genuine creetur' I ever seen," responded Jim. "All we want up in the woods now is a woman, an' I'd sooner have you thar nor any other."

"Poh! what a spoon you are!" said Miss Butterworth, tossing her head.

"Then there's timber enough in me fur the puttiest kind of a buckle."

"But you're a blockhead—a great, good blockhead. That's just what you are," said Miss Butterworth, laughing in spite of herself.

"Well, ye can whittle any sort of a head out of a block," said Jim imperturbably.

"Let's have done with joking," said the tailoress solemnly.

"I hain't been jokin'" said Jim. "I'm in 'arnest. I been thinkin' o' ye ever sence the town-meetin'. I been kinder livin' on yer looks. I've dreamt about ye nights; an' when I've been helpin' Benedict, I took some o' my pay, thinkin' I was pleasin' ye. I couldn't help hopin'; an' now, when I come to ye so, an' tell ye jest how the land lays, ye git rampageous or tell me I'm jokin'. 'Twon't be no joke if Jim Fenton goes away from this house feelin' that the only woman he ever seen that he thought was wuth a row o' pins feels herself better nor he is."

Miss Butterworth cast down her eyes, and trotted her knees nervously. She felt that Jim was really in earnest—that he thoroughly respected her, and that behind his rough exterior there was as true a man as she had ever seen; but the life to which he would introduce her, the gossip to which she would be subjected by any intimate connection with him, and the uprooting of the active social life into which the routine of her daily labor led her, would be a great hardship. Then there was another consideration which weighed heavily with her. In her room were the memorials of an early affection and the disappointment of a life.

"Mr. Fenton," she said, looking up—

"Jest call me Jim."

"Well, Jim—" and Miss Butterworth smiled through tearful eyes—"I must tell

you that I was once engaged to be married."

"Sho! You don't say!"

"Yes, and I had everything ready."

"Now, you don't tell me!"

"Yes, and the only man I ever loved died—died a week before the day we had set."

"It must have pretty near finished ye off."

"Yes, I should have been glad to die myself."

"Well, now, Miss Butterworth, if you s'pose that Jim Fenton wouldn't bring that man to life if he could, and go to your wedding singin' hallelujer, you must think he's meaner nor a rat. But ye know he's dead, an' ye never can see him no more. He's a goner, an' ye're all alone, an' here's a man that'll take care on ye fur him; an' it does seem to me that if he was a reasonable man he'd feel obleeged for what I'm doin'."

Miss Butterworth could not help smiling at Jim's earnestness and ingenuity, but his proposition was so sudden and strange, and she had so long ago given up any thought of marrying, that it was impossible for her to give him an answer then, unless she should give him the answer which he deprecated.

"Jim," she said at last, "I believe you are a good man. I believe you are honorable, and that you mean well toward me; but we have been brought up very differently, and the life into which you wish to bring me would be very strange to me. I doubt whether I could be happy in it."

Jim saw that it would not help him to press his suit further at that time, and recognizing the reasonableness of her hesitation. He knew he was rough and unused to every sort of refinement, but he also knew that he was truthful, and honorable, and faithful; and with trust in his own motives and trust in Miss Butterworth's good sense and discretion, he withheld any further exhibition of his wish to settle the affair on the spot.

"Well, Miss Butterworth," he said, rising, "ye know yer own business, but there'll be a house, an' a stoop, an' a bureau, an' a little ladder for flowers, an' Mike Conlin will draw the lumber, an' Benedict 'll put it together, an' Jim Fenton 'll be the busiest and happiest man in a hundred mile."

As Jim rose, Miss Butterworth also stood up, and looked up into his face. Jim regarded her with tender admiration.

"Do you know I take to little things wonderful, if they're only alive?" said he. "There's Benedict's little boy! I feel 'im fur

hours arter I've had 'im in my arms, jest because he's alive an' little. An' I don't know—I—I vow, I guess I better go away. Can you git the clo'es made in two days, so I can take 'em home with me? Can't ye put 'em out round? I'll pay ye, ye know."

Miss Butterworth thought she could, and on that promise Jim remained in Sevenoaks.

How he got out of the house he did not remember, but he went away very much exalted. What he did during those two days it did not matter to him, so long as he could walk over to Miss Butterworth's each night, and watch her light from his cover in the trees.

Before the tailoress closed her eyes in sleep that night her brisk and ready shears had cut the cloth for the two suits at a venture, and in the morning the work was parceled among her benevolent friends, as a work of charity whose objects were not to be mentioned.

When Jim called for the clothes, they were done, and there was no money to be paid for the labor. The statement of the fact embarrassed Jim more than anything that had occurred in his interviews with the tailoress.

"I sh'll pay ye some time, even if so be that nothin' happens," said he; "an' if so be that somethin' does happen, it'll be squar' any way. I don't want no man that I do fur to be beholden to workin' women for their clo'es."

Jim took the big bundle under his left arm, and extending his right hand took Miss Butterworth's, and said: "Good-bye, little woman; I sh'll see ye agin, and here's hopin'. Don't hurt yerself, and think as well of me as you can. I hate to go away an' leave every thing loose like, but I s'pose I must. Yes, I don't like to go away so"—and Jim shook his head tenderly—"an' arter I go ye musn't kick a stone on the road or scare a bird in the trees, for fear it'll be the heart that Jim Fenton leaves behind him."

Jim departed, and Miss Butterworth went up to her room, her eyes moist with the effect of the unconscious poetry of his closing utterance.

It was still early in the evening when Jim reached the hotel, and he had hardly mounted the steps when the stage drove up, and Mr. Balfour, encumbered with a gun, all sorts of fishing-tackle and a lad of twelve years, leaped out. He was on his annual vacation; and with all the hilarity and heartiness of a boy let loose from

school greeted Jim, whose irresistibly broad smile was full of welcome.

It was quickly arranged that Jim and Mike should go on that night with their load of stores; that Mr. Balfour and his boy should follow in the morning with a team to be hired for the occasion, and that Jim, reaching home first, should return and meet his guests with his boat at the landing.

#### CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH MR. BELCHER VISITS NEW YORK, AND BECOMES THE PROPRIETOR OF "PAL-GRAVE'S FOLLY."

THE shadow of a mystery hung over Sevenoaks for many months. Handbills advertising the fugitives were posted in all directions throughout the country, but nothing came of them but rumors. The newspapers, far and near, told the story, but it resulted in nothing save such an airing of the Sevenoaks poor-house, and the county establishment connected with the same, that Tom Buffum, who had lived for several years on the border-land of apoplexy, passed suddenly over, and went so far that he never returned to meet the official inquiry into his administration. The Augean stables were cleansed by the Hercules of public opinion; and with the satisfied conscience and restored self-complacency procured by this act, the people at last settled down upon the conviction that Benedict and his boy had shared the fate of old Tilden—that they had lost themselves in the distant forest, and met their death alike beyond help and discovery.

Mr. Belcher found himself without influence in the adjustment of the new administration. Sevenoaks turned the cold shoulder to him. Nobody went to him with the reports that connected him with the flight and fate of the crazed inventor, yet he knew, through instincts which men of his nature often possess in a remarkable degree, that he was deeply blamed for the causes of Benedict's misfortunes. It has already been hinted that at first he was suspected of knowing guiltily more about the disappearance of the fugitives than he would be willing to tell, but there were only a few minds in which the suspicion was long permitted to linger. When the first excitement passed away and men began to think, it was impossible for them to imagine motives sufficiently powerful to induce the rich proprietor to pursue a lunatic pauper to his death.

Mr. Belcher never had encouraged the neighborly approaches which, in an emergency like this, might have given him comfort and companionship. Recognizing no equals in Sevenoaks—measuring his own social position by the depth of his purse and the reach of his power—he had been in the habit of dispensing his society as largess to the humble villagers. To recognize a man upon the street, and speak to him in a familiar way, was to him like the opening of his purse and throwing the surprise of a dollar into a beggar's hat. His courtesies were charities; his politeness was a boon; he tossed his jokes into a crowd of dirty employés as he would toss a handful of silver coin. Up to this time he had been sufficient unto himself. By money, by petty revenges, by personal assumption, he had managed to retain his throne for a long decade; and when he found his power partly ignored and partly defied, and learned that his personal courtesies were not accepted at their old value, he not only began to feel lonesome, but he grew angry. He held hot discussions with his image in the mirror night after night, in his lonely library, where a certain measure which had once seemed a distant possibility took shape more and more as a purpose. In some way he would revenge himself upon the people of the town. Even at a personal sacrifice, he would pay them off for their slight upon him; and he knew there was no way in which he could so effectually do this as by leaving them. He had dreamed many times, as he rapidly accumulated his wealth, of arriving at a point where he could treat his splendid home as a summer resort, and take up his residence in the great city among those of his own kind. He had an uneasy desire for the splendors of city life, yet his interests had always held him to Sevenoaks, and he had contented himself there simply because he had his own way, and was accounted "the principal citizen." His village splendors were without competition. His will was law. His self-complacency, fed and flourishing in his country home, had taken the place of society; but this had ceased to be all-sufficient, even before the change occurred in the atmosphere around him.

It was six months after the reader's first introduction to him that, showily dressed as he always was, he took his place before his mirror for a conversation with the striking-looking person whom he saw reflected there.

"Robert Belcher, Esquire," said he, "are

you played out? Who says played out? Did you address that question to me, sir? Am I the subject of that insulting remark? Do you dare to beard the lion in his den? Withdraw the dagger that you have aimed at my breast, or I will not hold myself responsible for the consequences. Played out, with a million dollars in your pocket? Played out, with wealth pouring in in mighty waves? Whose name is Norval still? Whose are these Grampian Hills? In yonder silent heavens the stars still shine, printing on boundless space the words of golden promise. Will you leave Sevenoaks? Will you go to yonder metropolis, and there reap, in honor and pleasure, the rewards of your enterprise? Will you leave Sevenoaks howling in pain? Will you leave these scurvy ministers to whine for their salaries and whine to empty air? Ye fresh fields and pastures new, I yield, I go, I reside! I spurn the dust of Sevenoaks from my feet. I hail the glories of the distant mart. I make my bow to you, sir. You ask my pardon? It is well! Go!"

The next morning, after a long examination of his affairs, in conference with his confidential agent, and the announcement to Mrs. Belcher that he was about to start for New York on business, Phipps took him and his trunk on a drive of twenty miles, to the northern terminus of a railroad line which, with its connections, would bear him to the city of his hopes.

It is astonishing how much room a richly dressed snob can occupy in a railway car without receiving a request to occupy less, or endangering the welfare of his arrogant eyes. Mr. Belcher occupied always two seats, and usually four. It was pitiful to see feeble women look at his abounding supply, then look at him, and then pass on. It was pitiful to see humbly dressed men do the same. It was pitiful to see gentlemen put themselves to inconvenience rather than dispute with him his right to all the space he could cover with his luggage and his feet. Mr. Belcher watched all these exhibitions with supreme satisfaction. They were a tribute to his commanding personal appearance. Even the conductors recognized the manner of man with whom they had to deal, and shunned him. He not only got the worth of his money in his ride, but the worth of the money of several other people.

Arriving at New York, he went directly to the Astor, then the leading hotel of the city. The clerk not only knew the kind of man who stood before him recording his name,

but he knew him; and while he assigned to his betters, men and women, rooms at the top of the house, Mr. Belcher secured, without difficulty, a parlor and bedroom on the second floor. The arrogant snob was not only at a premium on the railway train, but at the hotel. When he swaggered into the dining-room, the head waiter took his measure instinctively, and placed him as a figure-head at the top of the hall, where he easily won to himself the most careful and obsequious service, the choicest viands, and a large degree of quiet observation from the curious guests. In the office, waiters ran for him, hackmen took off their hats to him, his cards were delivered with great promptitude, and even the courtly principal deigned to inquire whether he found every thing to his mind. In short, Mr. Belcher seemed to find that his name was as distinctly "Norval" in New York as in Sevenoaks, and that his "Grampian Hills" were movable eminences that stood around and smiled upon him wherever he went.

Retiring to his room to enjoy in quiet his morning cigar and to look over the papers, his eye was attracted, among the "personals," to an item which read as follows:

"Col. Robert Belcher, the rich and well-known manufacturer of Sevenoaks, and the maker of the celebrated Belcher rifle, has arrived in town, and occupies a suite of apartments at the Astor."

His title, he was aware, had been manufactured, in order to give the highest significance to the item, by the enterprising reporter, but it pleased him. The reporter, associating his name with fire-arms, had chosen a military title, in accordance with the custom which makes "commodores" of enterprising landmen who build and manage lines of marine transportation and travel, and "bosses" of men who control election gangs, employed to dig the dirty channels to political success.

He read it again and again, and smoked, and walked to his glass, and coddled himself with complacent fancies. He felt that all doors opened themselves widely to the man who had money, and the skill to carry it in his own magnificent way. In the midst of pleasant thoughts, there came a rap at the door, and he received from the waiter's little salver the card of his factor, "Mr. Benjamin Talbot." Mr. Talbot had read the "personal" which had so attracted and delighted himself, and had made haste to pay his respects to the principal from whose productions he was coining a fortune.

Mr. Talbot was the man of all others whom Mr. Belcher desired to see; so, with a glance at the card, he told the waiter promptly to show the gentleman up.

No man in the world understood Mr. Belcher better than the quick-witted and obsequious factor. He had been in the habit, during the ten years in which he had handled Mr. Belcher's goods, of devoting his whole time to the proprietor while that person was on his stated visits to the city. He took him to his club to dine; he introduced him to congenial spirits; he went to the theater with him; he went with him to grosser resorts, which do not need to be named in these pages; he drove with him to the races; he took him to lunch at suburban hotels, frequented by fast men who drove fast horses; he ministered to every coarse taste and vulgar desire possessed by the man whose nature and graceless caprices he so carefully studied. He did all this at his own expense, and at the same time he kept his principal out of the clutches of gamblers and sharpers. It was for his interest to be of actual use to the man whose desires he aimed to gratify, and so to guard and shadow him that no deep harm would come to him. It was for his interest to keep Mr. Belcher to himself, while he gave him the gratifications that a coarse man living in the country so naturally seeks among the opportunities and excitements of the city.

There was one thing, however, that Mr. Talbot had never done. He had never taken Mr. Belcher to his home. Mrs. Talbot did not wish to see him, and Mr. Talbot did not wish to have her see him. He knew that Mr. Belcher, after his business was completed, wanted something besides a quiet dinner with women and children. His leanings were not toward virtue, but toward safe and half-reputable vice; and exactly what he wanted consistent with his safety as a business man, Mr. Talbot wished to give him. To nurse his goodwill; to make himself useful, and, as far as possible, essential to the proprietor, and to keep him sound and make him last, was Mr. Talbot's study and his most determined ambition.

Mr. Belcher was seated in a huge arm chair, with his back to the door and his feet in another chair, when the second rap came, and Mr. Talbot, with a radiant smile, entered.

"Well, Toll, my boy," said the proprietor, keeping his seat without turning, and extending his left hand. "How are you? Glad

to see you. Come round to pay your respects to the Colonel, eh? How's business, and how's your folks?"

Mr. Talbot was accustomed to this style of greeting from his principal, and, responding heartily to it and the inquiries accompanying it, he took a seat. With hat and cane in hand he sat on his little chair, showing his handsome teeth, twirling his light mustache, and looking at the proprietor with his keen gray eyes, his whole attitude and physiognomy expressing the words as plainly as if he had spoken them: "I'm your man; now, what are you up to?"

"Toll," said Mr. Belcher deliberately, "I'm going to surprise you."

"You usually do," responded the factor, laughing.

"I vow, I guess that's true! You fellows, without any blood, are apt to get waked up when the old boys come in from the country. Toll, lock the door."

Mr. Talbot locked the door and resumed his seat.

"Sevenoaks be hanged!" said Mr. Belcher.

"Certainly."

"It's a one-horse town."

"Certainly. Still, I have been under the impression that you owned the horse."

"Yes, I know, but the horse is played out."

"Hasn't he been a pretty good horse, and earned you all he cost you?"

"Well, I'm tired with living where there is so much infernal babble, and meddling with other people's business. If I sneeze, the people think there's been an earthquake; and when I whistle, they call it a hurricane."

"But you're the king of the roost," said Talbot.

"Yes; but a man gets tired being king of the roost, and longs for some other rooster to fight."

Mr. Talbot saw the point toward which Mr. Belcher was drifting, and prepared himself for it. He had measured his chances for losing his business, and when, at last, his principal came out with the frank statement, that he had made up his mind to come to New York to live, he was all ready with his overjoyed "No!" and with his smooth little hand to bestow upon Mr. Belcher's heavy fist the expression of his gladness and his congratulations.

"Good thing, is n't it, Toll?"

"Excellent!"

"And you'll stand by me, Toll?"

"Of course I will; but we can't do just



the old things, you know. We must be highly respectable citizens, and keep ourselves straight."

"Don't you undertake to teach your grandmother how to suck eggs," responded the proprietor with a huge laugh, in which the factor joined. Then he added, thoughtfully: "I haven't said a word to the woman about it, and she may make a fuss, but she knows me pretty well; and there'll be the biggest kind of a row in the town; but the fact is, Toll, I'm at the end of my rope there. I'm making money hand over hand, and I've nothing to show for it. I've spent about everything I can up there, and nobody sees it. I might just as well be buried; and if a fellow can't show what he gets, what's the use of having it? I haven't but one life to live, and I'm going to spread, and I'm going to do it right here in New York; and if I don't make some of your nabobs open their eyes, my name isn't Robert Belcher."

Mr. Belcher had exposed motives in this little speech that he had not even alluded to in his addresses to his image in the mirror. Talbot saw that something had gone wrong in the town, that he was playing off a bit of revenge, and, above all, that the vulgar desire for display was more prominent among Mr. Belcher's motives for removal than that person suspected.

"I have a few affairs to attend to," said Mr. Talbot, rising, "but after twelve o'clock I will be at your service while you remain in the city. We shall have no difficulty in finding a house to suit you, I am sure, and you can get everything done in the matter of furniture at the shortest notice. I will hunt houses with you for a week, if you wish."

"Well, bye-bye, Toll," said Mr. Belcher, giving him his left hand again. "I'll be round at twelve."

Mr. Talbot went out, but instead of going to his office, went straight home, and surprised Mrs. Talbot by his sudden reappearance.

"What on earth!"—said she, looking up from a bit of embroidery on which she was dawdling away her morning.

"Kate, who do you suppose is coming to New York to live?"

"The Great Mogul."

"Yes, the Great Mogul—otherwise, Colonel Robert Belcher."

"Heaven help us!" exclaimed the lady.

"Well, and what's to be done?"

"Oh, my! my! my! my!" exclaimed Mrs. Talbot, her possessive pronoun stumbling

and fainting away without reaching its object. "Must we have that bear in the house? Does it pay?"

"Yes, Kate, it pays," said Mr. Talbot.

"Well, I suppose that settles it."

The factor and his wife were very quick to comprehend the truth that a principal out of town, and away from his wife and family, was a very different person to deal with from one in the town and in the occupation of a grand establishment, with his dependents. They saw that they must make themselves essential to him in the establishment of his social position, and that they must introduce him and his wife to their friends. Moreover, they had heard good reports of Mrs. Belcher, and had the impression that she would be either an inoffensive or a valuable acquisition to their circle of friends.

There was nothing to do, therefore, but to make a dinner-party in Mr. Belcher's honor. The guests were carefully selected, and Mrs. Talbot laid aside her embroidery and wrote her invitations, while Mr. Talbot made his next errand at the office of the leading real estate broker, with whom he concluded a private arrangement to share in the commission of any sale that might be made to the customer whom he proposed to bring to him in the course of the day. Half-an-hour before twelve, he was in his own office, and in the thirty minutes that lay between his arrival and the visit of the proprietor, he had arranged his affairs for any absence that would be necessary.

When Mr. Belcher came in, looking from side to side, with the air of a man who owned all he saw, even the clerks, who respectfully bowed to him as he passed, he found Mr. Talbot waiting; also, a bunch of the costliest cigars.

"I remembered your weakness, you see," said Talbot.

"Toll, you're a jewel," said Mr. Belcher, drawing out one of the fragrant rolls and lighting it.

"Now, before we go a step," said Talbot, "you must agree to come to my house to-morrow night to dinner, and meet some of my friends. When you come to New York you'll want to know somebody."

"Toll, I tell you you're a jewel."

"And you'll come?"

"Well, you know I'm not rigged exactly for that sort of thing, and, faith, I'm not up to it, but I suppose all a man has to do is to put on a stiff upper lip, and take it as it comes."

"I'll risk you anywhere."

"All right! I'll be there."

"Six o'clock, sharp;—and now let's go and find a broker. I know the best one in the city, and I'll show you the inside of more fine houses before night than you have ever seen."

Talbot took the proprietor's arm and led him to a carriage in waiting. Then he took him to Pine street, and introduced him, in the most deferential manner, to the broker who held half of New York at his disposal, and knew the city as he knew his alphabet.

The broker took the pair of house-hunters to a private room and unfolded a map of the city before them. On this he traced, with a well-kept finger-nail, a series of lines,—like those fanciful isothermal definitions that embrace the regions of perennial summer on the range of the Northern Pacific Railroad,—within which social respectability made its home. Within certain avenues and certain streets, he explained that it was a respectable thing to live. Outside of these arbitrary boundaries, nobody who made any pretense to respectability should buy a house. The remainder of the city was for the vulgar—craftsmen, petty shopkeepers, salaried men, and the shabby-genteel. He insisted that a wealthy man, making an entrance upon New York life, should be careful to locate himself somewhere upon the charmed territory which he defined. He felt in duty bound to say this to Mr. Belcher, as he was a stranger; and Mr. Belcher was, of course, grateful for the information.

Then he armed Mr. Talbot, as Mr. Belcher's city friend and helper, with a bundle of permits, with which they set off upon their quest. They visited a dozen houses in the course of the afternoon, carefully chosen in their succession by Mr. Talbot, who was as sure of Mr. Belcher's tastes as he was of his own. One street was too quiet, one was too dark; one house was too small, and one was too tame; one house had no stable, another had too small a stable. At last, they came out upon Fifth avenue, and drove up to a double front, with a stable almost as ample and as richly appointed as the house itself. It had been built, and occupied for a year or two, by an exploded millionaire, and was an elephant upon the hands of his creditors. Robert Belcher was happy at once. The marvelous mirrors, the plate glass, the gilded cornices, the grand staircase, the glittering chandeliers, the evidences of lavish expenditure in every fixture

and in all the finish, excited him like wine. "Now you talk!" said he to the smiling factor; and as he went to the window, and saw the life of the street, rolling by in costly carriages, or sweeping the sidewalks with shining silks and mellow velvets, he felt that he was at home. Here he could see and be seen. Here his splendors could be advertised. Here he could find an expression for his wealth, by the side of which his establishment at Sevenoaks seemed too mean to be thought of without humiliation and disgust. Here was a house that gratified his sensuous nature through and through, and appealed irresistibly to his egregious vanity. He did not know that the grand and gaudy establishment bore the name of "Palgrave's Folly," and, probably, it would have made no difference with him if he had. It suited him, and would, in his hands, become Belcher's Glory.

The sum demanded for the place, though very large, did not cover its original cost, and in this fact Mr. Belcher took great comfort. To enjoy fifty thousand dollars, which somebody else had made, was a charming consideration with him, and one that did much to reconcile him to an expenditure far beyond his original purpose.

When he had finished his examination of the house, he returned to his hotel, as business hours were past, and he could make no further headway that day in his negotiations. The more he thought of the house, the more uneasy he became. Somebody might have seen him looking at it, and so reached the broker first, and snatched it from his grasp. He did not know that it had been in the market for two years, waiting for just such a man as himself.

Talbot was fully aware of the state of Mr. Belcher's mind, and knew that if he did not reach him early the next morning, the proprietor would arrive at the broker's before him. Accordingly, when Mr. Belcher finished his breakfast that morning, he found his factor waiting for him, with the information that the broker would not be in his office for an hour and a-half, and that there was time to look further, if further search were desirable. He hoped that Mr. Belcher would not be in a hurry, or take any step that he would ultimately regret. Mr. Belcher assured him that he knew what he wanted when he saw it, and had no fears about the matter, except that somebody might anticipate him.

"You have determined, then, to buy the house at the price?" said Talbot.

"Yes; I shall just shut my eyes and swallow the whole thing."

"Would you like to get it cheaper?"

"Of course."

"Then, perhaps you had better leave the talking to me," said Talbot. "These fellows all have a price that they ask, and a smaller one that they will take."

"That's one of the tricks, eh?"

"Yes."

"Then go ahead."

They had a long talk about business, and then Talbot went out, and, after an extended interview with the broker, sent a messenger for Mr. Belcher. When that gentleman came in, he found that Talbot had bought the house for ten thousand dollars less than the price originally demanded. Mr. Belcher deposited a handsome sum as a guaranty of his good faith, and ordered the papers to be made out at once.

After their return to the hotel, Mr. Talbot sat down to a table and went through a long calculation.

"It will cost you, Mr. Belcher," said the factor, deliberately, "at least twenty-five thousand dollars to furnish that house satisfactorily."

Mr. Belcher gave a long whistle.

"At least twenty-five thousand dollars, and I doubt whether you get off for less than thirty thousand."

"Well, I'm in for it, and I'm going through," said Mr. Belcher.

"Very well," responded Talbot, "now let's go to the best furnisher we can find. I happen to know the man who is at the top of the style, and I suppose the best thing, as you and I don't know much about the matter, is to let him have his own way, and hold him responsible for the results."

"All right," said Belcher; "show me the man."

They found the arbiter of style in his counting-room. Mr. Talbot approached him first, and held a long private conversation with him. Mr. Belcher, in his self-complacency, waited, fancying that Talbot was representing his own importance and the desirableness of so rare a customer, and endeavoring to secure reasonable prices on a large bill. In reality, he was arranging to get a commission out of the job for himself.

If it be objected to Mr. Talbot's mode of giving assistance to his country friends, that it savored of mercenariness amounting to villainy, it is to be said, on his behalf, that he was simply practicing the morals that Mr.

Belcher had taught him. Mr. Belcher had not failed to debauch or debase the moral standard of every man over whom he had any direct influence. If Talbot had practiced his little game upon any other man, Mr. Belcher would have patted his shoulder and told him he was "a jewel." So much of Mr. Belcher's wealth had been won by sharp and more than doubtful practices, that that wealth itself stood before the world as a premium on rascality, and thus became, far and wide, a demoralizing influence upon the feverishly ambitious and the young. Besides, Mr. Talbot quieted what little conscience he had in the matter by the consideration that his commissions were drawn, not from Mr. Belcher, but from the profits which others would make out of him, and the further consideration that it was no more than right for him to get the money back that he had spent, and was spending, for his principal's benefit.

Mr. Belcher was introduced, and the arbiter of style conversed learnedly of Tuscan, Pompeian, Elizabethan, Louis Quatorze, buhl, *marqueterie*, &c., &c., till the head of the proprietor, to whom all these words were strangers, and all his talk Greek, was thrown into a hopeless muddle.

Mr. Belcher listened to him as long as he could with patience, and then brought him to a conclusion by a slap upon his knee.

"Come, now!" said he, "you understand your business, and I understand mine. If you were to take up guns and gutta-percha, I could probably talk your head off, but I don't know anything about these things. What I want is something right. Do the whole thing up brown. Do you understand that?"

The arbiter of style smiled pityingly, and admitted that he comprehended his customer.

It was at last arranged that the latter should make a study of the house, and should furnish it according to his best ability within a specified sum of expenditure, and a specified period of time, and then the proprietor took his leave.

Mr. Belcher had accomplished a large amount of business within two days, but he had worked according to his habit. The dinner party remained, and this was the most difficult business that he had ever undertaken, yet he had a strong desire to see how it was done. He learned quickly what he undertook, and he had already "discounted," to use his own word, a certain

amount of mortification connected with the affair.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. TALBOT GIVES HER LITTLE DINNER PARTY, AND MR. BELCHER MAKES AN EXCEEDINGLY PLEASANT ACQUAINTANCE.

MRS. Talbot had a very dear friend. She had been her dear friend ever since the two had roomed together at boarding-school. Sometimes she had questioned whether in reality Mrs. Dillingham was her dear friend, or whether the particular friendship was all on the other side; but Mrs. Dillingham had somehow so manipulated the relation as always to appear to be the favored party. When, therefore, the dinner was determined upon, Mrs. Dillingham's card of invitation was the first one addressed. She was a widow and alone. She complemented Mr. Belcher, who was also alone.

Exactly the position that Mrs. Dillingham occupied in society it would be hard to define. Every body invited her, and yet every body, without any definite reason, considered her a little "off color." She was beautiful, she was accomplished, she talked wonderfully well, she was *au fait* in art, literature, society. She was superficially religious, and she formed the theater of the struggle of a black angel and a white one, neither of whom ever won a complete victory, or held whatever advantage he gained for any considerable length of time. Nothing could be finer than Mrs. Dillingham in her fine moods; nothing coarser when the black angel was enjoying one of his victories, and the white angel had sat down to breathe. It was the impression given in these latter moments that fixed upon her the suspicion that she was not quite what she ought to be. The flowers bloomed where she walked, but there was dust on them. The cup she handed to her friends was pure to the eye, but it had a muddy taste. She was a whole woman in sympathy, power, beauty, and sensibility, and yet one felt that somewhere within she harbored a devil—a refined devil in its play, a gross one when it had the woman at unresisting advantage.

Next came the Schoonmakers, an elderly gentleman and his wife, who dined out a great deal, and lived on the ancient respectability of their family. They talked much about "the old New Yorkers," and of the inroads and devastations of the parvenu. They were thoroughly posted on old family estates and mansions, the intermarriages of

the Dutch aristocracy, and the subject of heraldry. Mr. Schoonmaker made a hobby of old Bibles, and Mrs. Schoonmaker of old lace. The two hobbies combined gave a mingled air of erudition and gentility to the pair that was quite impressive, while their unquestionably good descent was a source of social capital to all of humbler origin who were fortunate enough to draw them to their tables.

Next came the Tunbridges. Mr. Tunbridge was the president of a bank, and Mrs. Tunbridge was the president of Mr. Tunbridge—a large, billowy woman, who "brought him his money," according to the speech of the town. Mr. Tunbridge had managed his trust with great skill, and was glad at any time, and at any social sacrifice, to be brought into contact with men who carried large deposit accounts.

Next in order were Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish. Mr. Cavendish was a lawyer—a hook-nosed, hawk-eyed man, who knew a little more about everything than any body else did, and was celebrated in the city for successfully managing the most intractable cases, and securing the most princely fees. If a rich criminal were brought into straits before the law, he always sent for Mr. Cavendish. If the unprincipled managers of a great corporation wished to ascertain just how closely before the wind they could sail without being swamped, they consulted Mr. Cavendish. He was everywhere accounted a great lawyer by those who estimated acuteness to be above astuteness, strategy better than an open and fair fight, and success more to be desired than justice.

It would weary the reader to go through with a description of Mrs. Talbot's dinner party in advance. They were such people as Mr. and Mrs. Talbot naturally drew around them. The minister was invited, partly as a matter of course, and partly to occupy Mr. Schoonmaker on the subject of Bibles. The doctor was invited because Mrs. Talbot was fond of him, and because he always took "such an interest in the family."

When Mr. Belcher arrived at Talbot's beautiful but quiet house, the guests had all assembled, and, clothing their faces with that veneer of smile which hungry people who are about to dine at another man's expense feel compelled to wear in the presence of their host, they were chatting over the news of the day.

It is probable that the great city was never the scene of a personal introduction

that gave more quiet amusement to an assemblage of guests than that of the presentation of Mr. Belcher. That gentleman's first impression as he entered the room was that Talbot had invited a company of clergymen to meet him. His look of surprise as he took a survey of the assembly was that of a knave who found himself for the first time in good company; but as he looked from the gentlemen to the ladies, in their gay costumes and display of costly jewelry, he concluded that they could not be the wives of clergymen. The quiet self-possession of the group, and the consciousness that he was not *en règle* in the matter of dress, oppressed him; but he was bold, and he knew that they knew that he was worth a million of dollars.

The "stiff upper lip" was placed at its stiffest in the midst of his florid expanse of face, as, standing still, in the center of the room, he greeted one after another to whom he was presented, in a way peculiarly his own.

He had never been in the habit of lifting his hat, in courtesy to man or woman. Even the touching its brim with his fingers had degenerated into a motion that began with a flourish toward it, and ended with a suave extension of his palm toward the object of his obeisance. On this occasion he quite forgot that he had left his hat in the hall, and so, assuming that it still crowned his head, he went through with eight or ten hand flourishes that changed the dignified and self-contained assembly into a merry company of men and women, who would not have been willing to tell Mr. Belcher what they were laughing at.

The last person to whom he was introduced was Mrs. Dillingham, the lady who stood nearest to him—so near that the hand-flourish seemed absurd even to him, and half died in the impulse to make it. Mrs. Dillingham, in her black and her magnificent diamonds, went down almost upon the floor in the demonstration of her admiring and reverential courtesy, and pronounced the name of Mr. Belcher with a musical distinctness of enunciation that arrested and charmed the ears of all who heard it. It seemed as if every letter were swimming in a vehicle compounded of respect, veneration, and affection. The consonants flowed shining and smooth like gold-fish through a globe of crystal illuminated by the sun. The tone in which she spoke the name seemed to rob it of all vulgar associations, and to inaugurate it as the key-note of a fine social symphony.

Mr. Belcher was charmed, and placed by it at his ease. It wrought upon him and upon the company the effect which she designed. She was determined he should not only show at his best, but that he should be conscious of the favor she had won for him.

Before dinner was announced, Mr. Talbot made a little speech to his guests, ostensibly to give them the good news that Mr. Belcher had purchased the mansion, built and formerly occupied by Mr. Palgrave, but really to explain that he had caught him in town on business, and taken him at the disadvantage of distance from his evening dress, though, of course, he did not say it in such and so many words. The speech was unnecessary. Mrs. Dillingham had told the whole story in her own unapproachable way.

When dinner was announced Mr. Belcher was requested to lead Mrs. Talbot to her seat, and was himself placed between his hostess and Mrs. Dillingham. Mrs. Talbot was a stately, beautiful woman, and bore off her elegant toilet like a queen. In her walk into the dining-room, her shapely arm rested upon the proprietor's, and her brilliant eyes looked into his with an expression that flattered to its utmost all the fool there was in him. There was a little rivalry between the "dear friends;" but the unrestricted widow was more than a match for the circumspect and guarded wife, and Mr. Belcher was delighted to find himself seated side by side with the former.

He had not talked five minutes with Mrs. Dillingham before he knew her. The exquisite varnish that covered her person and her manners not only revealed, but made beautiful, the gnarled and stained wood beneath. Underneath the polish he saw the element that allied her with himself. There was no subject upon which she could not lead or accompany him with brilliant talk, yet he felt that there was a coarse under-current of sympathy by which he could lead her, or she could lead him—where?

The courtly manners of the table, the orderly courses that came and went as if the domestic administration were some automatic machine, and the exquisite appointments of the board, all exercised a powerful moral influence upon him; and though they did not wholly suppress him, they toned him down, so that he really talked well. He had a fund of small wit and drollery that was sufficient, at least, for a single dinner; and, as it was quaint and fresh, the guests were not only amused, but pleased. In the first place, much could be forgiven to the



man who owned Palgrave's Folly. No small consideration was due to one who, in a quiet country town, had accumulated a million dollars. A person who had the power to reward attention with grand dinners and splendid receptions was certainly not a person to be treated lightly.

Mr. Tunbridge undertook to talk finance with him, but retired under the laugh raised by Mr. Belcher's statement that he had been so busy making money that he had had no time to consider questions of finance. Mr. Schoonmaker and the minister were deep in Bibles, and on referring some question to Mr. Belcher concerning "The Breeches Bible," received in reply the statement that he had never arrived any nearer a Breeches Bible than a pocket handkerchief with the Lord's Prayer on it. Mr. Cavendish simply sat and criticised the rest. He had never seen any body yet that knew any thing about finance. The Chamber of Commerce was a set of old women, the Secretary of the Treasury was an ass, and the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means was a person he should be unwilling to take as an office-boy. As for him, he never could see the fun of old Bibles. If he wanted a Bible he would get a new one.

Each man had his shot, until the conversation fell from the general to the particular, and at last Mr. Belcher found himself engaged in the most delightful conversation of his life with the facile woman at his side. He could make no approach to her from any quarter without being promptly met. She was quite as much at home, and quite as graceful, in bandying badinage as in expatiating upon the loveliness of country life and the ritual of her church.

Mr. Talbot did not urge wine upon his principal, for he saw that he was excited and off his guard; and when, at length, the banquet came to its conclusion, the proprietor declined to remain with the gentlemen and the supplementary wine and cigars, but took coffee in the drawing-room with the ladies. Mrs. Dillingham's eye was on Mrs. Talbot, and when she saw her start toward them from her seat, she took Mr. Belcher's arm for a tour among the artistic treasures of the house.

"My dear Kate," said Mrs. Dillingham, "give me the privilege of showing Mr. Belcher some of your beautiful things."

"Oh, certainly," responded Mrs. Talbot, her face flushing, "and don't forget yourself, my child, among the rest."

Mrs. Dillingham pressed Mr. Belcher's

arm, which said: "Oh, the jealous creature!"

They went from painting to painting, and sculpture to sculpture, and then, over a cabinet of bric-à-brac, she quietly led the conversation to Mr. Belcher's prospective occupation of the Palgrave mansion. She had nothing in the world to do. She should be so happy to assist poor Mrs. Belcher in the adjustment of her housekeeping. It would be a real pleasure to her to arrange the furniture, and do anything to help that quiet country lady in inaugurating the splendors of city life. She knew all the caterers, all the confectioners, all the modistes, all the city ways, and all the people worth knowing. She was willing to become, for Mrs. Belcher's sake, city-directory, commissionaire, adviser, director, everything. She would take it as a great kindness if she could be permitted to make herself useful.

All this was honey to the proprietor. How Mrs. Dillingham would shine in his splendid mansion! How she would illuminate his landau! How she would save his quiet wife, not to say himself, from the *gaucheries* of which both would be guilty until the ways of the polite world could be learned! How delightful it would be to have a sympathetic friend whose intelligent and considerate advice would be always ready!

When the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room, and disturbed the confidential *tête-à-tête* of these new friends, Mrs. Dillingham declared it was time to go, and Mr. Belcher insisted on seeing her home in his own carriage.

The dinner party broke up with universal hand-shakings. Mr. Belcher was congratulated on his magnificent purchase and prospects. They would all be happy to make Mrs. Belcher's acquaintance, and she really must lose no time in letting them know when she was ready to receive visitors.

Mr. Belcher saw Mrs. Dillingham home. He held her pretty hands at parting, as if he were an affectionate older brother who was about to sail on a voyage around the world. At last he hurriedly relinquished her to the man-servant who had answered her summons, then ran down the steps and drove to his hotel.

Mounting to his rooms, he lit every burner in his room, then surveyed himself in the mirror.

"Where did she find it, old boy? Eh? Where did she find it? Was it the figure? Was it the face? Hang the swallow tails!

Must you, sir, come to such a humiliation? How are the mighty fallen! The lion of Sevenoaks in the skin of an ass! But it must be. Ah! Mrs. Belcher—Mrs. Belcher—Mrs. Belcher! You are good, but you are lumpy. You were pretty once, but you are no Mrs. Dillingham. By the gods! Wouldn't she swim around my house like a queen! Far in azure depths of space, I behold a star! Its light shines for me. It doesn't? It must not? Who says that? Did you address that remark to me, sir? By the way, how do you think you got along? Did you make a fool of yourself, or did you make a fool of somebody? Honors are

easy. Let Robert Belcher alone! Is Toll making money a little too fast? What do you think? Perhaps you will settle that question by and by. You will keep him while you can use him. Then, Toll, my boy, you can drift. In the meantime, splendor! and in the meantime let Sevenoaks howl, and learn to let Robert Belcher alone."

From these dizzy heights of elation Mr. Belcher descended to his bed and his heavy dreams, and the next morning found him whirling away at the rate of thirty miles an hour, but not northward. Whither was he going?

(To be continued.)

## LATTER-DAY BRITISH POETS.

### IN TWO PARTS: PART II.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

TEN years have passed since this poet took the critical outposts by storm, and with a single effort gained a laurel crown, of which no public envy, nor any lesser action of his own, thenceforth could dispossess him. The time has been so crowded with his successive productions,—his career, with all its strength and imprudence, has been so thoroughly that of a poet,—as to heighten the interest which only a spirit of most unusual quality can excite and long maintain.

We have just observed the somewhat limited range of William Morris's vocabulary. It is composed mainly of plain Saxon words, chosen with great taste and musically put together. No barrenness, however, is perceptible, since to enrich that writer's language from learned or modern sources would disturb the tone of his pure English feeling. The nature of Swinburne's diction is precisely opposite. But here is a rare genius indeed! Reflecting upon his work and the chances of his future, it is difficult for any one to write with cold restraint who has an eye to see, an ear to hear, and the practice which forces an artist to wonder at the luster, the superb melody, the unstinted fire and movement of his imperious song.

I.

I WISH to speak at some length upon the one faculty in which Swinburne excels any living English poet; in which I doubt if his

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equal has existed among recent poets of any tongue, unless Shelley be excepted, or, possibly, some lyrist of the modern French school. This is his miraculous gift of rhythm, his command over the unsuspected resources of a language. That Shelley had a like power is, I think, shown in passages like the choruses of "Prometheus Unbound," but he flourished half a century ago, and did not have (as Swinburne has) Shelley for a predecessor! A new generation, refining upon the lessons given by himself and Keats, has carried the art of rhythm to extreme variety and finish. Were Shelley to have a second career, his work, if no finer in single passages, would have, all in all, a range of musical variations such as we discover in Swinburne's. So close is the resemblance in quality of these two voices, however great the difference in development, as almost to justify a belief in metempsychosis. A master is needed to awake the spirit slumbering in any musical instrument. Before the advent of Swinburne we did not realize the full scope of English verse. In his hands it is like the violin of Paganini. The range of his fantasias, roudades, arias, new effects of measure and sound, is incomparable with any thing hitherto known. The first emotion of one who studies even his immature work is that of wonder at the freedom and richness of his diction, the susurrus of his rhythm, his unconscious allit-

erations, the endless change of his syllabic harmonies—resulting in the alternate softness and strength, height and fall, riotous or chastened music, of his affluent verse. How does he produce it? Who taught him all the hidden springs of melody? He was born a tamer of words: a subduer of this most stubborn, yet most copious of the literary tongues. In his poetry we discover qualities we did not know were in the language—a softness that seemed Italian, a rugged strength we thought was German, a blithe and debonair lightness we despaired of capturing from the French. He has added a score of new stops and pedals to the instrument. He has introduced, partly from other tongues, stanzaic forms, measures and effects untried before; and has brought out the swiftness and force of meters like the anapestic, carrying each to perfection at a single trial. Words in his hands are like the ivory balls of a juggler, and all words seem to be in his hands. His fellow-craftsmen, who alone can understand what has been done in their art, will not term this statement extravagance. Speaking only of his command over language and meter, I have a right to reaffirm, and to show by many illustrations, that he is the most sovereign of rhythmists. He compels the inflexible elements to his use. Chaucer is more limpid, Shakespeare more kingly, Milton loftier at times, Byron has an unaffected power—but neither Shelley nor the greatest of his predecessors is so dithyrambic, and no one has been in all moods so absolute an autocrat of verse. With equal gifts, I say, none *could* have been, for Swinburne comes after and profits by the art of all. Poets often win distinction by producing work that differs from what has gone before. It seems as if Swinburne, in this ripe period, resolved to excel others by a mastery of known melodies, adding a new magic to each, and going beyond the range of the farthest. His amazing tricks of rhythm are those of a gymnast outleaping his fellows. We had Keats, Shelley, and Coleridge, after Collins and Gray, and Tennyson after Keats, but now Swinburne adds such elaboration, that an art which we thought perfected seems almost tame. In the first place, he was born a prodigy—as much so as Morphy in chess; added to this he is the product of these latter days, a phenomenon impossible before. It is safe to declare that at last a time has come when the force of expression can no further go.

I do not say that it has not gone too far.

The fruit may be too luscious, the flower of an odor too intoxicating to endure. Yet what execution! Poetry, the rarest poetic feeling, may be found in simpler verse. Yet again, what execution! The voice may not be equal to the grandest music, nor trained and restrained as it should be. But the voice is there, and its possessor has the finest natural organ to which this generation has listened.

Right here it is plain that Swinburne, especially in his early poems, has weakened his effects by cloying us with excessive richness of epithet and sound: in later works, by too elaborate expression and redundancy of treatment. Still, while Browning's amplification is wont to be harsh and obscure, Swinburne, even if obscure, or when the thought is one that he has repeated again and again, always gives us unapproachable melody and grace. It is true that his glories of speech often hang upon the slightest thread of purpose. He so constantly wants to stop and sing that he gets along slowly with a plot. As we listen to his fascinating music, the meaning, like the libretto of an opera, often passes out of mind. The melody is unbroken: in this, as in other matters, Swinburne's fault is that of excess. He does not frequently admit the sweet discords, of which he is a master, nor relieve his work by simple, contrasting interludes. Until recently his voice had a narrow range; its effect resulted from changes upon a few notes. The richness of these permutations was a marvel, yet a series of them blended into mannerism. Shelley could be academic at times, and even humorous; but Swinburne's monotone, original and varied within its bounds, was thought to be the expression of a limited range of feeling, and restricted his early efforts as a dramatic lyricist.

The question first asked, with regard to either a poet or singer, is—Has he voice? and then—Has he execution? We have lastly to measure the passion, imagination, invention, to which voice and method are but ministers. From the quality of the latter, the style being the man, we often may estimate the higher faculties that control them. The principle here involved runs through all the arts of beauty and use. A fine vocal gift is priceless, both for itself and for the spiritual force behind it. With this preliminary stress upon Swinburne's most conspicuous gift, let us briefly examine his record, bethinking ourselves how difficult it is to judge a poet who is obscured by his

own excess of light, and whose earlier verses so cloyed the mind with richness as to deprive it of the judicial taste.

## II.

THERE is a resemblance, both of temperament and intellect, between Swinburne and what is known of Landor in his youth. Each remained for a comparatively brief time at college, but the younger poet, like the elder, was a natural scholar and linguist. His intuitive command of languages is so unusual, that a year of his study must be worth a lustrum of other men's, and he has developed this gift by frequent and exquisite usage. No other Englishman has been so able to vary his effects by modes drawn, not only from classical and Oriental literatures, but from the haunting beauty of medieval song. I should suppose him to be as familiar with French verse, from Ronsard to Hugo, as most of us are with the poetry of our own language,—and he writes either in Greek or Latin, old and new, or in troubadour French, as if his thoughts came to him in the diction for the time assumed. No really admirable work, I think, can be produced in a foreign tongue, until this kind of *lingui-naturalization* has been attained.

His first volume, "The Queen Mother and Rosamond," published in 1861, gave him no reputation. Possibly it was unnoticed amid the mass of new verse offered the public. We now see that it was of much significance. It showed the new author to be completely unaffected by the current idyllic mode. Not a trace of Tennyson; just a trace, on the other hand, of Browning; above all, a true dramatic manner of the poet's own—like nothing modern, but recalling the cadences, fire, and action of England's great dramatic period. There were many faults of construction, but also very strong and beautiful characterizations, in this youth's first essays: a manifest living in his personages for the time; such fine language as this, in "Rosamond":

"I see not flesh is holier than flesh,  
Or blood than blood more choicely qualified,  
That scorn should live between them."

And this:

"I that have roses in my name, and make  
All flowers glad to set their color by;  
I that have held a land between twin lips  
And turned large England to a little kiss;  
God thinks not of me as contemptible."

"The Queen Mother" (Time: The massacre of St. Bartholomew) is a longer and more complex tragedy than that from which

the foregoing lines are taken. Catherine de' Medici is strongly and clearly delineated—a cruel, relentless, yet imposing figure. The style is caught from Shakespeare, as if the youth's pride of intellect would let him go no lower for a model. Study, for example, the language of *Teligny*, Act III., Scene 2; and that of *Catherine*, Act V., Scene 3, where she avows that if God's ministers could see what she was about to do, then

"Surely the wind would be as a hard fire,  
And the sea's yellow and distempered foam  
Displease the happy heaven;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* Towers and popular streets  
Should in the middle green smother and  
drown,  
And Havoc die with fullness."

In another scene, the king says of Denise:

"Yea, dead?  
She is all white to the dead hair, who was  
So full of gracious rose the air took color,  
Turned to a kiss against her face."

The scene in which Catherine poisons her clown, and the whole of the closing portion of Act V., are full of strength and spirit. Scattered through the two plays are some of the curious Latin, old French, and old English lyrics which the author already was so deft at turning. The volume was inscribed to Rossetti. It reveals to a penetrative eye many traits of the genius that has since blazed out so finely, and shows the nature of Swinburne's studies and associates. The man had come who was to do what Browning had failed to do in a less propitious time, and make a successful diversion from the idyllic lead of Tennyson. The body of recent minor verse fully displays the swift and radical character of the change.

Three years later Swinburne printed his classical tragedy, "Atalanta in Calydon." Whatever may be said of the genuineness of any reproduction of the antique, this is the best of its kind. One who undertakes such work has the knowledge that his theme is removed from popular sympathy, and must be content with a restricted audience. Swinburne took up the classical dramatic form, and really made the dry bones live—as even Landor and Arnold had not; as no man had, before or after Shelley; that is to say, as no man has, for the "Prometheus Unbound," grand as it is, is classical only in some of its personages and in the mythical germ of its conception—a glorious poem, full of absorbing beauty, but antique neither in spirit nor in form. "Atalanta" is upon

the severest Greek model, that of *Æschylus* or *Sophocles*, and reads like an inspired translation. We cannot repeat the antique as it existed, though a poem may be better or worse. But consider the nearness of this success, and the very great poetry involved.

Poetry and all, this thing has for once been done as well as possible, and no future poet can safely attempt to rival it. "*Atalanta*" is Greek in unity and simplicity, not only in the technical unities—utterly disregarded in "*Prometheus Unbound*," but in maintenance of a single pervading thought, the impossibility of resisting the inexorable high gods. The hopeless fatalism of this tragedy was not the sentiment of the joyous and reverential Greeks, but reminds us of the Hebrews, whose God was of a stern and dreadful type. This feeling, expressed in much of Swinburne's early verse, is the outcome of a haughty and untamed intellect chafing against a law which it cannot resist. Here is an imperious mind, requiring years of discipline and achievement to bring it into that harmony with its conditions through which we arrive at strength, happiness, repose.

The opening invocation of the Chief Huntsman, with its majestic verse and imagery, alone secures the reader's attention, and the succeeding chorus, at the height of Swinburne's lyric reach, resolves attention to enchantment:

"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,  
The mother of months in meadow or plain  
Fills the shadows and windy places  
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;  
And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
Is half-assuaged for Itylus,  
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,  
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain."

Read this divine chorus, and three others equally perfect of their kind, deepening in grandeur and impressiveness: "Before the beginning of years," "We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair," "Who hath given man speech?"—and we have read the noblest verse of a purely lyric order that has appeared since the songs and choruses of the "*Prometheus*." How much more dithyrambic than the unrhymed measures of *Arnold*! Rhyme is free as the air, that chartered libertine, to this poet, and our language in his mouth becomes not only as strong, but as musical, as the Greek. The choric spirit is here, however inharmonious the thought that God is the "supreme evil," covering us with

his "hate," or the conclusion of the whole matter:

"Who shall contend with his lords  
Or cross them or do them wrong?  
Who shall bind them as with cords?  
Who shall tame them as with song?  
Who shall smite them as with swords?  
For the hands of their kingdom are strong."

Finally, the conception of the drama is large, the imagination clear, elevated, of an even tone throughout. The herald's account of the hunt is finely poetic. The choric responses of the last dialogue form a resonant climax to the whole. As a work of art, it still remains the poet's flawless effort, showing the most objective purpose and clarified by the necessity of restraint. It is good to know that a work of pure art could at once make its way. It appealed to a select audience, but the verdict of the few was so loud and instant as to gain for "*Atalanta*" a popular reading—especially in rude America, with her strange, pathetic, misunderstood yearning for a rightful share of the culture and beauty of the older world.

"*Chastelard*" appeared in the ensuing year, but as I wish to mention this poem in some discussion of the larger work to which it holds the relation of the first division of a trilogy, and of Swinburne's character as a dramatist, let us pass to the miscellaneous productions of the ten years intervening between "*Atalanta*" and "*Bothwell*."

### III.

SWINBURNE'S work revived the interest felt in poetry. His power was so evident that the public looked to see what else had come from his pen. This led to the collection, under the title of "*Poems and Ballads*," of various lyrical pieces, some of which had been contributed to the serials, while others now were printed for the first time. Without fair consideration, this volume was taken as a new and studied work of the mature poet, and there was much astonishment over its contents. Here began a notable literary discussion. If unmeasured praise had been awarded to Swinburne for the chastity and beauty of "*Atalanta*," he now was made to feel how the critical breath could shift to the opposite extreme and balance its early favor with reprehension of the severest kind. Here was a series of wild and Gothic pieces, full of sensuous and turbid passion, lavishing a prodigious wealth of music and imagery upon the most perilous themes, and treating them in an openly defiant manner.



Sense was everywhere exalted above spirituality; and to them who did not consider the formative nature of the book and the dramatic purpose of the least restrained ballads, it seemed as if the young author was lusting after strange gods, and had plunged into adoration of Venus and Priapus; or that he had drunk of Circe's goblet, and was crowning himself with garlands ere his transformation into one of the beasts that follow in her train. Rebukes were freely uttered—indeed, a storm of denunciation began. Friends and partisans rushed to his defense; and at last the poet spoke for himself, with no doubtful force of satire and scorn, in reply both to the reviewers and to an able but covert attack made against him by a rival singer. So fierce a literary antagonism has not been known since the contests of Byron and the Lake School. Of course it gave the book a wide reading, followed by a marked influence upon the style of fledgling poets. The lyrics were reprinted in America, with the new title of "*Laus Veneris*"—taken from the opening poem, another presentment of the Tannhäuser legend that has bewitched so many of the recent French and English minstrels. The author's reputation, hitherto confined to the admirers of "*Atalanta*," now extended to the masses who read from curiosity. Some were content to reprehend, or smack their lips over, the questionable portions of the new book; but many, while perceiving the crudeness of the ruder strains, rejoiced in the lyrical splendor that broke out here and there, and welcomed the poet's unique additions to the metric and stanzaic forms of English verse.

That Swinburne fairly provoked censure he must himself have been aware, if he cared enough about the matter to reflect at all. I have no doubt he was astonished at its vehemence, and in truth the outcry of the moralists may have been overloud. People did not see, what now is clear enough, that these poems and ballads represented the primal stages of the poet's growth. Good or bad, they were brought together and frankly given to the public. Doubtless, were the author now to make up a library edition of his works, there are several of these pieces he would prefer to omit. Of what writer may there not as much be said, unless, like Rossetti, he has lived beyond the years of Byron before publishing at all? It chanced, however, that certain lyrics which we well could spare on account of their unpleasant suggestions, are among the most beautiful in language and form. Others, against which

no ethical objections can lie, are weakened by the author's feeblest affectations. All young poets have sins to answer for: to Swinburne men could say, as Arthur to Guenevere, "*And in the flesh thou hast sinned!*" so morbid and absurd are some of the phrases in this collection. Certainly there was an offense against good taste and discretion, and, if some of the poems were open to the interpretation given them, an offense of a more serious nature, for all indecency is outlawed of art. The young poet, under a combination of influences, seems to have had a marked attack of that green-sickness which the excited and untrained imagination, mistaking its own fancies for experience, undergoes before gaining strength through the vigor of healthy passion, mature and self-contained. Still there are those who can more easily forgive the worst of Swinburne's youthful antics than those unconscious sins of commonplace, plagiarism, turgidity—the hundred weak offenses that are pardoned in the early verse of men who make their mark as poets.

After all, "*Poems and Ballads*" was a first book, though printed later than "*Atalanta*." It is of great interest, because it contains the germs of every thing for which the author has become distinguished. Its spirit is that of unbounded freedom, of resistance to an established ideal—for Swinburne, with Shelley and kindred poets, has seen that finer ideals will take the place of those that are set aside. Meantime, in advance of a new revelation, he devoted himself to the expression of sensuous, even riotous, beauty. Unequal as they are, these lyrics led up to work like "*Atalanta*," "*Songs before Sunrise*," and "*Bothwell*." They were the ferment of the heated fancy, and, though murky and unsettled, to be followed by clarity, sweetness and strength. The fault of the book is excess. This poet, extravagant in spiritual or political revolt, in disdain, in dramatic outbursts, was no less so in his treatment of sensuous themes. He could not be otherwise, except when restrained by his artistic conscience in work modeled upon accepted forms.

Among the earlier lyrics are to be numbered, I imagine, those medieval studies near the close of the volume, which belong to the same class with much of Rossetti's and Morris's verse, yet never could be thought to come from any hand but Swinburne's own. Such are "*The Masque of Queen Bersabe*" (a miracle play), "*A Christmas Carol*," "*St. Dorothy*," and various ballads—besides the "*Laus Veneris*," to which

I already have referred. In other pieces we discover the influence which French life and literature had exerted upon the author. His acquaintance with the round of French minstrelsy made it natural for him to produce a kind of work that at first would not be relished by the British taste and ear. The richness of the foreign qualities brought into English verse by Swinburne has made amends for a passing phase of Gallic sensualism. What now crosses the Channel is of a different breed from the stilted formalism of Boileau. With the rise of Hugo and the new Romantic School came freedom, lyrical melody, and dramatic fire. Elsewhere in this volume we note the still more potential Hebraic influence. "Aholibah" is closely imitated from Hebrew prophecy, and "A Ballad of Burdens" is imbued with a similar spirit, reading like the middle choruses in "Atalanta." More classical studies, "Phædra" and "At Eleusis," approach the grade of Landor's "Hellenics." The "Hymn to Proserpine" is a beautiful and noble poem, dramatically reviving the emotion of a Pagan who chooses to die with his gods, and musical with cadences which this poet has made distinctly his own. "Anactoria" and "Dolores," two pieces against which special objection has been made, exhibit great beauty of treatment, and a mystical though abnormal feeling, and are quite too fine to lose. The author holds them to be dramatic studies, written for men and not for babes, and connects them with "The Garden of Proserpine" and "Hesperia," in order to illustrate the transition from passion to satiety, and thence to wisdom and repose. The little sonnet, "A Cameo," suggests the rationale of this conception, and the latter, I may add, is practically illustrated by a review of Swinburne's own productions, from the "Poems and Ballads" up to "Bothwell."

The value of the book consists in its fine poetry, and especially in the structure of that poetry, so full of lyrical revelations, of harmonies unknown before. Take any stanza of an apostrophe to the sea, in "The Triumph of Time:"

"O fair green-girdled mother of mine,  
Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,  
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,  
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.  
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,  
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,  
Those pure cold populous graves of thine,  
Wrought without hand in a world without stain."

Or take any couplet from "Anactoria," that musical and fervent poem, whose imagina-

tion and expression are so welded together, and wherein the English heroic verse is long sustained at a height to which it rarely has ventured to aspire:

"Thine amorous girdle, full of thee and fair,  
And leavings of the lilies in thine hair.

Yea, thou shalt be forgotten like spilt wine,  
Except these kisses of my lips on thine  
Brand them with immortality; but me—  
Men shall not see bright fire nor hear the sea,  
Nor mix their hearts with music, nor behold  
Cast forth of heaven with feet of awful gold  
And plumelless wings that make the bright air  
blind,

Lightning with thunder for a hound behind,  
Hunting through fields unfurrowed and unsown—  
But in the light and laughter, in the moan  
And music, and in grasp of lip and hand,  
And shudder of water that makes felt on land  
The immeasurable tremor of all the sea,  
Memories shall mix and metaphors of me."

A certain amount of such writing is bold and fine. The public knows, however, that it was carried by Swinburne to excess; that in erotic verse a confection of luscious and cloying epithets was presented again and again. At times there was an extravagance which would have been absent if this poet, who has abundant wit and satire, had also then had a hearty sense of humor, and which he himself must smile at now. But go further, and observe his original handling of meters as in the "Hymn to Proserpine:"

"Wilt thou yet take all, Galilean? but these thou  
shalt not take,  
The laurel, the palms, and the pæan, the breasts  
of the nymphs in the brake;"

and in "Hesperia:"

"Out of the golden remote wild west where the  
sea without shore is,  
Full of the sunset, and sad, if at all, with the  
fullness of joy,  
As a wind sets in with the autumn that blows  
from the region of stories,  
Blows with a perfume of songs and of mem-  
ories beloved from a boy."

Examine, too, the remarkable group of songs, set to melodies so fresh and novel: among others, "Dedication," "The Garden of Proserpine," "Madonna Mia," "Rococo," and "Before Dawn." If these have their faults, what wrinkle can any Sybarite find in such a rose-leaf as the lyric called "A Match:"

"If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf,  
Our lives would grow together  
In sad or singing weather,

Blown fields and flowerful closes,  
Green pleasure or gray grief;  
If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf."

The tender and pious stanzas in memory of Landor are included among these lyrics. The collection, after we have noted its weaknesses, extravagance, lack of technical and moral restraint, still remains the most striking, the most suggestive volume of miscellaneous poems that has been offered by any poet of the younger schools. And let it be observed that since its appearance, and after the period of growth which it represents, not a note has been uttered by its author to which the most rigid of moralists can honestly object.

The full bloom of his lyrical genius appears not only in the choruses of "Atalanta," but in that large-molded ode, "Ave atque Vale," composed in memory of Charles Baudelaire. It is founded on the model of famous English prototypes, to wit, the "Epitaph of Bion." If unequal to "Lycidas" in idyllic feeling, or to "Adonais" in lofty scorn and sorrow, it is more imaginative than the former, and surpasses either in continuity of tone and the absolute melody of elaborate verse. Arnold's "Thyrsis" is a wise and manly poem, closely adjusted to the classic phrase; but here is an ethereal strain of the highest elegiac order, fashioned in a severe yet flexible spirit of lyric art. In stanzaic beauty it ranks, with Keats's odes, among our rarest examples. Critics who have sat at the feet of Wordsworth should remember that Swinburne, in youth, was powerfully affected by the poetry of the wild and gifted author of "Les Fleurs du Mal." This threnody comes as directly from the heart as those of Shelley or Arnold lamenting Keats or Clough. Baudelaire and his group constituted what might be termed the Franco-Sapphic school. Their spirit pervades many of the "Poems and Ballads;" but Swinburne, more fortunate than his teacher, has lived to outlive this phase, and is nearing his visioned "Hesperia" of strength and luminous calm. The "Ave atque Vale" is a perfect example of the metrical affluence that renders his verse a marvel. It is found in the opening lines:

"Shall I strew on thee rose, or rue, or laurel,  
Brother, on this that was the veil of thee?"

The second stanza, recalling the dead poet's favorite ideal, is highly characteristic:

"For always thee the fervid, languid glories  
Allured of heavier suns in mightier skies;  
Thine ears knew all the wandering watery sighs  
Where the sea sobs round Lesbian promontories,  
The barren kiss of piteous wave to wave,  
That knows not where is that Leucadian grave  
Which hides too deep the supreme head of song."

An imagination like that of "Hyperion" is found in other stanzas:

"Now all strange hours and all strange loves are over,  
Dreams and desires and somber songs and sweet,  
Hast thou found place at the great knees and feet  
Of some pale Titan-woman like a lover,  
Such as thy vision here solicited,  
Under the shadow of her fair vast head,  
The deep division of prodigious breasts,  
The solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep,  
The weight of awful tresses that still keep  
The savor and shade of old-world pine-forests  
Where the wet hill-winds weep?"

In one sense the motive thought is below the technical grandeur of the poem. Its ideals are Sappho, Proserpine, Apollo, and the Venus of Baudelaire—not the Cytherean, but the Gothic Venus "of the hollow hill." The round of Baudelaire's conceptions is thus pursued, after the antique fashion, with exquisite and solemn power. The tone is not one of high laudation, but of a minstrel who recalls the dead as he was—a chant of sorrow and appreciation, not of hope. What extravagance there may be is in the passion and poetry lavished upon the theme. It is an ode written for persons of delicate culture; no one else can grasp the allusions, though who so dull as not to be captivated by the sound! But the same may be said of "Adonais" or "Hylas;" and here again recurs the question asked concerning Landor, Shall not the wise, as well as the witless, have their poets?

The "Memorial Verses on the Death of Théophile Gautier" are also very beautiful. They are composed in a grave form of quatrain familiar to those who have read the anonymous version of the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." The elegy is the longest of our author's contributions to a volume in which eighty poets of France, Italy, and England united to lay upon the tomb of Gautier a wreath more profuse with laurels than any other of which we have record in the history of elegiac song. Swinburne's portion of this remarkable tribute included, also, an English sonnet, a sonnet and an

ode in French, and Greek and Latin verses such as, I think, no other of the chanting multitude could have composed. A word in respect to his talent for this kind of work. Possibly Landor was a more ready Latinist, but no Englishman has written Greek elegiac to equal either the dedication of "Atalanta," or the Gautier "inscriptions" contained in this memorial volume. Having spoken of the uselessness of Landor's classical exploits, I would here add that their uselessness relates to the audience and not to the poet. The effect of such practice upon himself and Swinburne would of itself argue for this amendment. The younger poet's own language is so modest and suggestive, that in repeating what was privately uttered I simply do him justice by stating his position better than it can otherwise be stated. "The value of modern Latin or Greek verse," he says, "depends, I think, upon the execution. Good verse, at any time, is a good thing, and a change of instrument now and then is good practice for the performer's hand. . . . I confess that I take delight in the metrical poems of any language of which I know any thing whatever, simply for the meter's sake, as a new musical instrument; and, as soon as I can, I am tempted to try my hand or my voice at a new mode of verse, like a child trying to sing before it can speak plain." In short, to a poet like Swinburne diversions of this kind have a practical value, even though they seem to be those of a knight tilting at a wayside tournament as he rides on his votive quest.

We have dwelt so long upon the lyrics as to have little space for examination of more recent and important works. My object has been to observe the development of the poet's genius, and thence derive an estimate of his present career. From 1867 to 1871 he gave his ardent sympathy to the cause of European freedom, exerting himself in laudation, almost in apotheosis, of the republican heroes and martyrs. The democratic poets of this century,—men like Landor, Shelley, Hugo, Swinburne,—are to be found among those of most patrician birth and culture. Swinburne, as if tired of art followed for its own sake, threw his soul into the struggle of the French and Italian patriots. "A Song of Italy" is marked by sonorous eloquence, and carries us buoyantly along; yet, despite its splendid apostrophes to Mazzini and Garibaldi, it was not a poem to be widely received and to stir the common heart. It appeals to the

lover of high poetry rather than to votaries of the cause. The "Ode on the French Republic" was less worthy of the author, and not equal to its occasion. It bears the stamp of work composed for a special event as plainly as some of Southey's or Wordsworth's laureate odes. We may apply to it a portion of Swinburne's own censure of a far nobler poem, Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," of which many an isolated line is worth more to a great nation than the whole French ode can ever be to them that love France. "Songs before Sunrise" may be taken as the crowning effort of the author during the period just named. It is a series of lofty and imposing odes, exhibiting Swinburne's varied lyrical powers and his most earnest traits of character. The conflict of day with night before the sunrise of freedom is rehearsed in two-score pieces, which chant the democratic uprising of Continental Europe and the outbreak in Crete. Grouped together, the effect is that of a strong symphonic movement; yet much of it is tumultuous and ineffective. The prolonged earnestness fags the reader, and helps a cause less than might some popular lyric or soldier's hymn. A trace of the spasmodic manner injures much of Swinburne's revolutionary verse. Yet here are powerful single poems: "The Watch in the Night," "Hertha," the "Hymn of Man," and "Perinde ac Cadaver." "The Eve of Revolution" is like the sound of a trumpet and charged with fiery imagination, a fit companion-piece to Coleridge's finest ode.

In Swinburne's poems we do not perceive the love of nature which was so passionate an element in the spirit and writings of Shelley, that exile from the hearts and households of his fellow-men. Were he compelled to follow art as a means of subsistence and to suit his work to the market it would be more condensed and practical, yet would, I think, lose something of its essential flavor. After all, he has been an industrious man of letters, devoted to literature as a matter of love and religion. The exhaustive essay upon Blake, his various prefaces and annotations, and his criticisms of Arnold, Morris, and Hugo, among other professional labors, are fresh in mind. The prose, like the poetry, is unflagging and impetuous beyond that of other men. He sustains it easily and with cumulative force through passages which strain the reader's mental power. His organ of expression is so developed that no exercise of it seems to produce brain-weariness, and he does not real-

ize that others are subject to that kind of fatigue.

He rarely takes up the critical pen unless to pay honor to a work he admires, or to confront some foe with dangerous satire and wrath. His language is so enthusiastic that it does not always convince; in fact, his rhetoric and generous partisanship lessen his judicial authority. His writings often are too learned. Scholarship is a second nature with him; he is not obscure, like Browning, but his allusions are so familiar to himself that he cannot bring them to the level of popular comprehension. Nor can he, however laudatory of the masters he affected in youth, look upon other poets except with the complacency felt by one who listens to a stranger's rude handling of the native tongue. His command of verse is so beyond that of any Englishman that poets of different grades must seem to him pretty much alike, and their relative gifts scarcely worth distinguishing. By the law of attractions I should expect to see him interested in verse of the most bald and primeval form. Many excel him in humor, simplicity, range of inventive power. But contend with him in rhythm, and, though you are Thor himself, you are trying to drain the horn of which one end is open to the sea.

While recognizing his thorough honesty, we do not assent to his judgment of American poetry. In "Under the Microscope," he pays a tribute to Poe, and has a just understanding of the merits and defects of Whitman. His denunciation of all the rest, as either mocking-birds in their adherence to models, or corn-crakes in the harshness and worthlessness of their original song, results, it is plain, not from prejudice, but ignorance of the atmosphere which pervades American life. A poet must sing for his own people. Whitman, for instance, well and boldly avows himself the mouthpiece of our democratic nationality. Aside from the unconscious formalism that injures his poems, and which Swinburne has pointed out, he has done what he could, and we acknowledge the justice shown to one, at least, of our representative men. But to cite other examples,—and a few are enough for this digression,—if Swinburne thoroughly understood the deep religious sentiment, the patriotism, the tender aspiration, of the best American homes, he would perceive that our revered Whittier had fairly expressed these emotions; would comprehend the national affection which discerns quality

even in his faults, and originality and music in his fervent strains. And if he could feel the mighty presence of American woods and waters, he would see how simply and grandly the author of "Thanatopsis," "A Forest Hymn," and "The Night Journey of a River," had communed with nature, and acknowledge the Doric strength and purity of his imaginative verse. Our figure-school is but lately founded; landscape-art and sentiment have had to precede it; but, again, cannot even a foreign critic find in poems like Lowell's "The Courtin'" an idyllic truth that Theocritus might rejoice in, all that can be made of the New England dialect, and pictures full of sweetness and feeling? Of this much I am confident, and this much will serve. America is not all frontier, and her riper thought and life are reflected in her literature. Our poets may avail themselves of "the glory that was Greece" with as much justice and originality as any British minstrel. The artist claims all subjects, times, and places, for his own. Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow—to cite no lesser or younger names—are esteemed by a host of their countrymen who can read between the lines; their poems are the music of a land to which British authors now must look for the largest and ever-growing portion of their own constituency. Each one of these poets as truly represents his country as any of their comrades who secure foreign attention by claiming a special prerogative in this office.

#### IV.

To return to "Chastelard," which followed close after "Atalanta." The classical drama seemed flooded with moonlight, but "Chastelard" is warm-blooded and modern, charged with lurid passion and romance. As a historical tragedy, it was a direct test of the dramatic powers of the author, and it is as a dramatic poet that he must be chiefly regarded. In this play we see the ripening of the genius that in youth produced "The Queen Mother," and to me it has far more interest than Swinburne's political lyrics. Mary Stuart and her "four Maries" are the women of the piece; Chastelard—her minstrel-lover, and Darnley, the leading men; Knox, who is to figure so grandly in another and greater work, drifts as a gloomy and portentous shadow across the scene. The poem opens with an exquisitely light French song of the period. A fine romantic flavor, smacking of the "dance and Provencal song," pervades the interludes of the tragedy.



The interest centers in the charm wrought by Mary upon Chastelard, although he knows the cruelty of one who toys with him while her ambition suffers him to be put to death. The dungeon-scene, in which he foregoes the Queen's pardon, is very powerful. Swinburne may almost be said to have discovered Mary Stuart. Upon his conception of her character he lavishes his strength; she becomes the historic parallel of the Gothic Venus, loving love rather than her lover, full of passion, full of softness and beauty, full of caprice, vengeance, and deceit. She says of herself:

"Nay, dear, I have  
No tears in me; I never shall weep much,  
I think, in all my life; I have wept for wrath  
Sometimes, and for mere pain, but for love's pity  
I cannot weep at all. I would to God  
You loved me less; I give you all I can  
For all this love of yours, and yet I am sure  
I shall live out the sorrow of your death  
And be glad afterward."

Yet this royal Lamia, when with a lover (and she never is without one), is so much passion's slave as to invite risks which certainly will be the death of her favorite, and possibly her own ruin. In depicting her as she moves through the historic changes of her life, Swinburne has fortunately chosen a theme well suited to him. Mary Beaton, who in secret adores Chastelard, serves as a foil to the Queen, and is an equally resolute character. The execution scene is strongly managed, with thrilling dialogue between this Mary and Mary Carmichael; at the end, room is made for my lord of Bothwell, next the Queen. Though alive with poetry and passion, this play, like "*Atalanta*," is restrained within artistic bounds. It has less mannerism than we find in most of the author's early style. The chief personages are drawn strongly and distinctly, and the language of the Scottish citizens, burgesses, courtiers, &c., is true to the matter and the time. The whole play is intensely emotional, the scenes and dialogue are vigorously conceived, and it must be owned that "*Chastelard*" was a remarkable essay for a poet of Swinburne's age at the date of its production.

Nevertheless, youth is the time to feel, and therefore for a poet to illustrate, the extreme abandonment of delirious but unselfish passion. The second and greater portion of the Stuart trilogy required a man to write it. Now that almost a decade of creative and somewhat tempestuous experience has strengthened, calmed, and otherwise per-

fectured Swinburne's faculties, he completes the grand historical poem of "*Bothwell*;" a prodigious work in every way—possibly the longest five-act drama ever written, and, at least, longer than any whose power and interest have not given out before the close. The time has not yet come to determine its place in English literature. But I agree with them who declare that Swinburne, by this massive and heroic composition, has placed himself in the front line of our poets; that no one can be thought his superior in true dramatic power. The work not only is large, but written in a large manner. It seems deficient in contrasts, especially needing the relief which humor, song and by-play afford to a tragic plot. But it is a great historical poem, cast in a dramatic rather than epic form, for the sake of stronger analysis and dialogue. Considered as a dramatic epic, it has no parallel, and is replete with proofs of laborious study and faithful use of the rich materials afforded by the theme. Artistically speaking, this painstaking has checked the movement; even so free and ardent a genius is hampered by scholarship, which Jonson honored, though imagination served Shakespeare's turn.

On the other hand, "*Bothwell*" is a genuine contribution to history. The subject has grown upon the poet. This section of the trilogy is many times the length of "*Chastelard*." "Things, now, that bear a weighty and a serious brow" are set before the reader. Great affairs of state hang at poise; Rizzio, Darnley, Murray, Gordon, Knox, Bothwell, and the Queen, are made to live or die in our presence, and the most of them are tangled in a red and desperate coil. Mary's character has hardened; she has grown more reckless, fuller of evil passion, and now is not only a murderess by implication, but, outraged by the slaughter of Rizzio, becomes a murderess in fact. The sum of her iniquities is recounted by Knox in his preachment to the citizens of Edinburgh. That wonderful harangue seems to me the most sustained and characteristic passage in modern verse; but even this Mary Stuart, who "washed her feet" in the blood of her lovers—even she has found her tamer in the brutal and ruthless Bothwell, who towers like a black demon throughout the play. Nevertheless, amid her cruelties and crimes, we discover, from her very self-abandonment to the first really strong man she has met, that her falseness has been the reaction of a fine nature warped and degraded by the feeble creatures hitherto

imposed upon her. Such love as she had for the beautiful was given to her poet and her musician, to Chastelard and Rizzio; but only the virile and heroic can fully satisfy her own nature and master it for good or evil. Under certain auspices, from her youth up, she might have been a paragon of love, sovereignty, and womanhood.

Among the various notable passages in this drama are: the death of Rizzio, the scenes before and after the murder of Darnley, the interviews between Bothwell and Mary in Hermitage Castle and elsewhere, the populace harangued by Knox; finally, the closing speech of the Queen to Mary Beaton, whose sinister avowal,

"But I will never leave you till you die!"

connects the entire plot with that ominous future, whose story, ever deepening in gloom, has yet to make the trilogy complete. "Bothwell" exhibits no excess but that of length, and no mannerism; on the contrary, a superb manner, and a ripe, pure, and majestic style. To show the strength, richness, and dramatic variety of Swinburne's mature language, let us take a few extracts from the dialogue of this historical play, with its three-score personages and as many shifting scenes. The first portrays the soldier, Bothwell:

"Queen. Does your wound pain you?  
Bothwell. What, I have a wound?  
Queen. How should one love enough, though she gave all,  
Who had your like to love? I pray you tell me,  
How did you fight?  
Bothwell. Why, what were this to tell?  
I caught this riever, by some chance of God,  
That put his death into mine hand, alone,  
And charged him; foot to foot we fought some space,  
And he fought well; a gallant knave, God wot,  
And worth a sword for better soldier's work  
Than these thieves' brawls; I would have given him life  
To ride among mine own men here and serve,  
But he would nought; so being sore hurt i' the thigh,  
I pushed upon him suddenly, and clove  
His crown through to the chin."

The second is from the lips of Mary, shut up in Lochleven Castle:

"Queen. Ay, we were fools, we Maries twain,  
and thought  
To be into the summer back again  
And see the broom blow in the golden world,  
The gentle broom on hill. For all men's talk  
And all things come and gone yet, yet I find  
I am not tired of that I see not here,

The sun, and the large air, and the sweet earth,  
And the hours that hum like fire-flies on the hills  
As they burn out and die, and the bowed heaven,  
And the small clouds that swim and swoon i' the sun,  
And the small flowers."

Lastly, a few powerful lines from Knox's terrific indictment of the Queen:

"John Knox. \* \* \* Then shall one say,  
Seeing these men also smitten, as ye now  
Seeing them that bled before to do her good,  
God is not mocked; and ye shall surely know  
What men were these and what man he that spake  
The things I speak now prophesying, and said  
That if ye spare to shed her blood for shame,  
For fear or pity of her great name or face,  
God shall require of you the innocent blood  
Shed for her fair face's sake, and from your hands  
Wring the price forth of her blood-guiltiness."

\* \* \* "Her reign and end  
Shall be like Athaliah's, as her birth  
Was from the womb of Jezebel, that slew  
The prophets, and made foul with blood and fire  
The same land's face that now her seed makes foul  
With whoredoms and with witchcrafts; yet they say  
Peace, where is no peace, while the adulterous blood  
Feeds yet with life and sin the murderous heart  
That hath brought forth a wonder to the world  
And to all time a terror; and this blood  
The hands are clean that shed, and they that spare  
In God's just sight spotted as foul as Cain's."

The exceptions taken against poems of Swinburne's youth will not hold in respect to this fine production. The most serious charge that can be brought is that of its undue length, and as to this the judgments of different readers will be as various as their temperaments. "Bothwell" is a work for vigorous minds, and to such it must always seem the bloom of beauty and power. I think it would be fortunate if some new outlet of expression could be made for the dramatic spirit of our time. Men like Browning and Swinburne do not readily become playwrights; the stage now requires of a drama that it shall be written in sparkling prose or the lightest of verse, and, of the author, cleverness and ingenuity rather than poetic greatness. It would not injure this writer to shape his work for a direct hearing, to be restricted by the limits of an arbitrary system; but might have upon these historical tragedies a gracious effect like that which resulted from the antique method ap-

plied to his "Atalanta." Ritualism, the bane of less prolific natures, is what such a man need not fear. Ease of circumstances has not made an amateur of the artist and enthusiast; nevertheless, in his case, the benefits of professional independence are nearly balanced by the ills.

## v.

Taine brings a great cloud of examples to show that each period shapes the work and fortunes of its authors, but it is equally true that men of genius create new modes, and often determine the nature of periods yet to come. Swinburne may live to see the time and himself in correspondence. To me he seems the foremost of the new order of British poets. The fact that a man is not yet haloed with the light that comes only when, in death or in hoary age, he recalls to us the past, need not debar him from full recognition. A critic must be quick to estimate the present. For some years, as I have observed the successive efforts of this poet, a feeling of his greatness has grown upon me, derived not only from his promise, but from what he actually has done. If he were to write no more, and his past works should be collected in a single volume—although, as in the remains of Shelley, we might find little narrative-verse, what a world of melody, and what a wealth of imaginative song! It is true that his well-known manner would pervade the book; we should find no great variety of mood, few studies of visible objects, a meager reflection of English life as it exists to-day. Yet a subtle observer would perceive how truly he represents his own time, and to a poet this compendium would become a lyrical hand-book, a treasured exposition of creative and beautiful design.

Acknowledging the presence of true genius, minor objections are of small account. A poet may hold himself apart, or from caprice may do things unworthy of his noblest self, but we think of him always as at his best. The gift is not so common; let us value it while it is here. Let us also do justice to the world—to the world that, remembering its past errors, no longer demands of great wits that they should wholly forego madness. Fifty years ago, and Swinburne, for his eccentricities and disdain, might have been an exile like Byron and Shelley, or, for his republicanism, imprisoned like Leigh Hunt. We have learned that poets gather from strange experiences what they teach in song. If rank unwholesome flowers spring from too rich a soil, in the end a single fruitful blossoming will compensate us for the sterile *fleurs du mal* of youth. Lastly, Swinburne has been said to lack application, but ten years of profuse and consecutive labors refute the charge. Works like his are not produced without energy and long industrious hours. If done at a heat, the slow hidden fire has never ceased its burning. Who shall dictate to a poet his modes and tenses, or his choice of work? But all this matters nothing; the entire host of traditional follies need not abash us if, with their coming, we have a revival of the olden passion and the olden power. Swinburne is rightly measured by his own guild. Shortly after "Atalanta" and "Chastelard" appeared, I heard a distinguished writer say: "I know my betters, and have nothing but admiration for the author of these poems!" It was Andrea del Sarto, with humble pride, acknowledging "the insight and the stretch" of one who seemed to him the new Rafael of our beloved and venerated minstrel art.

## CONSECRATION.

## A LOVER'S MOOD.

ALL the kisses that I have given,  
I grudge from my soul to-day,  
And of all I have ever taken,  
I would wipe the thought away.

How I wish my lips had been hermits,  
Held apart from kith and kin,  
That fresh from God's holy service,  
To Love's, they might enter in.

## THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

## PART II.

## CHAPTER IV.

IT was six o'clock in the morning when the settlers, after a hasty breakfast, set out by the shortest way to reach the western coast of the island, having first carefully secured the canoe. And how long would it take to do this? Cyrus Smith had said two hours, but of course that depended on the nature of the obstacles they might meet. As it was probable that they would have to cut a path through the grass, shrubs, or creepers, they marched, axe in hand, and with guns ready, wisely taking warning from the cries of the wild beasts heard in the night. The exact position of the encampment could be determined by the bearing of Mount Franklin, and as the volcano rose in the north at a distance of less than three miles, they had only to go straight toward the south-west to reach the western coast.

At half-past nine the way was suddenly found to be barred by an unknown stream, from thirty to forty feet broad, whose rapid current dashed foaming over the numerous rocks which interrupted its course. This creek was deep and clear, but it was absolutely unnavigable.

"We are cut off!" cried Neb.

"No," replied Harbert, "it is only a stream, and we can easily swim over."

"What would be the use of that?" returned Smith. "This creek evidently runs to the sea. Let us remain on this side and follow the bank, and I shall be much astonished if it does not lead us very quickly to the coast. Forward!"

They advanced more rapidly and easily along the bank of the river than in the forest. From time to time they came upon the traces of animals of a large size who had come to quench their thirst at the stream, but none were seen, and it was evidently not in this part of the forest that the peccary had received the bullet which had cost Pencroff a grinder.

In the meanwhile, considering the rapid current, Smith was led to suppose that he and his companions were much further from the western coast than they had at first supposed. In fact, at this hour, the rising tide would have turned back the current of the creek, if its mouth had only been a few

miles distant. Now, this effect was not produced, and the water pursued its natural course. The engineer was much astonished at this, and frequently consulted his compass, to assure himself that some turn of the river was not leading them again into the Far West.

However, the creek gradually widened, and its waters became less tumultuous. The trees on the right bank were as close together as on the left bank, and it was impossible to distinguish any thing beyond them; but these masses of wood were evidently uninhabited, for Top did not bark, and the intelligent animal would not have failed to signal the presence of any stranger in the neighborhood.

At half-past ten, to the great surprise of the engineer, Harbert, who was a little in front, suddenly stopped and exclaimed:

"The sea!"

In a few minutes more, the whole western shore of the island lay extended before the eyes of the settlers.

But what a contrast between this and the eastern coast, upon which chance had first thrown them. No granite cliff, no rocks, not even a sandy beach. The forest reached the shore, and the tall trees bending over the water were beaten by the waves. It was not such a shore as is usually formed by nature, either by extending a vast carpet of sand, or by grouping masses of rock, but a beautiful border consisting of splendid trees. The bank was raised a little above the level of the sea, and on this luxuriant soil, supported by a granite base, the fine forest trees seemed to be as firmly planted as in the interior of the island.

The colonists were then on the shore of an unimportant little harbor, which would scarcely have contained even two or three fishing-boats. It served as a neck to the new creek, the waters of which, instead of joining the sea by a gentle slope, fell from a height of more than forty feet, which explained why the rising tide was not felt up the stream. In fact the tides of the Pacific, even at their maximum of elevation, could never reach the level of the river, and, doubtless, millions of years would pass before the water would have worn away the granite and hollowed a practicable mouth.

It was settled that the name of Falls River should be given to this stream. Beyond, toward the north, the forest border was prolonged for a space of nearly two miles; then the trees became scarcer, and beyond that again the picturesque heights described a nearly straight line, which ran north and south. On the contrary, all the part of the shore between Falls River and Reptile End was a mass of magnificent trees, some straight and others bent, so that the long sea-swell bathed their roots. Now, it was this coast, that is, all the Serpentine Peninsula, that was to be explored, for this part of the shore offered a refuge to castaways, which the other wild and barren side must have refused.

The weather was fine and clear, and from the height of a hillock on which Neb and Pencroff had arranged breakfast, a wide view was obtained. There was, however, not a sail in sight; nothing could be seen along the shore as far as the eye could reach. But the engineer would take nothing for granted until he had explored the coast to the very extremity of the Serpentine Peninsula.

Breakfast was soon dispatched, and at half-past eleven the captain gave the signal for departure. Instead of proceeding over the summit of a cliff or along a sandy beach, the settlers were obliged to remain under cover of the trees so that they might continue on the shore.

The distance which separated Falls River from Reptile End was about twelve miles. It would have taken the settlers four hours to do this, on a clear ground and without hurrying themselves; but as it was, they needed double the time, for what with trees to go round, bushes to cut down, and creepers to chop away, they were impeded at every step.

There was, however, nothing to show that a shipwreck had taken place recently. It is true that, as Gideon Spilett observed, any remains of it might have drifted out to sea, and they must not take it for granted that because they could find no traces of it, a ship had not been cast away on the coast.

Toward seven o'clock the weary explorers arrived at Reptile End. Here the sea-side forest ended, and the shore resumed the customary appearance of a coast, with rocks, reefs, and sands. It was possible that something might be found here, but darkness came on, and the further exploration had to be put off to the next day.

Harbert and the sailor had not to look long for a place in which to pass the night.

The rocks, which must have been violently beaten by the sea under the influence of the winds of the south-west, presented many cavities in which shelter could be found against the night air. But just as they were about to enter one of these caves, a loud roaring arrested them.

"Back!" cried Pencroff. "Our guns are only loaded with small shot, and beasts which can roar as loud as that would care no more for it than for grains of salt!" And the sailor, seizing Harbert by the arm, dragged him behind a rock, just as a magnificent animal showed itself at the entrance of the cavern.

It was a jaguar of a size at least equal to its Asiatic congeners, that is to say, it measured five feet from the extremity of its head to the beginning of its tail. The yellow color of its hair was relieved by streaks and regular oblong spots of black, which contrasted with the white of its chest. Harbert recognized it as the ferocious rival of the tiger, as formidable as the puma, and the rival of the largest wolf!

The jaguar advanced and gazed around him with blazing eyes, his hair bristling as if this was not the first time he had scented men.

At this moment the reporter appeared round a rock, and Harbert, thinking that he had not seen the jaguar, was about to rush toward him, when Gideon Spilett signed to him to remain where he was. This was not his first tiger, and advancing to within ten feet of the animal he remained motionless, his gun to his shoulder, without moving a muscle. The jaguar collected itself for a spring, but at that moment a shot struck it in the eyes, and it fell dead.

They all rushed toward the jaguar, and remained for some instants contemplating the animal as it lay stretched on the ground.

"And now," said Gideon Spilett, "since the jaguar has left its abode, I do not see, my friends, why we should not take possession of it for the night."

"But others may come," said Pencroff.

"It will be enough to light a fire at the entrance of the cavern," said the reporter, "and no wild beasts will dare to cross the threshold."

"Into the jaguar's house, then," replied the sailor, dragging after him the body of the animal.

While Neb skinned the jaguar, his companions collected an abundant supply of dry wood from the forest, which they heaped up at the cave.



Cyrus Smith, seeing a clump of bamboos, cut a quantity, which he mingled with the other fuel.

This done, they entered the grotto, the floor of which was strewn with bones; the guns were carefully loaded, in case of a sudden attack; they had supper, and then, just before they lay down to rest, the heap of wood piled at the entrance was set fire to. Immediately a regular explosion, or, rather, a series of reports broke the silence. The noise was caused by the bamboos, which, as the flames reached them, exploded like fire-works. The noise was enough to terrify even the boldest of wild beasts.

It was not the engineer who had invented this way of causing loud explosions, for according to Marco Polo, the Tartars have employed it for many centuries to drive away from their encampments the formidable wild beasts of Central Asia.

#### CHAPTER V.

At sunrise all were on the shore at the extremity of the promontory, and their gaze was directed toward the horizon, of which two-thirds of the circumference were visible. For the last time the engineer could ascertain that not a sail nor the wreck of a ship was on the sea, and even with the telescope nothing suspicious could be discovered.

The southern coast of the island still remained to be explored. Now, should they undertake it immediately, and devote this day to it?

This was not included in their first plan. In fact, when the boat was abandoned at the sources of the Mercy, it had been agreed that after having surveyed the west coast, they should go back to it and return to Granite House by the Mercy. Smith then thought that the western coast would have offered refuge, either to a ship in distress, or to a vessel in her regular course; but now, as he saw that this coast presented no good anchorage, he wished to seek on the south what they had not been able to find on the west.

At six o'clock in the morning the little band set out. As a precaution the guns were loaded with ball, and Top, who led the van, received orders to beat about the edge of the forest.

From the extremity of the promontory which formed the tail of the peninsula the coast was rounded for a distance of five miles, which was rapidly passed over, with-

out even the most minute investigations bringing to light the least trace of any old or recent landing; no *débris*, no mark of an encampment, no cinders of a fire, not even a footprint!

From the point of the peninsula on which the settlers now were, their gaze could extend along the south-west. Twenty-five miles off, the coast terminated in the Claw Cape, which loomed dimly through the morning mists, and which, by the phenomenon of the mirage, appeared as if suspended between land and water.

Between the place occupied by the colonists and the other side of the immense bay, the shore was composed, first, of a tract of low land, bordered in the background by trees; then the shore became more irregular, projecting sharp points into the sea, and finally ended in the black rocks which, accumulated in picturesque disorder, formed Claw Cape.

"If a vessel ran in here," said Pencroff, "she would certainly be lost. Sand-banks and reefs everywhere! Bad quarters!"

"But at least something would be left of the ship," observed the reporter.

"There might be pieces of wood on the rocks, but nothing on the sands," replied the sailor.

"Why?"

"Because the sands are still more dangerous than the rocks, for they swallow up every thing that is thrown on them. In a few days the hull of a ship of several hundred tons would disappear entirely in there!"

"So, Pencroff," asked the engineer, "if a ship has been wrecked on these banks, is it not astonishing that there is now no trace of her remaining?"

"No, Captain, with the aid of time and tempest. However, it would be surprising, even in this case, that some of the masts or spars should not have been thrown on the beach, out of reach of the waves."

"Let us go on with our search, then," returned Cyrus Smith.

At one o'clock the colonists arrived at the other side of Washington Bay, having now gone a distance of twenty miles.

They then halted for breakfast.

Here began the irregular coast, covered with lines of rocks and sand-banks. The long sea-swell could be seen breaking over the rocks in the bay, forming a foamy fringe. From this point to Claw Cape the beach was very narrow between the edge of the forest and the reefs.

Walking was now more difficult, on ac-

count of the numerous rocks which encumbered the beach. The granite cliff also gradually increased in height, and only the green tops of the trees which crowned it could be seen.

Toward three o'clock, Smith and his companions arrived at a snug little creek. It formed quite a natural harbor, invisible from the sea, and was entered by a narrow channel.

At the back of this creek some violent convulsion had torn up the rocky border, and a cutting, by a gentle slope, gave access to an upper plateau, which might be situated at least ten miles from Claw-Cape, and consequently four miles in a straight line from Prospect Heights. Gideon Spilett proposed to his companions that they should make a halt here. In a few minutes the settlers, seated under a clump of fine sea pines, were devouring the provisions which Neb produced from his bag.

This spot was raised from fifty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. The view was very extensive, but beyond the cape it ended in Union Bay. Neither Prospect Heights nor the islet was visible, for the rising ground and the curtain of trees closed the northern horizon.

Just as they were starting, Top began barking loudly, and issued from the wood holding in his mouth a rag soiled with mud.

Neb seized it. It was a piece of strong cloth!

Top still barked, and by his going and coming, seemed to invite his master to follow him into the forest.

"Now there's something to explain the bullet!" explained Pencroff.

"A castaway!" replied Harbert.

"Wounded, perhaps!" said Neb.

"Or dead!" added the reporter.

All ran after the dog, among the tall pines on the border of the forest. Smith and his companions made ready their fire-arms, in case of an emergency.

They advanced some way into the wood, but, to their great disappointment, they as yet saw no signs of any human being having passed that way. Shrubs and creepers were uninjured, and they had even to cut them away with the axe, as they had done in the deepest recesses of the forest. In about seven or eight minutes Top stopped in a glade surrounded with tall trees. The settlers gazed around them but saw nothing, neither under the bushes nor among the trees.

"What is the matter, Top?" said Cyrus Smith.

Top barked louder, bounding about at the foot of a gigantic pine. All at once Pencroff shouted:

"Ho, splendid! capital!"

"What is it?" asked Spilett.

"We have been looking for a wreck at sea or on land."

"Well?"

"Well; and here we've found one in the air."

And the sailor pointed to a great white rag caught in the top of the pine, and of which Top had brought a piece that had fallen to the ground.

"But that is not a wreck!" cried Gideon Spilett.

"I beg your pardon," returned Pencroff.

"Why? is it—?"

"It is all that remains of our airy boat, of our balloon which has been caught up aloft there, at the top of that tree."

Pencroff was not mistaken, and he gave vent to his feelings in a tremendous hurrah, adding:

"There is good cloth. That will furnish us with linen for years. That will make us handkerchiefs and shirts. Ha, ha, Mr. Spilett! What do you say to an island where shirts grow on the trees?"

It was certainly a lucky circumstance for the settlers in Lincoln Island that the balloon, after having made its last bound into the air, had fallen on the island and thus given them the opportunity of finding it again, whether they kept the case under its present form, or whether they wished to attempt another escape by it, or whether they usefully employed the several hundred yards of cotton, which was of fine quality. Pencroff's joy was therefore shared by all.

But it was necessary to bring down the remains of the balloon from the tree, to place it in security, and this was no slight task. Neb, Harbert, and the sailor, climbing to the summit of the tree, used all their skill to disengage the now reduced balloon.

The operation lasted two hours, and then not only the case, with its valve, its springs, its brass-work, lay on the ground, but the net—that is to say, a considerable quantity of ropes and cordage, and the circle and the anchor. The case, except for the fracture, was in good condition, only the lower portion being torn.

It was a fortune which had fallen from the sky.

They certainly could not think of carrying this load of cloth, ropes and cordage, to Granite House, for the weight of it was very

considerable, and while waiting for a suitable vehicle in which to convey it, it was of importance that this treasure should not be left long exposed to the mercies of the first

communication with the south of the island; then the cart must be taken to bring back the balloon, for the canoe alone could not carry it; then they would build a decked boat, and Pencroff would rig it as a cutter, and they would be able to undertake voyages of circumnavigation round the island.

In the meanwhile night came on, and it was already dark when the settlers reached Flotsam Point, the place where they had discovered the precious chest.

The distance between Flotsam Point and Granite House was another four miles, and it was midnight when, after having followed the shore to the mouth of the Mercy, the settlers arrived at the first angle formed by the Mercy.

There the river was eighty feet in breadth, which was awkward to cross; but, as Pencroff had taken upon himself to conquer this difficulty, he was compelled to do it. The settlers certainly had reason to be pretty tired. The journey had been long, and the task of getting down the balloon had tired both their arms and legs. They were anxious to reach Granite House for food and sleep, and if the bridge had been con-

structed, in a quarter of an hour they would have been at home.

The night was very dark. Pencroff prepared to keep his promise by constructing a sort of raft on which to make the passage of the Mercy. He and Neb, armed with axes, chose two trees near the water, and began to attack them at the base.

Cyrus Smith and Spilett, seated on the bank, waited till their companions were ready for their help, while Harbert roamed about, though without going far away. All at once the lad, who had strolled up the



A VIEW FROM THE WESTERN SHORE.

storm. The settlers, uniting their efforts, managed to drag it as far as the shore, where they discovered a large rocky cavity, which, owing to its position, could not be visited either by the wind or rain.

At six o'clock all was stowed away, and after having given the creek the very suitable name of "Port Balloon," the settlers pursued their way along Claw Cape. Pencroff and the engineer talked of the different projects which it was agreed to put into execution with the briefest possible delay. It was necessary first of all to throw a bridge over the Mercy, so as to establish an easy

river, came running back, and, pointing up the Mercy, exclaimed:

"What is floating there?"

Pencroff stopped working, and, seeing an indistinct object moving through the gloom, cried out:

"A canoe!"

All approached, and saw, to their extreme surprise, a boat floating down the current.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted the sailor, without thinking that perhaps it would be best to keep silence.

No reply. The boat still drifted onward, and it was not more than twelve feet off, when the sailor exclaimed:

"Why, it is our own boat! She has broken her moorings and floated down the current. I must say she has arrived very opportunely."

"Our boat?" murmured the engineer.

Pencroff was right. It was, indeed, the canoe, of which the rope had undoubtedly broken, and which had come alone from the sources of the Mercy. It was very important to seize it before the rapid current should have swept it away out of the mouth of the river, but Neb and Pencroff cleverly managed this by means of a long pole.

The canoe touched the shore. The engineer leaped in first, and found, on examining the rope, that it had been really worn through by rubbing against the rocks.

"Well," said the reporter to him in a low voice, "this is a strange thing."

"Strange indeed," returned Cyrus Smith.

Strange or not, it was very fortunate. Harbert, the reporter, Neb, and Pencroff embarked in turn.

A few strokes of the oar brought the settlers to the mouth of the Mercy. The canoe was hauled up on the beach near the

Chimneys, and all proceeded toward the ladder of Granite House.

But at that moment Top barked angrily, and Neb, who was looking for the first steps, uttered a cry.

The ladder had vanished!

#### CHAPTER VI.

WITHOUT a word Cyrus Smith stopped short. His companions looked about in the darkness, scanning the walls of the cliff, in the hope that the wind had displaced the ladder, and carefully examining the ground, in case



A WRECK IN THE AIR.

the rope had broken. But the ladder was gone. As to seeing whether a gust of wind had raised it up till it had caught half-way on a projection, that was impossible in the dark night.

"If this is a joke," cried Pencroff, "it is a sorry one. Pleasant fix to be in! To arrive at home and find no ladder for getting to your room! This is no laughing matter for tired folks."

Neb, for his part, indulged in exclamations.

"But there has been no wind," observed Harbert.

"I begin to think that very queer things happen on Lincoln Island," said Pencroff.

"Queer?" answered Gideon Spilett. "No, Pencroff; nothing is more natural. Some one has come during our absence, and taken possession of our house and pulled up the ladder."

"Some one, indeed!" cried the sailor. "And who, may I ask, could—"

"Why, the hunter who gave you that grain of shot," answered the reporter.

"What is your shot good for, if not to explain this mishap?"

"Well," said Pencroff, "if there is any one up there I am going to hail him, and he has got to answer."

In a loud voice the sailor gave a "Halloo there!" which the echoes vigorously repeated. The colonists listened and really thought they heard a sort of harsh laughter, but from what point they could not tell.

"My friends," said Cyrus Smith, "we have one thing only to do: wait for day and act as circumstances bid. Let us go to the Chimneys, for there we shall be safe, and if we cannot sup, at least we can sleep."

"But who has dared to play us such a trick as this?" again asked Pencroff, unable to accept the situation.

However, there was nothing to do except what the engineer advised: regain the Chimneys and wait for day. Top was ordered to remain under the windows of Granite House, and when Top received an order he obeyed without comments.

To say that the settlers slept well on the sand at the Chimneys in spite of their weariness would be far from the truth. Granite House was more than their dwelling—it was their warehouse. All the outfit of the colony was there—arms, instruments, tools, ammunition, stores, etc. Should all these things be pillaged, the colonists would be compelled to begin anew their labors and make fresh arms and tools. So each one yielded to anxiety, and went out in turn to see if Top held strict watch. Cyrus Smith, with his usual imperturbability, alone remained quiet, although he was exasperated at com-

ing up against an absolutely inexplicable fact. Pencroff was really in a furious temper.

"It is a joke some one is playing on us. Well, I for my part do not like practical jokes, and the joker had better look out if he gets within my reach."

At the first gleams of day in the east the settlers returned to the beach by the edge of the reef. Granite House, which was exposed to the direct rays of the rising sun, was soon to be lighted brightly by the morning, and, sure enough, before five o'clock, the windows with their closed sashes appeared between the curtains of leaves. On that side all was in order, but a cry arose when it was seen that the door, which they had shut before their departure, stood wide open. Some one had penetrated into Granite House; that was certain.

The upper ladder which ran between the door and the landing-place was in its place, but the lower ladder had been removed and raised as high as the threshold. It was plain the intruders proposed to remain safe from any sudden surprise. As to finding out who or what they were, and what their number, that was also impossible, for nothing showed itself.

Pencroff gave a loud hail.

No answer.

"The beggars!" cried the sailor. "Would you believe they could sleep as quietly as if they were in their own house? Halloo! Pirates, bandits, corsairs up there!" But within and without all was silent and calm at Granite House.

Then Harbert had an idea. It was to tie a cord to an arrow, and shoot the arrow between the upper bars of the ladder which hung from the sill of the door. With the cord it would be possible to pull the ladder down, and thus get access once more. Very fortunately, bows and arrows had been left in the Chimneys, where were also some twenty fathoms of light hibiscus cord. Pencroff unrolled the cord and fastened one end to an arrow which Harbert placed on his bow. Then he sighted the hanging ladder with great care. The others retired so that they could observe what would occur at the windows. The reporter, his gun at his shoulder, covered the door-way.

The bow bent, the arrow whistled, dragged the cord with it, and slipped between the two farthest bars of the raised ladder. The attempt was a success.

Harbert immediately seized the end of the cord, but at the moment that he gave it a jerk, an arm passed suddenly out between



door and wall and caught it, and pulled it back into Granite House.

"Oh, you brutes!" cried the sailor, "if a bullet can send you to Paradise you shall not wait long."

"I knew it was a joke," cried Pencroff. "But there is one joker who must pay for the others."

The sailor, bringing his gun to bear on one of the monkeys, fired. All vanished

except one, which fell mortally wounded on the sands.

This monkey, which was of great stature, plainly belonged to the first order in the family of quadrumana. Whether it was a chimpanzee, an orang-outang, a gorilla, or a gibbon, it evidently belonged among those anthropomorphous apes, so called because of their resemblance to man. Besides, Harbert declared it was an orang-outang, and we know the boy was well read in zoölogy.

Two hours passed, during which the monkeys kept out of sight, but they were always there, and three or four times a muzzle or a paw showed itself at the door or windows, and was greeted by shots.

"Let us hide," said the engineer. "Perhaps the monkeys will think we are gone, and will begin to show themselves. But let Spilett and Harbert lie in ambush behind the rocks and fire on every thing that appears."

The orders of the engineer were executed, and while the reporter and the young boy, the two best shots of the colony, posted themselves advantageously out of sight of the monkeys, Neb, Pencroff, and Smith ascended the plateau, and entered the forest in search of game, for breakfast-time was at hand and nothing was ready to eat. In half an hour the hunters returned with a few rock pigeons, which were roasted in the best way possible. Not a monkey had appeared. Suddenly the engineer spoke.

"Let us try to descend once more into



A SHOT AT THE PIRATES.

"But what was it?" said Neb.

"What? Why, did you not recognize it?"

"No."

"Why, it is a monkey, a jocko, a baboon, an orang-outang, a gorilla! Our house is full of monkeys who have climbed up in our absence."

At that instant, as if to confirm the sailor's words, three or four monkeys showed themselves at the windows, whose sashes they had pushed aside, and saluted the real proprietors of the place with a hundred contortions and grimaces.

Granite House by way of the old outlet of the lake."

In truth, it was the only means of getting into Granite House, in order to fight with and throw out the troop. The mouth of the outlet was, it is true, closed by cemented stones, which would have to be sacrificed; but they could be replaced. However, fifty steps had not been taken in the direction of the lake before they heard furious barking from the dog. It was a despairing call for their return. They stopped.

"Let us run for it," said Pencroff, and all ran down the incline at full speed. Arriving at the bend of the cliff they saw that the situation was altered.

The monkeys, seized by some sudden fear, the cause of which it was impossible to divine, were trying to escape. Two or three ran and jumped from one window to the other with the agility of clowns in a circus. Soon five or six were in positions where they could be hit, and the colonists, taking careful aim, fired. Some, wounded or dead, fell back into the rooms with sharp cries; the others, falling outside, were killed by the descent. A few moments afterward one might have felt sure that there was not a monkey in Granite House alive.

"Hurrah!" cried Pencroff. "Now for the outlet."

"Yes, yes," said the engineer. "But still it would have been better—"

At that moment, as if in answer to Cyrus Smith's observation, the ladder was seen to slip on the threshold of the door, and, unrolling its length, to fall down to the sand.

"I'll be hanged if that isn't coming it pretty strong," cried Pencroff, looking at Cyrus Smith.

"Pretty strong!" murmured the engineer, who was the first to spring on the ladder.

"Take care, Mr. Smith!" cried Pencroff.

"Perhaps some of those baboons—"

"Well, we shall see," answered the engineer, without stopping.

All his companions followed and were in a moment at the door. The place was searched and no one was found in the rooms or in the store-closet, which had not been touched by the band of monkeys.



THE CAPTURE OF "JUPE."

"Well, how about the ladder, then?" cried the sailor. "Who may the gentleman be who threw it down for us?"

But at that moment there was a shout, and a great monkey who had hidden himself away in the outlet rushed into the room followed by Neb.

"Oh, you pirate!" cried Pencroff. Axe in hand he made ready to split the brute's head, but Cyrus Smith stopped him.

"Spare him, Pencroff."

"What! spare that blackamoor?"

"Yes. Did he not throw us the ladder?"

Hereupon they all fell upon the monkey, who, after making a brave defense, was thrown down and garroted.

"There!" cried Pencroff. "And what shall we make of him now?"

"A servant," answered Harbert.

In so speaking the young boy was not entirely in jest, for he knew the services which can be got from that intelligent race of the quadrumana. Then the colonists stood about the ape and examined him carefully. He belonged to that species of ape whose facial angle is not sensibly inferior to that of Australians and Hottentots. He was an orang-outang, and therefore had neither the ferocity of the baboon nor the stupidity of the ape.

"A fine fellow!" said Pencroff. "If we knew his language we could speak to him."

"So you are in earnest?" asked Neb.

"We are to have him for a servant?"

"Yes, Neb," said the engineer, smiling.

"But do not be jealous."

"And I hope he will be an excellent servant," added Harbert. "He seems to be

young; his education will, therefore, be easy, and we shall not be required to use force to break him in. He will learn to like masters who are good to him."

"Well, we shall be," answered Pencroff, who had forgotten all his animosity against the "jokers." Then he approached the orang, and spoke to him.

"Well, my boy, how are you getting on?"

The orang answered with a little grunt, which did not indicate a bad temper.

"So you would like to join our colony? You would like to enter Mr. Smith's service?"

A fresh grunt of approbation from the ape.

"And you will be content with your board for all wages?"

A third affirmative grunt from the monkey.

"His conversation is a little monotonous," said Gideon Spilett.

"All right," said Pencroff. "The best servants are those who talk the least. Remember, no wages."

It was in this way that the colony added a new member to its ranks, who was destined to serve in more ways than one. As to the name they should give him, the sailor asked that, in memory of another monkey he had known, he should be called "Jupiter," and by abbreviation "Jupe."

Behold, then, without further ceremony, Master Jupe installed at Granite House.

(To be continued.)

## IMMANENT IMPERFECTION.



WHOLESOME Death, thy somber funeral car

Looms ever dimly on the lengthening way

Of life; while, lengthening still in sad array,

My deeds that go in long procession are

As mourners of the man they helped to mar.

I see it all in dreams, such as waylay

The wandering fancy, when the solid day

Has sunk in smoldering ruins, and night's star,

Aloft there, with its steady point of light

Mastering the eye, has wrapt the brain in sleep.

Ah, when I die, and planets take their flight

Above my grave, still let the spirit keep

Sometimes its vigil of divine remorse,

'Midst pity, praise, or blame heaped o'er my corse!

## SOME OLD LETTERS.

## PART THIRD.

"LONDON, March, 1833.—Yesterday we went at seven to dine with Lady Listowell, and had a delightful time. Her house is magnificent. It is at 'Knightsbridge,' with very extensive grounds about it—a fruitery, a green-house, a conservatory; they raise mutton, pork, and in fact everything, about them, and unite all the elegance, comforts, and luxuries of both town and country. On the first floor there are the servants' halls, the hall of the house, etc. Upstairs the entries are lighted with high painted windows. There are three rooms in a line; one very long, opening with glass folding-doors into the conservatory, as I have described before. All three rooms communicate by high folding-doors; leading from the last at right angles is the dining-room. A library and Lady Listowell's boudoir are on the same floor. We sat at a long table.

"Tom Moore was invited to Lord Lansdowne's, but when Lady Lansdowne told him he would meet us at Lady Listowell's he said he was invited there too, so he would go. He is very little—the face of that picture you have is exactly like him. He rode home with us. We went out in a little close carriage with one horse, called a 'fly.' The hackney-coaches are dreadful, wretchedly dirty, and we have just discovered that this little vehicle can be hired. It has but one seat, and Moore came into town between us. He said he was made 'for a bodkin.' He is a merry little person, and says he is to be in town only sixteen days, but whenever he can find an hour we must sing together. I told him that you had intended to write him a letter to thank him for the pleasure you had received from him. He said he should have been exceedingly gratified; that he had received more pleasure from letters from America than from almost anything else; that he had had several letters from ladies; one from an 'Ilanthe,' whom he answered as 'my dear Ianthe,' and who sent him a volume of very pretty poems. X. asked him if the ladies proved young and pretty. 'Oh!' he said, 'they *never* are.' I could hardly realize that we had Moore sitting between us chatting for half-an-hour. He seems to be engaged every minute; but he has promised to come

in and breakfast, dine, or sup with us whenever he can.

"Lord Listowell is the Irish Earl of Listowell. It is quite delightful to see him. He is eighty-five, and in perfect health. He is very fond of painting, and amuses himself with it in the winter, though he makes horrid pictures, and with yachting in the summer. He says the days are too short for him. He says, the first thing in the summer I must go down with them to their villa in the Isle of Wight; and as I am so good a sailor, he shall be delighted to take me out every day in his yacht, 'The Lovely Anne' (his wife's name), and then we are to have some picnic parties. He seems to be the happiest old man I ever saw.

"Last evening came up from the custom-house our apples, nuts, buckwheat, and the chair. The apples are delicious—nothing like them here. A good many of them are decayed, and these we shall have freed from the spots and pies or puddings made of them. I shall send some nuts and apples to the Fergussons and Tunnos. The chair is a beauty. X. says there is no possibility of having any chair made after it; they cannot make them here. Mrs. Baring imported two from America and tried to have one made from them, and could not. Oh, this is the prince of rocking-chairs."

It seemed that not only the Fergussons and Tunnos benefited from the American apples, for we find a note of this date from the old wit Jekyll, in a queer, clear hand, which we copy exactly here:

"DEAR MADAM: a Thousand Thanks for what I take to be beautiful specimens of American Produce, a Kinder Present of Apples than the first Lady gave to the first Gentleman.

Yrs very truly

JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Spring Garden, Thursday.—Lady Mary Fox sent me for Monday evening the Queen's private box for Drury Lane."

This was the cause of an amusing mistake. X. being out, the little American lady, unadvised, wrote the following note:

"Dear Lady Mary Fox: I do not know the Queen, and so could not go alone to her box," etc.

"Sunday, March 24, 1833.—The Colonel and Jekyll dined with us on Wednesday, and

I surprised Jekyll with our American hickory-nuts. He had never seen any before. Our rocking-chair is the delight of all who come in. X. says, next to having a house, this chair is the most important thing. \* \* \* Hallam called Wednesday to see how my cold was, and sat with us an hour. He talks so fast, and so inarticulately, that I can hardly understand what he says. We neither of us went to Lady Philips's. Thursday Sydney Smith came to see me. He is enormously fat, and loves good eating and drinking as well as any one can. He said he hoped I had been able to abide England; he was very entertaining, but left upon me the impression of a hard, grave man, who is expected to be witty, and say good things, and forces himself to do so." \* \* \* This was a false impression, afterward reversed. On this occasion, he seated his unwieldy body upon a tiny Venetian chair made of cherry-wood, so slender that it could be lifted by one finger. Perhaps desecrating in his young hostess's face her fear lest it should break under him, he raised his finger and said, smiling: "Never fear, I'm nicely balanced."

"In the evening, X. went to Mrs. Hallam's, but I did not, as my cold is not quite well. Sydney Smith brought X. home. Friday was a dismal day. But in the midst of snow and sleet came Lady Davy to call upon me. I would give anything to be able to describe in person, the visit. It was as good as any comedy. In fact it seems as if Lady Davy thought she should never see you again and wanted to tell you all she knew. It made me think of Mr. Rose's servant's apt remarks about her."

The servant of Mr. William Rose, a literary man of that time, had an opinion about all Mr. Rose's friends. Mr. Coleridge called one day when Mr. Rose was out and waited for him. The servant came in to put coal on the fire and see that his master's guest was comfortable, when Coleridge, who cared more for an audience than its quality, opened upon the astonished man one of his lofty, wandering, metaphysical monologues. The poor servant, not liking to withdraw, listened, coal-scuttle in hand, and on Mr. Rose's return and the departure of the guest, asked: "Is Mr. Coleridge thought a clever man, sir?" "A great man." "It's a pity he talks so much nonsense, sir."

Apocryphos of Lady Davy, our friend recalls an anecdote that shows the sharp and severe side of old Mr. Rogers, whom she found so mild and affectionate a friend. He told a story always with a wonderful conciseness

and elegance of phrase, and disliked interruption. Lady Davy, at a large dinner, sitting at the further end of the table from the old poet, and feeling herself overlooked, leaned forward during one of Mr. Rogers's anecdotes, and said: "I know you're abusing me, Mr. Rogers." "On the contrary, my time is taken up in defending your ladyship," he answered, in his clear, low voice.

"Tuesday we dined at seven with the Blakes—a party of twelve, one of them our Mr. Welles, of Redleaf—a dear old man, little and slender, as neat as a pin, a close, brown wig; he is over seventy, and a widower. Here were Turner, the artist, a rough-looking man enough, and Miss Blake, a very accomplished, amiable girl, who paints really beautiful water-colors: X. says they are the finest and most original amateur paintings he has ever seen, and better than most artists' landscapes. After dinner, Mr. Turner made her get them to show to me. There was also Sir Martin Shee, President of the Royal Academy, an Irishman, who wears powder and small-clothes, and is very much of a gentleman.

"We go at half-past ten to a ball at Lady Listowell's, which I shall give you an account of to-morrow. This is the third she has had within ten days, and I have missed two on account of my cold.

"Friday evening, March 29th.—We left here last evening at half-past ten, and arrived at Lady Listowell's at about eleven, but dancing did not commence till nearly twelve. They had delightful music, consisting of a harp, piano, octave flute, violin, and castanets; but they played so fast, and the dancing was so ungraceful, that a party of Boston girls would have been ashamed of it—and the waltzing was shocking. They flew round, and seemed to have caught hold of each other to whirl by. I danced one cotillon with a Mr. Bushe, a nephew of Lady Listowell's, but would not have danced another for any inducement. For 'right and left,' they galloped through the quadrille sidewise without offering a hand; it was very ugly to my eye. \* \* \* Vercellini, the singer, had sent me a beautiful bouquet in the morning and I wore part of it. \* \* \* The charming Lady Dacre was introduced to me—a person of great literary and fashionable reputation. She has written several tragedies, and has just published a book entitled 'The Recollections of a Chaperon.' She translated 'Petrarch,' also. She is very handsome—about forty-five.

"Monday.—Yesterday Dr. and Mrs. Fer-



gusson came in the morning, and Mr. Welles, our apple friend. \* \* \* About five o'clock the Countess of Morley, Miss Villiers's aunt, came to call for the second time. She said she was determined never again to tell any one that she had not seen me. She speaks loud, but seems to be the most clever, cordial, straightforward, blunt person you can imagine; shook hands with me most heartily, admired your picture with all her heart; said she should love to go to America if it were only to *rock*; seated herself

herself: 'Il n'y a q'une voix contre moi et c'est la mienne.' \* \* \* At half-past six we went to dine with the Fergussons. The Doctor was quite ill with a cold. Sir Adam Fergusson, Sir Walter Scott's intimate and confidential friend, dined there; ourselves, Mrs. L., and one of her daughters.

"We had a very charming dinner, for Sir Adam has the most marvelous powers of description. He made us laugh heartily, and told us, too, a great many interesting anecdotes about Sir Walter Scott. He is a



SIR WALTER SCOTT—FROM A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY GILBERT STUART NEWTON.

in the rocking-chair and screamed, thinking she was going over, and had the manner of a person who was quite sure that she had nothing to conceal, and that we should like her; and she is, though at the height both of rank and fashion, a great favorite in society. She said Mrs. Lyster had been dreadfully ill, but would probably be down-stairs ere long. X. says that there is nothing truer of Lady Morley, than what a popular French lady, with the same harshness of voice, said of

very remarkable person himself. He is the original of Dugald Dalgetty." This is all I find in the old letters about the dinner, but I must tell what I can recollect of the account Mrs. X. gave me of it in later years. Sir Adam, she said, was a tall, gray-haired man, with a broad Scotch accent. He described how one early morning, in Sir Walter Scott's library, when he and Sir Walter tried to make the fire of peat burn, and, after many efforts, succeeded in some degree, at

this moment one of the dogs, dripping from a plunge in the lake, scratched and whined at the window. At last Sir Walter let the "paur creature" in, who, coming up before the little fire, shook his shaggy hide, sending a perfect shower-bath over the fire and over a great table of loose manuscripts. Sir Walter, eyeing the scene with his usual serenity, said, slowly: "Oh! dear, ye've done a great deal of mischief." It reminds us of the tale related of Newton. On this same occasion of the dinner, Sir Adam Fergusson told of traveling with Sir Walter on the Continent and going to see the troops on donkeys, and he performed both donkeys and riders with his fingers on the table until his audience was in an agony of laughter.

"Wednesday.—Jekyll came in before dinner, and Peter Powell dined with us—a little old friend of X's, whom he is not willing to neglect."

A reminiscence of this dinner, not set down in the letters, is delightfully characteristic of little Peter Powell. After dinner, at the table, he sang an oratorio, performing all the parts, vocal and instrumental, himself, in imitation of Haydn. The subject was the Egyptians crossing the Red Sea. Mr. Powell got them safely over, describing their supper on the other side in the following distich, Moses being the principal actor:

"He spread the bread and butter nice,  
And gave each dirty Jew a slice"

which went through many variations in the true oratorio style, with cadenzas on the words "spread," "butter," "slice," etc.

"Everything is quiet this week in London—the Easter holidays—all the fashionables at Richmond. We shall take our "fly" at one to-day, and go to Knightsbridge, Kensington, etc.

"Saturday, April 6th.—I have a little *world* to tell you about. Yesterday we sent for our 'fly' and couldn't get it, most luckily for us, for Good Friday is a holiday. So X. seated himself for a long painting, and I at my work. About one o'clock Moore broke in upon us, and not ten minutes after, Rogers. They remained here about an hour looking at and admiring 'the picture,' and talking most entertainingly, when Rogers said:

"Come, get your bonnet, and we will go to the Zoological Gardens, and if you will, we'll finish the day by dining together at my house."

"X. and I were ready in about ten min-

utes, and Rogers said: 'I have my chariot at the door, we can all go in it, for I can take that little thing (meaning me) on my knee.'

"We got into the 'chariot,' Rogers, Moore, and X. on one seat, and I on X's knee. I could not help remarking: 'If I had been told a year ago that I should be riding through Regent's Park with Rogers, Moore, and X. to-day, I should have thought it a vision.'

"It was a most delightful day, the air as mild and balmy as possible, every one out, the leaves just budding—nothing could be happier. We rode through the Park, walked through the Zoological Gardens, looked at all the animals and birds, which were innumerable and indescribable."

Not in the letters, is a memory of some little Chinese peacocks, who strutted about in the sunlight of the spring day—the admiration of the spectators. Moore was immensely delighted with them, and as the party were about to return to the carriage, he said:

"Oh! I must go back and have one more look at those peacocks," and they stood waiting for him.

"Ah!" said Rogers, watching Moore's hurrying figure, "he sees the resemblance."

"We returned to the carriage, and dropped Moore in the 'New Road.'

"We dine at six, Moore," said Rogers. 'Yes; I've an engagement with Lady —, but I'll be with you,' and he ran off. 'Poor Moore,' said Rogers, 'there's always some Lady Dolly or other interfering with his true pleasure, and taking him away from his friends.' This gay little pleasure-party, after leaving Moore, stopped somewhere to buy a pair of grouse, which were hung up in the carriage by the host and taken home for the dinner.

"I took my seat between Rogers and X., and we drove through Hyde Park, which was full of gayety, dropping Rogers in the Park—he was going to Holland House; drove home, dressed, and at six dined with Rogers in his beautiful house—we four, X. and Rogers *vis-à-vis*, and Moore and I. We had a most gay, delightful, and intellectual dinner. They all three seemed to bring one another out. I sat with them all the time and enjoyed it as much as possible, and we all went up into the drawing-room together.

"Moore was to have left town Monday, but I said: 'Shall we have just such a dinner on Monday at six?' and Moore said, 'Yes, and I'll not go home till Tuesday.'

"The whole day was delightful. They all seemed in their element. Moore spoke of 'Lalla Rookh,' and I told him you had said that nothing had oftener brought tears into your eyes than that touching idea of the flower-gathering in 'The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan,' and he was evidently very much pleased and flattered by it, and said: 'I like to touch such a chord.'

"How you would have enjoyed yesterday! It was the most desirable and entertaining day I have passed since I came to London."

I cannot forbear making here an extract from a letter of X. relating in part to this rare little dinner, and one later at his own table, to which we shall come in our fourth number.

\* \* \* \* "She has no doubt told you of two dainty days with Rogers and Moore, but I doubt if she mentioned the happiness of a quotation she made, on the day when Rogers unexpectedly took us from our employments, which we finished at his house.

"Pleasure that comes unlooked-for is thrice welcome."

"I thought of it," said the venerable Bard of Memory, "but scarcely hoped that you would so far honor me."

"Fergusson passed the evening with us, and we had some music. I asked him, as he was so fond of listening, if he didn't sing a little himself. 'I'll tell you an anecdote of Sir Walter Scott,' said he, 'that will answer your question. One night, when I was staying at Abbotsford, Anne Scott had been singing to the accompaniment of her harp a Scotch ballad with a wail for the chorus. Sir Walter turned to me, saying in his strong Scotch accent: "Noo, Fergusson, gie us a howl."

"During one of my visits there," continued Dr. Fergusson, "among other guests was Hogg, 'the Ettrick Shepherd.' I heard a horrible noise in an adjoining room, and, after listening some moments to it, became alarmed, and said to my host: "What is that noise?" "Oh!" said he, "it's Hogg—just Hogg composing his verses. He always sings them as he writes them."

"Though he liked some rude strains, Scott could well attune his ear to softer music,

and was very fond of the Moore song X. sings, that ends:

"Short as the Persian's prayer, his prayer at close of day,  
Should be each vow of love's repeating.  
Quick let him worship beauty's precious ray,  
E'en while he kneels that ray is fleeting."

"He used to say, 'Come X., let me have that Persian's prayer;' and he would listen with great delight to the singing of it.

"They recalled an amusing story of an old servant who had lived with Scott for nearly a lifetime, and became very much spoiled. Sir Walter at last, out of patience with his sins of omission and commission, said:

"Donald, I think we must part."

"Part! why? Where's your honor going?"

"Of course peace was made, and Donald remained.

"They told sadly of the dear old man returning from Italy (where he went for his health), with his memory impaired. Mrs. Arkwright, who had set his 'Pirate's Farewell to Minna' to music, sang it to him. 'Those are very pretty verses,' said Sir Walter. 'Who wrote them?'

"Charles Scott, Sir Walter's second son, is a very clever, agreeable man. I see a good deal of him at the Lockharts', here and elsewhere. Sir Walter was most proud of his eldest son Walter, who is rather a dull fellow, but large and fine-looking. His father used to say that it was enough if a boy knew how to ride and speak the truth; those were the most important things.

"Charles Scott made me laugh about the visitors at Sir Walter's house and Melrose Abbey. See the Abbey by moonlight they must, because of the lines:

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

"And many a time," said Charles Scott, "when the moon was not convenient, I took a lantern to produce the effect."

[A few errors have crept into these letters, as published in the magazine, among them the following: On page 355 of the January No. the writer in speaking of Christopher Hughes and Mr. Coke is made to say, that "the former was afterward made Earl of Leicester." The reference was to Mr. Coke, who received his peerage in 1837 and died in 1842. Hughes, as is stated immediately after, was an American.]

## THE POETESS OF CLAP CITY.

THE editor of "The Clap City Gazette" called on me a week or two ago, and I must acknowledge that I have not seen a coat so aggressively fashionable, nor heard such wholesale political doctrines since I last visited that progressive town. The Clapites (as the editor remarked during this very call) "are always tip-top as to style, and they know how to hit the bull's-eye in weightier matters, too—politics, religion, and so on. Outside opinions, madam, that are not recognized in Clap City, I always find won't hold water."

Among other reminiscences of old acquaintances he gave me some information of Maria G. Heald. He regretted that her life had been so commonplace, for he had once confidently anticipated that she would take rank as the first poetess in America. "She had the ear-marks of genius from a child," he said, spreading his fingers furtively to look at the fit of his new kid gloves. "There can be no doubt that she possessed at one time a large share of—the divine afflatus. She carried that with her, indubitably."

There are so many people outside of Clap City who knew Maria in her youth, and formed similar high expectations of her future, that it occurs to me it might interest them to know what she really was.

Everybody who saw this girl at seventeen had, I think, a vague idea that they had met an exceptional character, whom some unusual destiny awaited, though they might not perhaps have diagnosed the "afflatus" as sharply as did the "Gazette" editor. I saw her first at a ball given by Mrs. Crawford, of "Crawford & Soss," the wholesale grocers in Clap City. Mrs. Crawford had just furnished the parlors of her new house with the gorgeous Brussels carpets, lace curtains, and Parian urns from Viti Viti's last auction, which were the outward types and things signified of Clap City aristocracy. The occasion was felt to be supreme in the world of fashion, and "culminated," according to a "Gazette" local item, "in a blaze of splendor. Everything was in perfect taste, from the glittering robes of satin embroidered in silver of the ladies, to the dulcet strains breathed by our friend Aleck Sower's brass band. Judge Hall of the Supreme Court, with his grand jury (selected from the best families of the

State) now in the city, contributed to the brilliancy of the occasion. The table was superb, especially the webs of spun sugar (from Stiles & Co., Main street). The hostess impressed all her guests with her high-breeding, and the justice of her claim to be leader of the *haut ton*." Such personal notices as this were not usual, however, and the reporter was loudly condemned by Mrs. Crawford as "a low fellow, who had no knowledge of the usages of genteel society."

Miss Heald was pointed out to me by Mrs. Crawford that evening. She sat in a corner, attired in the gray dress with lace at the throat, inevitable to heroines. The dress was a little shabby and the lace frayed. Her eyes were large, dark, and soft, her face singularly delicate in outline. "A girl who is a neighbor and very kind in sickness," Mrs. Crawford said, affably nodding toward her. "Remarkable for her intellectuality, but not—precisely—you understand—not of our circle. In fact, the daughter of—a tailor," in a whisper. "Poor thing! she does not care for dancing. Just observe how wrapped she is in the music! When that melancholy strain ended, her eyes were full of tears. Maria is always a prey to her emotions."

Maria's eyes were full of tears. When I knew her afterward she told me that music revealed to her the emptiness of life; led her, as Carlyle says, "to the edge of the Infinite, and bade her look down on that." But if she had been footing it away on the floor with the other girls, or if the miserable little parlor at home had been gorgeous with Brussels carpet and yellow brocatel, life would not have seemed so empty, perhaps, and infinity would have engrossed less of her attention. Mrs. Crawford, being a good-natured little body, invited the girl to her balls; but Clap City was not to be wheedled into any recognition of the offspring of tailors. She was under a social ban, trivial perhaps to us—but just as stringent and bitter to the soul as that borne by any other pariah.

Three or four years passed in this isolation, unnatural and unwholesome for any young creature. Certain low-lying hills surrounded the gaudy, dirty little mill town, and they seemed to her heated, morbid fancy to be impregnable bars—prison walls that shut her in, shut in her whole life. Outside was a

world—that was *not* Clap City. She thought there was a place waiting there for her. I do not really know how high she supposed that place to be. If it was on a level with Shakespeare we must remember that she had nothing by which to measure herself. Even the Clapites had come to regard her as the ugly duck that might turn out to be a swan. She had, in growing older, found the balls and satin trains—the whole scale of respectability and glory about her—shrink into an inch measure. She was open to influences of which these people knew nothing. The woods and the sky, music, and books had sights and sounds which they kept only for her.

Her final resolve to be an author was brought about by meeting young Roggin, one of the Concord, Mass., Roggins, you know, who all talk of standing on the primal verities, and are authorities on the limitations of human nature outside of New England, by virtue of having lived across the street from Emerson and Channing. This Adams Roggin came to Clap City to lecture. He wrote home to a Boston paper amusing, satirical letters of his tour through the backwoods, and dilated at length on the social atmosphere of this inland town, which “reminded him irresistibly of the flaring gas and stench of a kerosene lamp. It was refreshing to find a breath of genuine air and gleam of sunshine, which he had done in the person of a young and gifted girl. Her position among these people was as uncomfortable—not as that of the well-known bull in a china shop—but rather, let us say, as a bit of china in the bull’s pen. This girl had something to say to the world, and when the day came, would, he prophesied, speak her message.” He sent a copy of the paper to Maria, with his respects and best wishes.

After that accolade she felt that her long vigil was over; the hour had come for deeds of high emprise and victory. She began to send poems and essays off by every mail to all the magazines then known—“The Knickerbocker,” “Atlantic,” “Sartain,” etc., etc. Back came the big yellow envelopes, sometimes with the editor’s (printed) thanks for the opportunity of reading the manuscript, and always—the manuscript. Maria’s heart was wrenched, but not appalled; success was sure. Had she not heard the voice calling her to utter her message? To what purpose would have been these years of neglect, of solitude, of suffering, and all the immortal longings within, if not to fit her for this high and noble work?

Just about this time an accident happened to Maria which will occur to women with vocations—she married. Her husband was a son of this very Mrs. Crawford: Tatham, or Tat, as he was popularly called. The way it came about was this: Tat had gone off to New Orleans, according to the habit of young fellows in the West and South at that time, to “see life.” He came back in such a condition that old Mr. Crawford (a moderate drinker and elder in the First Church) would not let him cross his virtuous threshold. Tat disappeared into the purlieus of the city, and one hot day, Maria, passing through “the Commons,” saw him literally in the gutter fighting with some black fellow, well pummeled already, and in danger of being killed outright. She passed through the crowd, took him by the arm and led him away; and I have no doubt that Tat, who was a silly, affectionate fellow at bottom, even when sober, thought she looked, white dress and all, like a saint or Madonna, or something of like heavenly quality. The end of it was, that he took the pledge and went to work, but came clothed, and in his right mind, to sit at Maria’s feet, and never thereafter budged from that position. She was his saviour, his hope, his all. He had swept and garnished his heart for her to enter in; if she forsook him he would take back the seven devils again. Whereupon Maria, who always had loved the lad, “turned her back on her vocation for the present,” as she wrote to me, and married him. Clap City was astonished at the good luck of the tailor’s daughter, Tat being indisputably of the *haute volée*. It was but a month or two after the marriage that Crawford & Soss became bankrupt, and Tatham and Maria went their way to the muddy little town of Cairo, Illinois, to scratch for themselves. I heard of them from year to year. The children came fast; I never knew just how many, as they always were bulletined in platoons. “Four had the measles,” or “five were getting through with the chicken-pox.” Maria opened a boarding-house, did machine sewing by the yard, taught a primer school, sold “truck” and butter,—in one way or another kept the wolf from the door. Tat was quite as indefatigable in his way; he was the best-natured, most energetically friendly fellow in Cairo. He built chicken coops for all the neighbors, planted trees in the public square, was ready to drive a nail, put on a coat of paint, or make a speech for anybody who asked him. And, as he (being one of the blue blood) could not be paid



except in drinks, they were plenty enough—from champagne at the Judge's suppers, to his morning's bitters, shared with Staggs, the drayman.

There is no need to dwell on this part of the story. I saw Maria when, for the third time, she brought Tat to the inebriate asylum in Media. I dreaded to go down, when she sent up her name, picturing a gaunt, haggard creature, the very ideal of the drunkard's wife. Instead, a picturesquely dressed beautiful woman hurried to meet me, with healthy changing color, dark eyes ready to melt or flash, and a curiously tender, magnetic voice and smile.

"She had accompanied Tatham to consult his physician about his disease. It *was* a disease, oinomania,—and hereditary. Nobody could blame him, poor fellow! certainly. The children were well, except the twins, who were teething. And she—oh! busy, of course. But this part of her life was only play," with sudden earnestness, "only accumulating material for her real work."

She was the most live human being I had met for years. She threw off suggestive ideas as a battery would electric flashes. Her observations on the fraction of the world which she had seen were shrewd as intuitions; her emotions were as ready to master her as of old, but the tear and laugh were healthy, and no more morbid than those of a child. An hour's talk with her was as exhilarating as new-made wine.

"But, in all your money-making schemes, why did you never go back to your vocation, and write for publication, Maria?"

She blushed. She never used to blush when she was a girl.

"Because it *is* my vocation" she said, "I could not bring myself to sell my birth-right for a mess of pottage. If fortune comes to me through my pen, that is all very well; but I must write with a higher success as my aim. I have—" coughing nervously—"I have begun a poem; a book in which I shall utter myself; all that has been given to me to say."

"Meanwhile?"

"Meanwhile we are living very comfortably on the proceeds of our truck-patch, even saving money. I am a close business manager."

"I think you are wrong—"

But, before I could argue the point, Miss Aiken came in, known to the reading world as the author of "Words of Woods and Waters." I knew what these words had

been to Maria and many other women of affluent, sensitive nature. Her eyes darkened and her breath came quicker, as she discovered who was the spare, spectacled little woman. Presently, a good deal frightened, in a few simple words she thanked her for the help her book had given her.

"Yes, yes," said Miss Aiken, nodding sharply. "A great many people say so; very profuse in thanks, very profuse. Don't buy the book, though. Put my best work on that vollum, half my mental capital, compacted it down. The publisher (you know old Z., he's a man to skin a flea, as you Western people would put it), he told me women were too diffuse; so I wasted stuff in that book which would have made a dozen magazine articles at ten dollars the page. These papers on our city charities which I'm furnishing to the 'Sunday Age' pay me fifteen per cent. better, besides the honorarium which the president or philanthropist puffed, almost always sends me the next day. Gave the Whitton asylum a superb notice yesterday, and only got twenty dollars this morning. I call that shabby in old Whitton."

Maria rose hastily. Her plump cheeks were quite pale when we reached the hall. "You see I was right," she said. "Let me keep to my cabbages and potatoes as long as I want to turn a penny. Some day—*some day*—" and her eyes burned.

Tat was sent home "improved," and came back again the next year. His disease was unconquerable, and so was his good-nature. Like so many others who come to this asylum, he was the most lovable, helpful fellow in the world. The last summer he spent there he employed in making a doll-house for the child of the washer-woman, that was a fairy palace, a marvel of skill and industry.

Soon after that, Maria came back to Clap City to live, and invested her little savings in a factory for making plantation carts. Then the war began, and the firm took a contract for army wagons.

"That is nearly fifteen years ago," said the editor of the "Gazette," "and Maria Crawford is now a very wealthy woman. Tatham is dead long ago. He had a happy life, poor fellow! after all. She kept him clean in body and soul; tried to make a Christian of him in spite of his weakness, and she has taught her children to look on him as a model of every manly virtue. The worst of it is, she believes it too. She loved him so, and her imagination colors everything, undoubtedly. She belongs to the

*genus irritabile vatum.* Pardon me! I don't often use the dead languages before the fair sex, but they express our ideas with such nicety. Yes, Mrs. Crawford has made a great success in life—has placed one of her boys in West Point, another at Annapolis. Oh, all kinds of good luck fall in her way. She is such a magnetic, attractive woman. Her children absolutely worship her. Honest, honorable fellows, the boys; the girls, beautiful creatures! They are thoroughly taught by their mother. Mrs. Crawford, in fact, leads the town. New people have moved in—Yankees—during the war, who appreciate culture and that sort of thing beyond birth. For her boys' sake she makes her house gay. She molds the young people as she pleases, and the tone of society is much quieter than it used to be; simply rich people cannot push themselves in. Society, you will think, is terribly disintegrated in Clap City when the house of a tailor's daughter is considered the gate of admission to all that is really refined and well bred. But we can hope for nothing better in this chaotic country," with a sigh, rubbing his knees. "Besides, her children ought to occupy a good position. Tatham belonged indisputably to the aristocracy."

The editor had risen to go. I ventured on another question.

"Mrs. Crawford has given up her intention of writing a poem?"

"On the contrary," with a delighted air of mystery, patting his coat pocket, "I have it here. It is her life work, the expression of herself. I am going to dispose of it in New York. I shall ask a fine price for it, I assure you. These crowing cocks of publishers are sharp-eyed. They know a diamond from a grain of corn."

P. S. I received a letter from the "Gazette" editor to-day. He had "offered the manuscript to New York, Philadelphia, and Boston publishers, but in vain. It 'was not the right length,' 'poetry was a drug,' 'the season was unfavorable,' were the reasons I was to give Mrs. Crawford. Privately they told me it was trash. Can it be that this gifted woman has waited too long and so missed her vocation? Is she to die nameless, her work undone? Is her message to the world never to be delivered?"

So ran the editor's lament. But as I folded his letter, I felt inclined to question whether Maria's message had not been delivered in words more full of life than any which printer had ever set in type, and were not as sure of carrying their weight of meaning to coming generations as any immortal ode or epic.

After all, was not Dr. Holmes's dirge sung over an empty grave? Were there ever "voiceless singers" since time began? Would it be possible for them to "die, with all their music in them"—even in Clap City?

## TWO ANCIENT LANDMARKS.

### THE KNOX MANSION.

THE command, "Remove not the ancient landmark," is held in light esteem in our day and generation. The recent destruction of General Knox's old home, in Maine, is perhaps not generally known, though the long indifference with which it had been regarded foretold its slow but sure decay.

The Knox House stood on the banks of the St. George's River, in Thomaston, near the site of an old fort erected in colonial times, for defense against the French and Indians. In the rear of the mansion there were several neat buildings—the stables, the servants' lodgings, and the cook-house.

"Beautifully at the water's edge sat this

sumptuous villa," writes the old historian of the town, "as it first caught the eye and struck the lofty mind of Mrs. Knox." A French nobleman who was a guest here describes the mansion as "a handsome, though not magnificent structure." But the enthusiastic chronicler hastens to explain that the Duke brought his ideas of magnificence from degenerate and luxurious France.

General Knox took up his abode here, in 1795, and the family made the journey from Philadelphia to Thomaston in a sloop. "Montpelier," as Mrs. Knox called her new home in the wilderness, excited the wonder and admiration of the village. The General owned a vast tract of land in this vicinity, which he wished to settle with a tenantry,

after the English fashion. To encourage the speedy settlement of the country, he interested himself in various kinds of business.



THE KNOX MANSION, THOMASTON, MAINE.

He built ships and saw-mills, and engaged in brick-making and lime-burning; he imported game from Massachusetts, and new breeds of cattle and sheep from England. His hospitality was unbounded, and his house was thronged with guests, many of whom were distinguished foreigners. Wonderful stories are told of the grand style of living in vogue at the mansion. It is said that twenty sheep were often consumed in a week, and that oxen were roasted whole before the immense fire-places; that the General kept twenty saddle-horses in his stable; and that he had a road cut for a pleasure party to a neighboring mountain, still a favorite place for picnics, at the expense of five hundred dollars, a great sum in those days. It is even stated that he extended his hospitality so far as to invite the whole tribe of Penobscot Indians to make him a visit; and that when these strange visitors had feasted for weeks on the General's bounty, he remarked, "Now we have had a good time, and you'd better go home." How much of all this is true, and how much mere tradition, it is now impossible to determine. But it is certain that the General was very extravagant,

and no doubt the family lived in a style which in those days seemed little short of princely. Mrs. Knox was a haughty English-woman, and had little intercourse with the towns-people, who always called her Lady Knox. She entertained her aristocratic friends, and visited them in turn, spending the winters in Boston, where she was fond of risking large sums of money at the card-table. She was small in person, but had so stately an air that people were apt to think her very tall. Many anecdotes are told in illustration of Lady Knox's pride. One day, says tradition, her carriage, the only one in the village,

broke down, and it was necessary to dismount while some temporary repairs were made. A kind-hearted woman, who lived near the scene of the accident, invited Lady Knox to take refuge in her house, but she preferred to stand in the muddy street. Near the mansion was an ancient burial-ground, and the gravestones were a con-



THE CORNWALLIS HOUSE, CAMDEN, S. C.

stant eye-sore to the pleasure-loving lady. According to the village historian quoted above, "they interrupted her gayety by the

unwelcome thoughts of death;" but her husband would not consent to have them removed. After his death the offending stones were thrown down. Another version has it that the deed was done in the General's absence from home, and that when he returned, in his vexation "he tore his hair with both hands."

The General was personally very popular, but many of his enterprises failed, and little by little his land slipped from his grasp. His death was caused by swallowing a chicken bone. His proud lady lived to see the fickleness of fortune, and then was laid by her husband's side.

Hawthorne visited "Montpelier" in 1837, and pronounced it "a ruinous old mansion, with some grandeur of architecture." It was then occupied by the youngest daughter of General Knox, a very agreeable and amiable woman. But family pride forbade her to sell an inch of land, and she contrived to live and keep up a certain appearance of style on her small income of six hundred a year. The daughters of Lady Knox were not so exclusive as their mother, and sometimes invited a neighbor in to spend the day. On such occasions, great baskets of old letters were produced, after dinner, for the entertainment of the guest. Many of these letters bore the signatures of Washington, Lafayette, and other celebrities, and one can imagine the glow of pride with which they were unfolded. There is something pathetic in the picture,—that little group of women in the desolate old mansion, trying to forget the present in the faded glories of the past.

In 1854 the last child of Knox died, and the heirs sold the house and furniture at auction. The latter was bought by people of the town, who exhibit with pride the old-fashioned, well-worn sideboards, the handsome plate and dainty wine-glasses that once belonged to Lady Knox. Even the remains of the honored dead were not suffered to rest in the family vault, but were transported, without any ceremony, to the village church-yard. These proceedings caused not a little indignation among the townspeople.

In 1860 "Montpelier" was occupied by the families of ship-builders, and was fast crumbling into ruins. All but two of the out-buildings—the brick stable and the farm-house—had been removed. The woodbine, which clung to the walls as if trying to hide the ravages of time, only added to the general appearance of desolation. No traces remained of the piazzas and balconies which formerly surrounded the mansion, and the

American Eagle which once guarded the entrance to the spacious grounds had folded his carved wings and fallen from his perch. The view from the flat roof was perhaps as beautiful as when Lady Knox stood there to survey her broad domains, and watch the course of the river past its wild banks. But thrifty villages had sprung up where the General intended to have forests and parks. The very entrance to the grounds was known as Knox street, and was lined with rows of handsome houses. The front yard, which sloped to the water, had been transformed from a smooth lawn to a ship-yard, and was filled with piles of lumber and the noise of busy workmen. A few trees were left standing before the old house, to toss their great branches in mute protest at the desecration of what should be sacred ground. A long flight of rickety steps led up to the front of the mansion, but the huge brass knocker which was wont to announce the stranger, and which bore the General's peculiar signature, "Knox," had fallen a prey to curiosity hunters. A few years later the mansion was abandoned by its tenants. The large oval reception-room, where Louis Philippe, Talleyrand, and other distinguished guests had been welcomed, was used for a carpenter's shop. The wall-paper originally bore some faint resemblance to tapestry, but many of the antique figures had been torn down, or mutilated, by the ruthless hands of visitors. An air of sadness pervaded the rooms where once thronged brilliant assemblies. Up and down the long, wide staircases trooped shadows of the past. It was like "some banquet hall deserted." Strangers scolded and mourned in turn over this neglect. People acknowledged that it was a disgrace to the town, and then forgot all about it. At one time an effort was made to obtain, by subscription, the necessary funds with which to restore the noble old ruin, and it was proposed to keep it in repair by charging an admission fee to the numerous strangers who visited it every summer. But the people, however disposed in theory to reverence past greatness, were bound up in the present, and the project failed.

About three years ago the tottering structure, stately even in its decay, was pulled down, to make way for the Knox & Lincoln Railroad, and the farm-house was converted into a dépôt. Thus the shrill whistle of the engine has drowned the voices of the past, and the busy tide of American life has swept away every vestige of this ancient landmark, the home of Washington's friend.

## THE CORNWALLIS HOUSE.

It is well known to every reader of American history that Camden, South Carolina, with the circumjacent country, was the scene of two of the most important battles of the Revolution, as well as of no less than fourteen skirmishes. Here the self-confident Gates met with his memorable defeat, and many of the old trees in the vicinity yet bear scars of the battle, as monuments commemorating the humiliation of selfish pride, or more properly, perhaps, the death of the unselfish and illustrious Baron De Kalb. Here Greene was defeated by the British in the battle of Hobkirk's Hill; and William Washington, Marion, Sumter, and Lee fought in its vicinity many of the partisan encounters which gave them so just a title to the admiration and esteem of their fellow-countrymen.

There are some legends based upon the exploits of these conflicts still extant among the credulous denizens of the nursery, who never weary of hearing from the awe-inspiring old nurses, of a combatant who was carried by his horse, after complete decapitation, from Hobkirk's Hill, the northern boundary of the present town, to Pine Tree Creek, two miles south; or of certain supernatural sounds which had been heard by some in parts of the territory on which the battle of Hobkirk had been fought.

On a gentle eminence south of the town stood a handsome old residence (the subject of the accompanying sketch), which, though possessing no intrinsic value, was highly prized by all as a very interesting relic of the Revolution. Its dilapidated apartments; its deserted halls; its creaking, infirm stairways; and its walls, which echoed back, with startling distinctness, each footstep or utterance of the visitor, possessed a charm for the young and superstitious.

The house was built by Col. Joseph Kershaw, an enterprising pioneer of central South Carolina, several years prior to the Revolution, with materials imported from England, and was his elegant and comfortable residence until shortly after the fall of Charleston, in 1780, when the British troops overran the State. Lord Cornwallis, upon his arrival in Camden, during the summer of the same year, took possession of it as

his headquarters, and Mrs. Kershaw (Col. Kershaw, her husband, being at that time a prisoner in the West Indies) was subjected to the many trials and indignities inseparable from the circumstances. Each subsequent arrival of British officers in Camden, among them the merciless Lord Rawdon, brought a repetition of the same indignities, only in an intensified degree, until Mrs. Kershaw, unable longer to endure them, with the permission of the commanding officer, sought refuge in a small house, built in the swamp of the Wateree River.

The mansion fronted to the west, and immediately south of it, only a few hundred yards distant, in the thick pine grove, stretched the long line of American fortifications, the remains of which are still to be seen. Tradition says that an American sharpshooter, hidden in the thicket, aimed at a party of British officers, who were playing cards in the south-eastern room of the third story, and killed one. A spot of blood on the floor, said to have been the Englishman's, always remained an object of interest to visitors. After the evacuation of Camden by the British, the old mansion was again occupied by its owners, and General Greene's wife, who was then passing through the country on horseback, protected by a detachment of cavalry, became an inmate of its hospitable walls for several days. Upon the open slope in front of the house Gen. Lafayette was received, on his visit to Camden, in 1825, by a large concourse of citizens. And most of the public gatherings, military and other reviews, since the Revolution, were held there.

The name of the old residence, "Cornwallis House," and its history, together with the remains of the old revolutionary cannon which had been planted in front of the house, were ever a fruitful source of interest to strangers visiting Camden.

In the latter part of the late war many commissary stores were placed in the house, on which account it fell a prey to the flames when Howard's corps of Gen. Sherman's army passed through Camden, in 1865.

Around the prostrate ruins the same pleasant associations cluster, and the old cannon yet remains to tell to future generations the same old story which has been told here.



## NEW ENGLAND AND HER CHURCH.\*

THAT small district of our country called New England is certainly very peculiar. Its characteristics are worth anybody's studying up. For two hundred and fifty years now, a steady, hardy people, up there among the hills and mountains, have been working out their problems, and pushing their purposes into success.

A philosopher will put his knuckle to the knob of a Leyden jar, and at one rapid flash will get all the electricity there is in it, whether it be enough to amuse a pupil or enough to kill an ox. But no one will be able to fully discharge New England of its inexplicable majesty and force by merely touching it with the epithet of Yankee. Something more than shrewd ingenuity lies at the bottom of Connecticut character; just as there is something more than wooden clocks which comes out of Connecticut industry.

A stranger visiting any one of those Eastern States, would meet no gushing welcome at the start. A sedate quiet reigns almost everywhere, not easily disturbed unless some one comes to settle down. Yet he would make a vast mistake if he called the people stolid, or imagined them cold. When somebody asked Tom Brown at Rugby what he supposed it was to be a man, he answered in substance that he thought it was the holding out against something, and the not giving in. There is a good deal of that sort of manhood in the Yankee region. And there is a good deal of that sort of womanhood alongside of it, with a slight difference—it consists of holding in. Reserved power is the secret of New England education. And when the result is distributed, it would seem as if men got the best part of the power, and women the largest part of the reserve.

During the late war, we all heard such rough things said as men's maliciousness prompted. Most of us remember the gentle suggestion that if somebody would just scuttle New England and let it sink, we could settle our difficulties in a season. Cold, rigid conscientiousness concerning right and wrong, was really at a discount among peace men in 1864. But everybody knows that the latest and honestest effort for full harmony and help came from the same men who once deemed it their highest

honor to go to old John Brown's funeral. Not a year ago, I saw in Mount Auburn Cemetery, a month after Decoration Day, the broad bars of a Confederate flag at the head of one of the graves, and nobody thought of disturbing it.

One thing is certain: out of these singular customs, hard theologies, social repressions, enumerate them as you will, has come a race of the grandest men and women on this Western continent. One does not get through with his conversation when he has told his witty stories about the irrepressible peddlers, and the embarrassing tricks and the nasal twang. When he has finished the ridicule, he is ready for the common sense. When he has said Yankee, he has something to say besides Doodle. He has a fresh picture to paint after he has dashed off the familiar caricature, representing the white hat, the expansive umbrella, the striped pantaloons held down with sheepskin straps, the blue coat with brass buttons—all the adornments, forsooth, which grace the figure, with the inevitable peaked nose, keen eyes, long hair, and lank wrists of Brother Jonathan. That may be New England; but there is a mighty measure more of New England than that, and better worth the time of sensible people to talk of.

The truth is, the strength and attractiveness of all real character "down East" center in the preservation of personal individuality. Men and women rub against each other, but manage to keep unchanged. Last summer we saw on the beach of Cape Ann that singular tract or sea-shore called the Musical Strand. The grains of sand send up a faint musical sound as the foot slides over them. We were told that in the night, when the air is still, the waves, pushing up against the dry particles, and then receding, will urge out at least three distinct notes in turn. The only explanation of this phenomenon seems to be that the sand is composed of particles of granite, worn off the surface of the ridge with which the shore is barricaded, and that their edges are not at all rounded by attrition. They have been rolled up and down for these unreckoned years, just as any other mass is rolled, under the action of tide and tempest; but they have kept their shape without being worn away. Examine them carefully, and one sees as well as feels that they remain sharp at every point, often keen

\* "The Genesis of the New England Churches."  
By the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D. Harper & Bros.

as a pin and thin as a wafer. Hurry them, when hot and dry, against each other, and they will vibrate like so many pieces of steel.

A not unfitting figure this of New England people. They owe the hardness they exhibit to the nature they bear. They keep the essentials of the original rock. They must have come into being by cooling after some volcanic action of fire; it is not possible they could ever have been stratified in the ooze. Their independence of preserved personality constitutes their integral character. They have all the jostling that other folks have, but they do not wear down. And if rhetoric will let us this once force the fancy, we may say it is their individualism which gives them the true ring, their strong originality which makes them musical.

When the venerable Dr. Bacon dedicated his volume to "all who love the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers," he probably understood perfectly that such a summons gave him a magnificently wide audience. And he would have reached pretty much the same class of persons had he spoken of those who loved and cherished New England. Not much given to sentimentalism are we all, scattered through the land and the world; but it may as well be said once in awhile that there are hearts loyal and true, in many a clime far away from those six little States by the Atlantic, whose breasts swell with emotion, and whose eyes are sometimes moist with tears, as they think of their early homes and friends among New England hills. There are in this world some quiet people, who can never believe there is anywhere a stream more beautiful than the Connecticut—or that there can be any fairer meadows than those around Northampton, elms nobler than those shadowing the avenue in New Haven, mountains greener than those remembered slopes in Vermont—or that there ever were or will be manlier men or purer women in the world, than dwell to-day in that Yankee region where the graves of our fathers lie beneath the shadows of the village church. And we are ready to listen, with all reverence and affection, when one so competent to speak as the author of this volume seeks to get our ear.

The reason why outsiders cannot understand New England is, that they suppose that all our States in this Union are republican. Whereas, those six Eastern States are purely monarchical. They have a sovereign of their own up there—a queen

—and her name is Public Opinion. She belongs to the ancient dynasty of *On Dit*.

No reigning majesty ever wielded a more absolute sway. On the whole, generous and genteel, sometimes hard, and, unfortunately, unjust; not infrequently mistaken, but commonly quick to make reparation and correct failures; settled, hereditary, and unquestionably ubiquitous and prompt in rendering decisions—Public Opinion is the Monarch of New England, and has been throned from the beginning. She assumed majesty the moment the Pilgrims touched Plymouth Rock; and she passes in royal visitation every season through the length of the land, and pauses for liege honors at the foot of each liberty-pole in the town. Very decent and respectable are her ways; but she knows how to govern.

Now here is a book, religious and yet readable—intensely denominational, yet provoking nobody to contention—bristling with statistics and dates, yet never dry in details—written by a minister, pastor of one church more than forty years, under the eaves of a great college, yet never heavy with sermonizing, nor dull with useless learning; on the whole, as interesting as a story—indeed, just a story.

Thirty-five years ago, Dr. Bacon published a volume of "Historical Discourses" on the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of the honored church in New Haven whose pastor he was. These made him in wide measure known as a diligent and successful student of New England history. The characteristics he then displayed are evident in the volume before us. To the thoroughness and microscopic fidelity of an antiquary, he has added a shrewdness in the discernment of character and the weighing of events, which could only belong to a man of active and close familiarity with practical life, yet enthusiastic and thoroughly sympathetic in all that concerns the faith, the fidelity, the heroism, of those early founders of New England. Anybody can see in this book what has fashioned Dr. Bacon; and anybody can see in Dr. Bacon what has fashioned this book. It tells, to be sure, the story which has been often told; but it is a grand story, which will bear telling and telling again.

The peculiarity of the narrative, as now presented, lies in the adroit arrangement with reference to an end. It takes hold of a series of facts—gathered from annals of more than eighteen centuries in age—and compacts them into argument. It is simply,

therefore, a treatise on Congregationalism—nothing more, nothing less. Yet in it no fair man can find an unfair sentence. It is admirable in its absence of self-consciousness.

The interesting thing to us in the volume is this: it assumes to tell us where New England got New Englandism; at any rate, it does tell us where Dr. Bacon believes it got it.

When he used the word "Genesis" in the title, one expected him to begin pretty far back in the rehearsal. In tender mercy for Israel, however, the "elders" of which might be sensitive, he commences the story of the Pilgrims with the "New Testament." He finds his and their theory of church polity there; then he finds it elsewhere; then he finds it everywhere. And, certainly, we all admit he finds it now in perfect trim in most high places of good old New England.

Now, not in irony, least of all in contradiction, but in simple-hearted content, one feels constrained to call attention to the ease and vivacity with which his pen glides along over this congenial recapitulation. He seems happy as a prince. Really, it is glorious to contemplate a man who believes something, and is satisfied to state it.

\* And those who have continued to follow Dr. Bacon's long history are quite aware that he never is so much at home as when at this familiar work of identifying the principles of Apostolic and Puritan times. His acquaintance with other themes is wide, and his experience valuable. But this is the field of his delighted choice.

When I was at Princeton, I remember we used to look out of the windows of the seminary, and just next door, half hidden by the bushes, the beloved Dr. Addison Alexander would often be out on his favorite walk for exercise. It was a most unromantic path; short, straight as an arrow, stone-flagged, having a thick hedge on each side, and a picket-fence at each end. His study-door opened directly upon it. In the intervals of laborious research, he would suddenly start out for an hour's perambulation. There he would promenade backward and forward, till we grew nervous with watching. We used to call that line in the front yard Addison's Walk. They said he loved it very, very much indeed. And, certainly, he knew every inch of it. And when his short, thick-set form would grow erect, and his step beat firmly, we knew that there he felt he was not only his own master, but master of the position.

Reading this book reminded me of that sight. There is certainly one place where Dr. Bacon feels at home. If he understands anything, he understands the Congregational polity. If he loves anything, he loves the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. The very hymn with which he prefaces this volume, all New England people have been singing for years. He walks in this path as if he were keeping time to its long-meter rhythm, and humming "Duke Street." Not that he is a bigoted or narrow-minded man; not that he is a sectarian at all. He knows as much of what is the other side of the hedge and the picket as any other man; and, I believe, respects everybody, and cherishes all the charities. But he likes this path he walks in. For years he has taken his exercise, perambulating in it to and fro; and gone out for a stroll whenever he has had a chance. He steps up briskly. Here is a man who believes in his church. And even to us, who do not absolutely follow him (living out of New England), it is a comfort to watch him so happy in his chosen "walk."

Living out of New England—for that is the exact point. For there are only two Congregational churches in fifty years in New York; and during the last ten years six Presbyterian and several Episcopal congregations have been set up in Boston. Why is this? Anybody of quiet inquisitiveness would ask after reading this volume, why the Pilgrim traditions, with all the New Testament behind them, have not established themselves everywhere. With all deference, I think some explanation is found in the characteristic peculiarity of New England, as has been pointed out. Nowhere out of those six States is public opinion the ruling power. It is said by some that even this is on the wane. But public opinion was the queen bee of the Pilgrims, who swarmed out of Leyden and lodged over the sea.

In every scheme of government, whether civil or ecclesiastical, it is evident there must be strength somewhere. Once in conversation I was told by one of the leaders of New England that the main glory of the Congregational order was centered in its weakness. It was not possible it could oppress anybody. Just at the supreme moment when it was likely to bear hard it suddenly ceased to bear at all. It had no power to pursue; it could only retire away from a culprit. It could not be unjust, for it simply said at the utmost, you take your way and we take ours.

How can such a government be expected to live? Why, it could live admirably in the millennium. And the next thing to it would be a fine, high, sensitive popular sentiment. And New England public opinion sustained the New England church as the hoops sustain a barrel they cling to—outside force around interior nothingness. And that day will be a hard, sad day for New England, if ever public opinion becomes—what it is in some quarters I am not writing about.

When I was a boy, there was a man in our town who had been "disciplined" in the village church. Now, understand; discipline in Vermont and Connecticut means only the withdrawal of fellowship. And the minister and his Christian people simply said, we are to have no more to do with you in religious life. But that fixed an awful remembrance upon him. Afterward everybody spoke sorrowfully, plaintively of him, with hushed breath. There was something awful in the careful kindness with which he was always treated. We children looked upon him with half pity and half alarm. Nobody who has not lived under the pressure of a social force like this can possibly appreciate it. Any true account of it seems like an exaggeration. A man here in New York may be excommunicated from a church and not one person in two thousand hear of it, and not one in ten thousand care. But in my early days an act of non-intercourse was as effective as Cain's mark.

New England is one vast Congregational church and society, modeled after a pattern given in the Puritan mount. It atones for its intense individualism by a loyalty quite as intense to conserve its violence. It was no sarcasm that twenty years ago called *thinking* the "Connecticut sin." But then remember that thinkers respect thought as Buddhists respect Buddha. Public opinion is made up of what the great public opines. And so even the best thinker can kneel before public opinion with a feeling queerly composed of a subject's loyalty and a devotee's worship.

The living product of this singular training is found in a most remarkable race—firm, true, original, bright, self-possessed, and strong beyond estimate. It is to be hoped that this volume will help much to strengthen the sentiment which has made the Atlantic States what they are, from Maine to Rhode Island.

For a man who has been so long a some-

what conspicuous figure in the history of his times, both civil and ecclesiastical, as Dr. Bacon has, it was likely that there would be found little after his departure in the way of literary remains. He must be now over seventy years of age. Hitherto he has not committed much of his acquisitions to paper. And the worst of it is, he has never seemed to care for such considerations.

Half a century ago Dr. Bacon's public life may be said to have commenced. He early had the sagacity to discern his own gift, and foresaw in what way he could be most useful. His friends then knew that he somewhat deliberately chose to be a man of affairs rather than a man of letters; to make his mark—whether that should prove to be more or less considerable—upon his own generation; to "act for the living present." Into the very midst of the heaviest activities of his professional association, this young man, full of energy, and hope, and fire, came somewhat unexpectedly. He was a leader at the start.

And what a personal history he has made since for these inexhaustible seasons! He has labored industriously and incessantly, and this has put him into prominence everywhere where there was work to be done. In New England, if you want any one of a thousand Yankee notions, you can go anywhere. But if you are after biographies, and society histories and college annals, you will save time by just looking up Dr. Leonard Bacon.

It is of the greatest moment that such a man is now, being relieved of his pastorate, getting into print. He has a practical knowledge worth its weight in gold. As an observer of current events he is wonderfully attentive and acute. Discussion of vexed questions has not been considered ended till he has had his say; and generally his opponents preferred to speak after he sat down. There is one man in New York of whom his neighbors are very proud, and he has been called "the best parade-horse ever ridden on review." Dr. Bacon has been a most notable General in his day, and he has usually preferred something besides sham-fights in a meadow.

Now, we hear much about theories of history and philosophies of events. It is refreshing to meet a work by a practical man with a half century of common-sense behind him. If he would follow this "Genesis of the New England Churches" with just four other volumes of a New England Pentateuch, he would stir Cotton Mather's

soul, which still lives somewhere in New England, with satisfaction. Indeed, it is intimated in private circles that he expects to publish a "Puritan Exodus." And if he would go into the mixed relations of Church and State in those old colonies, it would make a quite respectable Leviticus.

But what many of us would relish more than this would be a biography of his own

life and times. If some sketchy and truthful man would give us the history, not so much of that forty years' pastorate as of the man that filled it, putting in something of his incomparable table-talk, rehearsing some of his debates, picturing him alongside of contemporaries,—that would be worth reading. He might call that book Joshua, if he wanted a name for it.

### THE THRONE OF ATTILA.

O WRINKLED lion of St. Mark,  
Sailing through thine thousand isles  
Some sunny summer yesterdays,  
By unknown boats through unknown bays,  
Whose sad sweet beauty still beguiles  
My somber, silent, hearse-like bark,—  
My bark of crossed and yellow sail  
And prow in steely coat of mail,—  
Below the Tyrol's peaks of snow  
And grass-grown causeways well below,  
Did touch Torcello.

Once a-land,  
I took a sea-shell in my hand,  
And blew like any trumpeter.  
My gondolier leaned on his oar,  
Looked up amazed, but did not stir.  
Back from a further island shore  
Came rolling on in echoes clear  
Mine own wild note, but nothing more  
Was heard or seen in all the land.  
Yet here stood Venice once, and here  
Attila came with sword and flame,  
And set his throne of hollowed stone  
In her high mart.

And it remains.  
The crowded city, cruel king,  
Has long since passed; yet all alone  
There sits that massive, empty throne.  
I turned me down the grassy lanes,  
By cattle paths grass-grown and dim,  
And through the lone wood silent walked.  
A bent, old beggar, white, like one  
For better fruitage blossoming,  
Came on. And as he came he talked  
Unto himself, for there were none  
In all that isle to answer him.



I climbed and sat that throne of stone.  
Alas for prophecy! Alone,  
In silent mockery of this,  
It stands in wild sweet grasses set;  
Aye, girdled deep in long strong grass  
And Spanish clover, such as has  
Usurped the Occident and grows  
On Sacramento's sundown hills,  
And all the verdant valley fills  
With fragrance sweet and delicate  
As wooing breath of woman is.

What prophecy was his! He said  
"No grass shall grow where my steeds tread!"  
O King! thy very throne to-day  
Is hid and sunk in waving grass.  
Sometimes the careless gypsies pass,  
And wonder at this hollowed stone.  
Betimes some pilgrim steers this way,  
And wearied sits him here alone,  
And contemplates the rise and fall  
Of proud and puny man.

You hear

The sometime song of gondolier  
Afar and faint. Then fishermen  
Sometimes draw boats upon this shore,  
When sudden storms blow sharp, and then  
Sometimes the Celt or turbaned Turk,  
Half pirate, has some midnight work  
To do herein, but that is all—  
A grass-grown throne and nothing more.

Some snails had climbed the throne and writ  
Their silver monograms on it  
In unknown tongue. I sat thereon  
And blew again my loud sea-shell;  
Blew loud, and strong, and long and well;  
Then rested, waiting for reply.

Some cows that fed in lanes hard by  
Looked up. A cow-herd came  
From out the grass in hairy skin,  
Half clad, nor yet half tame,  
And wildly stared; then turned and fled.  
The gay old beggar bared his head,  
My only subject, brave and true,  
Then spoke—and asked me for a *son*.

Venice, 1874.

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## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## The Indecencies of Criticism.

THE uses of competent and candid criticism are various. The first is to assist the public in arriving at a just judgment of the various productions of literature and art, and the enlightenment and correction of their producers. Nothing that passes for, or pretends to be, criticism, is worthy of the name, that does not accomplish these objects; and these results, in various forms, may be grouped under the head of information. The next object is one of education. The processes of criticism are educational, both to the critic and to the public. The study of the various forms of art—literary, architectural, pictorial, plastic; the discussion of relations, proportions, details; the exposition of the rules of construction as they relate to the body of a work, and of vitalizing principle, purpose and taste, as they relate to its spirit—all these are educational. They fit not only the public, but the critic himself, to judge of other works. They assist in building up a public judgment, and in training the public mind for the trial of that which comes before it for sentence. The office of criticism is one of the most important, dignified, and difficult, that a writer is ever called upon to assume. It requires not only a sound head but a good heart. It calls not only for wide knowledge, fine intellectual gifts, and a closely discriminating judicial mind, but for a catholicity of sympathy and a broad good-will that will enable a man to handle his materials without prejudice, and lead him to his work with the wish to find, and the purpose to exhibit, all of worthiness it possesses. A critic must be able to find the inside of an author's design, and to get his outlook from the inside. In brief, he must be a very rare man. He need not be able to produce the works upon which he sits in judgment, but he should, at least, be able sympathetically to apprehend the nature and purpose of the producer, and large and many-sided enough to grasp and entertain the great variety of human genius and power and their multifarious products.

How many competent critics have we in America? Not many. The critical judgment furnishes the most notable jargon of the literary world. There is not a work of art worth noticing at all that does not use up, in its critical characterization, all the adjectives of praise and dispraise. To one, a book may be a farrago of nonsense; to another, the finest flight of human genius. So ludicrous do these contraries of opinion appear, and so little do publishers and the public care for them, that they are published side by side in the advertisements of booksellers as "the unbiased opinions of the press." So ludicrous are they, indeed, that the public have ceased to be guided by them. It is often the case that books which win the widest praise find no market whatever, while those which are greeted with critical derision reach no end of editions. The shameful fact is, or seems to be, that the public have no faith in the criticism of the day. They read criticism for amusement, as they would read a novel, and straightway buy the book, the record of whose condemnation is fresh in their minds, tolerably sure of finding the worth of their purchase-money. Who are these men of warning counsels and conclusions?

A. runs a country paper. He writes no criticisms himself, but there is a young man at his elbow, fresh

from college, who is literary, or nothing. He has read little, and thought less; but criticism gives him practice in writing; so he writes. He has no well-formed opinion on anything, but he must express an opinion. The solid work of some old man of letters comes into his hands, and then the young progressive gets his chance. Woe to the old foggy who presumes to write a book! Incapable of writing his mother tongue well, with nothing in his head but the contents of his college text-books, with no experience of life, with no culture, with no practical knowledge of the great questions that engage the thinkers of the age, the young man sits down and demolishes the work of one by the side of whom he is but an infant of days. He parades what little knowledge he possesses, through legitimate study or illegitimate cram, and when his critique appears, he prances around it and parades it before his friends. This sort of job is supposed to assist the public in forming an intelligent opinion!

B. writes his own criticisms. He edits a country paper by downright hard work. He is fond of receiving the favors of publishers, and anxious to please them. All the week long the books accumulate upon his table until, on Friday or Saturday, they must be attended to, or they will overwhelm him. So he starts at the top of the pile and works down through. Up to the moment of his beginning, he has not looked inside of a cover. He copies the titles, looks at the preface, glances at an expression here and there, and then records his judgment. In three hours he has finished; and the batch of "book notices" goes in, with the knowledge on the part of the writer that there is not a competent criticism in the number, though there may be twenty *ex cathedra* opinions. Not a book has been read, and nothing beyond a first impression has been recorded; and, again, the public is supposed to have been very much enlightened!

C. is the editor of a feeble sheet to which he wishes to attract attention. He knows that his candid judgment is not accounted for much, so he tries an uncandid one. He will win notice by the amount of fur which he can strip off and set flying; by the streams of blood he can set flowing; by the hurts he can inflict; by the outrages he can commit. To him, an author or an artist is fair game. His paper must live. His paper shall live. He sails under a black flag, and, because people think a pirate interesting, they flock around to look upon his ugly craft and examine his ensanguined shirt-sleeves. He is a man who stands no nonsense, and acknowledges no loyalty to the amenities of life. He caricatures women in his pages, or tells them that they are old and ugly. He perpetrates personal affronts, for which he ought to be knocked down like a dog; and when taken to task for them, he talks about the sacrifices that all men suffer who undertake thorough criticism! So here is another manufacturer of public opinion.

D. is a dyspeptic, who simply voids his spleen on paper. He is obliged to write for a living, and his breakfast invariably rises sour in his gorge. His physician can prescribe for him as well by reading his criticisms as a quack can by examining his glandular secretions in a phial, and can see just where an antacid, or a mercurial, or a tonic, would tone down a judgment, or modify an expression, or

elevate him to appreciation. He uses a sharp pen, and tempers his ink with vinegar. He is cross and crotchety. It is as hard for an author or an artist to get along with him as it is for his wife and children. He must have vent for his humor, and the innocent books that come to him must suffer. The boy who pounds his thumb with a hammer, throws his hammer through the nearest mirror, purely as an expression of his mingled pain and anger. The mirror is not in the least to blame, but something must be smashed to avoid swearing. The dyspeptic critic operates in the same way, and his criticisms are the natural outcome of the horrors and irritations of his indigestion.

E. is a partisan, and the member of a clique. All that is done inside the circle in which, by choice or circumstances, he finds himself placed, is rightly done. The pets of that clique can do no wrong. To exhibit their excellences, to paint their superiorities, to cackle vicariously over their eggs, is one-half of the business of his life. The other half is to cheapen, pick in pieces, ridicule, condemn, and, so far as he can, destroy the work of all outside of the charmed line which circumscribes the area of his sympathies. Within his field, all growths are divine: sun-flowers are suns, daisies are dahlias, crab-apples are pomegranates, and an onion is the fountain of tearful emotion. Outside of his field, the land is desert, and the people barbarians, who not only do nothing well, but who are guilty of great presumption in attempting to do anything at all. It is the land of the thorn and the thistle. There dwells the wild ass. There hammers, among senseless echoes, the lonely bittorn. There poisonous waters break on barren shores, and there dwell the graceless infidels who do not worship toward the holy hill, humbly at whose foot he has reared his tabernacle.

F. is a man whose theory of criticism compels him to simple fault-finding. He may have brains, culture, acumen, or none or little of all these, but it has never entered into his head that criticism calls for the discrimination of excellences. His business is to pick flaws, and he does it without reference to any man's standard of taste, or point of purpose, but his own. He takes no account of an author's peculiar power, or the kind of audience he addresses and seeks to move. He belongs to no clique; vaunts his independence; and demonstrates that independence by finding all the fault possible with everything that comes to him. He assumes to be a sort of inspector-general of literary and artistic wares, and sorts them, as they come along, by their defects. A rose may be beautiful and fragrant, but if he finds a petal over-colored or under-colored, or decayed, or imperfectly formed, it is tossed aside among the worthless. If it have a rose-bug in it, or a worm, it is thrown among those infested with insects or vermin. The more faults he can find, the more pride he takes to his eyes for their discovery. It is not his business to nurse art, or to encourage merit. It is not his business, perhaps, to depress either, but he has an office like the English sparrow, which is to kill vermin. If he also drives away all the singing birds, it is not his affair. The blue-bird may see his society, the robin may build his nest elsewhere, the songs of the summer morning may cease; it matters not, so long as he can swab his greedy throat with a caterpillar, and save the tree on which he holds his perch, and in which he builds his nest.

G. is a man of learning, whose simple effort in criticism is to prove to an author and the public how much more than the author he knows of the subject

which he discusses. His criticisms are disquisitions, expositions, treatises. The book in hand is the occasion of his performance, not in any way the subject of it. It is simply a peg on which he hangs his clothes for an airing, or a graceful apology for calling attention to himself. In short, he uses the book in hand for the purpose of putting himself forward, not as a critic, but as an author! Of the dreariness and essential indecency of this kind of criticism, we have left ourselves no room to speak. Its egotism and arrogance would be ludicrous, if they were not disgusting.

H. regards criticism as an instrument of rewards and punishments. He pays his friends with it, and revenges himself upon those whom he chooses to consider his enemies. He approaches either task without the slightest conscience. Every book, and every work of art, is handled without any regard to its merits, and only with relation to his own selfish interests and feelings. He "takes down" a man by assailing his productions, and lifts him up by praising them. In the whole range of what, by courtesy, is called "criticism," there is nothing more indecent than this. The only thing that makes it tolerable is, that its motive is too apparent to permit it to have any marked effect on public opinion.

There are other classes of indecent critics and indecent criticism that we should be glad to notice, but the list is already long, and when we have fairly exhausted it—when we have assigned to these classes all the critics and all the criticism that justly belong to them—what have we left? It is a painful question to ask, and a hard one to answer. We certainly have not much left, but we have something. Let us be grateful, at least, to those men and women, scattered here and there over the country, who, with well-cultured brains and catholic hearts, make criticism a careful, conscientious, discriminating task—who, with sympathy for all who are honestly trying to build up their country's literature and add to its treasures of native art, approach their work with kindness and candor, and so perform it as to educe the best that every worker can do. Such men and women are public benefactors, the dignity and importance of whose office it would be hard to exaggerate. We need more of them—need them sadly. In the meantime it is probable that incompetence, flippancy, arrogance, partisanship, ill-nature, and the pertinacious desire to attract attention, will go on with their indecent work until criticism, which has now sunk to public contempt, will fall to dirtier depths beneath it.

#### Christianity and Science.

IN the current discussions of the relations of Christianity to science, there is one fact that seems to have dropped out of notice; yet it is full of meaning, and deserves, for Christianity's sake, to be raised and kept before the public. Who, or what, has raised science to its present commanding position? What influence is it that has trained the investigator, educated the people, and made it possible for the scientific man to exist, and the people to comprehend him? Who built Harvard College? What motives form the very foundation-stones of Yale? To whom, and to what, are the great institutions of learning, scattered all over this country, indebted for their existence? There is hardly one of these that did not have its birth in, and has not had its growth from, Christianity. The founders of all these institutions, more particularly those of greatest influence and largest facilities, were Christian men, who worked simply in the interest of their

Master. The special scientific schools that have been grafted upon these institutions are children of the same parents, reared and endowed for the same work. Christianity is the undoubted and indisputable mother of the scientific culture of the country. But for her, our colleges would never have been built—our common schools would never have been instituted. Wherever a free Christianity has gone, it has carried with it education and culture.

The public, or a considerable portion of it, seems to forget this, or has come to regard Christianity as opposed to science in its nature and aims. It is almost regarded, by many minds, as the friend of darkness, as the opponent of free inquiry and the enslaver of thought. The very men who have been reared by her in some instances turn against her, disowning their mother and denying the sources of their attainments, and to-day she has herself almost forgotten that it is her hand that has reared all the temples of learning, framed the educational policy of the nation, and, with wide sacrifice of treasure, reared the very men who are now defaming her.

Now, if Christianity is the foe of science, has she not taken a singular method of demonstrating her enmity? To-day, as freely as ever, she is feeding the fountains of scientific knowledge. Her most devoted ministers, crowned with the finest culture of the time, preside over the schools which educate her enemies. Where is the sign of her illiberality, the evidence of her timidity, the show of a lack of confidence in ultimate results in all this? The easily demonstrable, nay, the patent truth is, that Christianity was the first, as she remains the fast and fostering, friend of science, and all attempts to place her in a false position will be sure to react upon those who engage in them. The devotion of the Christian Church of this country to education is one of the most notable facts in its history; and there is nothing to which it points with so much pride and satisfaction as to its educational institutions.

The radical difference in the stand-points of the two parties in this great controversy explains the controversy, and shows its motives at their sources. To the man of faith all science is a knowledge of God, through a knowledge of his works and his processes. That which increases the knowledge of the great Creator of all, through the study of His creations and His methods, is regarded as a purely Christian work. That which enlarges the mind of man, gives him power over nature, carries him farthest toward the Being in whose image he was made, comes within the office of Christian teaching. Science is thus the handmaid of Christianity, and will, in all coming ages, be cherished as such. To the man of science who rejects faith, science is simply the study of nature. He sees no God where the Christian apprehends him. He finds in matter all the potencies which produce its combinations, qualities, life. He dismisses a personal God from the universe, and makes of himself only an exalted brute, whose physical death ends him. The real controversy touches simply the question of the existence of a God. The question of revelation is practically nothing to the ultra scientist, because he does not believe in the personality revealed.

Now, if this is simply a question of opinion, we would like to ask—granting for the nonce that there has been no demonstration on either side—which opinion has been and is most fruitful of good results to the world? Can motives be found in that of the ultra scientist sufficient to elevate a race to knowledge and culture? Would our country be as

learned, enlightened, scientific, and polite as it is to-day, if a community of ultra scientists had settled Plymouth colony and Massachusetts Bay? We presume that no man would be so simple as to suppose it would. Where, in that science which recognizes no personal God, is to be seen the motive of self-sacrifice which would have founded the institutions of learning that are the glory of our country? It is not there; and, if not, is a lie better than the truth? Has it more vitality, more munificence, a better estimate of human nature, more power for human good, more liberality, than the truth? These are questions that it would be well for scientific men to answer in a scientific way. Simply to show that the Christian idea of a personal God is one which leads to the abnegation of self in devotion to the common good; simply to show that there is something in the Christian scheme which furnishes motives for making mankind happier and better, and happier and better than any scientific affirmation or negation can make them, is scientifically to demonstrate that a personal God lives, and that Christianity is a scheme of truth. Would it be hard to show this? It certainly would be impossible to show the contrary.

The strife between science and Christianity is misunderstood on the part of Christianity. It goes deeper than Christianity. It is a strife between those who do not believe in a personal God and those who do, of all faiths, all over the world. That settled, the scientific opponents of Christianity would leave the field or occupy it. Until their proposition is proved or abandoned, we suggest that it will be a decent thing for them to treat with respect the mother who bore them, and cover with their charity the paps they have sucked.

#### The Dragon of the Pews.

A LITTLE direction to the popular imagination is only necessary to point out to it a dragon that, every Sunday, enters every church. It is handed like Briareus, headed like Hydra, and footed like the centiped. It is beautiful to look at, with its silken scales of many colors flashing in the sun, but its stomach, like that of all respectable dragons, is the seat of an insatiable greed. Its huge bulk fills the church, and the moment it is at rest it opens its mouth. It gorges prayers, hymns, exhortations and sermons, as the pale man in the desk tosses them out, and opens its mouth for more and better. But for this pale man, who is under a contract to feed it, and is at his wits' and strength's end to accomplish his work, it could not live. When, in the morning, he has done all he can for it, it crawls out again, to come back in the afternoon, with its maw just as empty, its feverish eyes just as expectant, its mouth just as wide open, as it was in the morning. It swallows more prayers, more hymns, another sermon, other exhortations. It crawls out again, to go somewhere in the evening, to glut, or try to glut, its horrible greed. Like those young women of veterinary parentage it cries, "give! give!" But the sermon is the special object of its awful appetite. Prayer is but a prelude to the solid dish of the feast. Singing is only the Yorkshire-pudding that goes with the beef, and the plum-pudding that comes after it. Sermons, sermons, sermons!—it swallows them whole. They are taken at a gulp, without mastication or digestion, and wide open spring the mouths again, in marvelous multiplication.

To drop the dragon, for he is a clumsy fellow, and a somewhat bulky figure to drag on through a whole article, let us have a plain word about the greed for

sermons, so prevalent in these latter days. We doubt whether there ever was a time in the history of the Christian Church when its ministers were placed in so awkward, difficult, and unjust a position as they are to-day. Great, expensive edifices of worship are built, for which the builders run heavily in debt. That debt can only be handled, the interest on it paid, and the principal reduced, by filling it with a large and interested congregation. That congregation cannot be collected and held without brilliant preaching. Brilliant preaching is scarce, because, and only because, brilliant men are scarce, and scarcer still the brilliant men who have the gift of eloquence. So soon, therefore, as a man shows that he cannot attract the crowd, "down goes his house." He may be a scholar, a saint, a man whose example is the sweetest sermon that a human life ever uttered, a lovely friend, a faithful pastor, a wise spiritual adviser, and even a sermonizer of rare attainments and skill, but if he cannot draw a crowd by the attractive gifts of popular eloquence, he must be sacrificed to the exigencies of finance. The church must be filled, the interest on the debt must be paid, and nothing can do this but a man who will "draw." The whole thing is managed like a theater. If an actor cannot draw full houses, the rent cannot be paid. So the actor is dismissed and a new one is called to take his place.

There is an old-fashioned idea that a church is built for the purposes of public worship. It is not a bad idea; and that exhibition of Christianity which presents a thousand lazy people sitting bolt upright in their best clothes, gorging sugar-plums, is not a particularly brilliant one. It was once supposed that a Christian had something to do, even as a layman, and that a pastor was a leader and director in Christian work. There certainly was a time when the burden of a church was not laid crushingly upon the shoulders of its minister, and when Christian men and women stood by the man who was true to his office and true to them. We seem to have outlived it, and a thousand American churches, particularly among the great centers of population, are groaning over discomfiture in the sad results. Instead of paying their own debts like men, they lay them on the backs of their floundering ministers, and if they cannot lift them, they go hunting for spinal columns that will, or tongues that hold a charm for their dissipation. It is a wrong and a shame which ought to be abolished, just as soon as sensible men have read this article.

Who was primarily in the blame for this condition of things, we do not know; but we suspect the ministers themselves ought to bear a portion of it. Beginning in New England years ago, the sermon in America has always been made too much of. The great preachers, by going into their pulpits Sunday after Sunday with their supreme intellectual efforts, have created the demand for such efforts. Metaphysics, didactics, apologetics, arrayed in robes of rhetoric, have held high converse with them. The great theological wrestlers have made the pulpit their arena of conflict. Homilies have grown into sermons and sermons into orations. Preachers have set aside the teacher's simple task for that of the orator. Even to-day, they cannot see, or they will not admit, that they have been in the wrong. With a knowledge of the human mind which cannot but make them aware that no more than a single good sermon can be digested by a congregation in a day, and that every added word goes to the glut of intellect and feeling, and the confusion of impressions, they still go on preaching twice and thrice, and seem more averse than any others to a change

of policy. It is all intellectual gormandizing, and no activity, and no rest and reflection. It is all cram and no conflict, and they seem just as averse to stop cramming as they did before they apprehended and bemoaned the poverty of their results.

But we are consuming too much of their time. The great dragon, with its multitudinous heads, and arms, and feet, is to meet them next Sunday with its mouths all open. It has done nothing all the week but sleep, and it is getting hungry. Woe to him who has not his two big sermons ready! Insatiate monster, will not one suffice?

"No," says the dragon; "No," says his keeper and feeder. Brains, paper, ink, lungs—he wants all you can give, and you must give him all you can. The house must be filled, the debt must be paid, and you *must* be a popular preacher, or get out of the way. Meantime, the dragon sleeps, and meantime the city is badly ruled; drunkenness debauches the people under the shield of law, harlotry jostles our youth upon the sidewalks, obscene literature stares our daughters out of countenance from the news-stands, and little children, with no play-ground but the gutter, and no home but a garret, are growing up in ignorance and vice. If this lazy, over-fed, loosely articulated dragon could only be split up into active men and women, who would shut their mouths and open their eyes and hands, we could have something different. But the sermon is the great thing; the people think so, and the preachers agree with them. We should like to know what the Master thinks about it.

#### Woman Suffrage.

THE recent defeat of the Woman Suffrage Amendment to the State Constitution of Michigan has attracted comparatively little attention, owing mainly, we suppose, to the general political revolution that accompanied it. The greater swallowed the less; yet the significance of this defeat ought not to pass unappreciated. In a fair fight, on a free field, the advocates of the change were overwhelmingly beaten, and that in a State where there was no such preponderance of female population as to arouse the fears of the men that they should be placed by the proposed reform in a minority. It finishes up the matter for Michigan for many years, if not for all time, and cannot fail to have a most discouraging effect upon the whole movement. That that movement is waning in power must be painfully evident to its friends; and we trust the time may come when they will rejoice in the fact as heartily as we do.

It has had a good many burdens to carry that it did not anticipate—burdens which, however, in the nature of the case, will always encumber it. Wherever the movement has come to a social head, it has come to an abscess or an ulcer. It has always had special attractions for those entertaining loose social theories, and the good and pure men and women engaged in it have been obliged, again and again, to wash their hands, and protest. Bright women who have lost caste socially, in any way, have seized upon the movement to keep them from sinking. In short, it has seemed impossible to keep it out of social bad odor. There is a reason for this deeper than what appears, but it involves a broader discussion than we have space for at present. So, we do not mention it. We have before us a private letter from a public man in Wyoming Territory; and as it seems to be written without prejudice, we reproduce some passages that are very instructive:

"As to the question of woman suffrage, I have



no hesitation in saying that experience has demonstrated the truthfulness of some of the arguments of its friends in its favor. The women vote in the worst crowds without any danger of insult. It is neither demoralizing to them, nor in any degree degrading. Most of them vote as do their husbands, except in cases where candidates are of notoriously bad character. However, in such cases we find the vote of the respectable portion of the women offset, to some extent, by the disreputable classes; and when we take into consideration that women occupy all the various places in the social and moral scale that men do, and that they are generally influenced by like considerations, we are not surprised that experience should establish the fact that the general results of an election are not materially changed by woman suffrage. It also has its evils or burdens, which are felt most by that class of women who prefer not to enter the political arena, yet whose services there are the most valuable. When the disreputable classes turn out to vote on one side, it becomes a matter of necessity on the part of the better classes to go out and counteract their votes. So they are forced to go out, much against their will, and to their great inconvenience. On the whole, therefore, I think that woman

suffrage adds to the burden of a campaign, without materially affecting its results.

"As to the other aspect of the case, that of having them on juries, we tried the experiment in 1870 in two counties, but have never since repeated it. Women do not make as good jurors as men, for a good many reasons. \* \* \* Under our laws women never were competent jurors; but so anxious were some of the judges to try the experiment that they allowed them to sit, over the protest of the bar, as a piece of judicial legislation, and that kind of legislation does not stand unless the end sought warrants it. In this case, the experiment was not a success, and so the whole matter fell at once into disuse."

In all this letter, the highest evidence of the success of the movement seems to be that the women can vote without being insulted by the men. It does not seem particularly remarkable to us that men stand by and protect their wives, mothers and daughters, but perhaps it is. The facts that, on the whole, election results are unchanged and jury duty a dead failure, are very suggestive; and it seems far more likely to us that within ten years Wyoming will "go back" on her woman suffrage record, than that any State of the Union will follow her present example.

## THE OLD CABINET.

If a deputation of clergymen had gone on New Year's Eve to what is popularly supposed to be the most depraved and depraving institution in the city, they would have passed shudderingly beneath the frightful painted signs which curdle the blood of the Bowery street-car passengers, and they would have paid seventy-five cents apiece for balcony seats in the Old Bowery Theater itself.

Seated, they look down upon a pit full of ruffians engaged in seven-up and poker, pocket-picking and occasional sparring-matches, while on all sides resound the great American oaths; hats fly freely in the air, and the respectable parties in the balcony are severally invited to shoot that neck-tie, or come down for a friendly polishing off.

Not so fast, gentle reader. None of these—but instead, an audience not at all like that of Wallack's in the matter of dress, but very much like that in some other respects; a sad-faced, American audience, quietly awaiting the rising of the curtain.

After the two violinists and the cornet-player have come up out of a little door on the right, and the pianist has come up out of two little doors on the left, one of which, being a trap-door, he shuts behind him and sits upon with his chair; and after the orchestra has played an overture dear to the hearts of the reverend clergy, for it reminds them of the jingly hand-organs of their childhood—waltzing manikins, little man with brass plate no bigger than a penny, chirping monkey and all—after this the laughable farce of "A Pleasant Neighbor," whose cheerful but untimely songs disturb the rest of my lord and lady, whose midnight revelries in turn mar the repose of the honest and tuneful shoemaker.

Down comes the curtain upon the "Pleasant Neighbor," in all the triumph of domestic virtue and proverbial philosophy; and up it rolls again, revealing "the beautiful play of Ingomar, the Barbarian!" Cold indeed must be the hearts of the reverend clergy, if they do not leap in their sacr-

dotal bosoms when Ingomar himself bounds upon the stage, and all the galleries send up a welcoming shout! But behold the power of virgin innocence and beauty—the fierce barbarian does not devour the lovely Parthenia! Oh, no; he shaves his horrid beard and makes her his own lovely bride:

"Two souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one."

Then come the *Olio*, the double essence, and *Serio-Comic Songs and Dances* by Miss Alice, and the gorgeous spectacular pantomime entitled the "Three Dwarfs," in the midst of which, at twelve of the clock, the reverend clergy bid good-bye to Good Angel Columbine, Pantaloon, Harlequin and the rest, and go their ways, after four hours of amusement, without having heard one word that would bring the blush to the cheeks of the most reverend of clergy or the most modest of her sex. But they have heard enough moral maxims to give weight to next Sunday's morning and evening discourses, although the moral maxims will, on neither of these occasions, meet with the hearty applause that greets them to-night as they drop from the lips of the cheerful Shoemaker, the lovely Parthenia, or Ingomar, the Barbarian.

If the professional gentlemen of our little party, instead of taking seats in the balcony, had gone down into the parquet, they would have had some neighbors, red as to their shirts, and not conventional as to their tobacco; some neighbors who would have been more at home in the nursery, if there had been any nursery at home for them to be in; and their clerical garments would have been brushed against by orange and lemonade boys. They could not, however, have munched peanuts after the traditional fashion unless they had come provided to the play, or unless they were luckier than the present writer; and if the reverend gentlemen—forgetting for a moment their high calling, and having come

so provided—had proceeded to make merry over their peanuts, and grow hilarious at the novel situation, they would have been called to order, not only by the gentlemanly usher, but by the public opinion of the Old Bowery Theater.

If, again, our little party had climbed into the crowded gallery, where the gentle presence of woman (arrayed in calico and feathers) is, alas, not permitted to extend, he would have found a rough and noisy set of boys, still less comely in dress and manners, but all attention to the play, shrilly applauding every triumph of virtue over vice, and weeping bitter tears at every touching and tender passage.

Sitting, as they do, in the balcony, our parsons in search of knowledge hear little indication of whatever jollity the galleries may afford, other than the sharp rap of the policeman's rattan on the backs of the benches.

THE commonplace is very differently apprehended among men. From one point of view, indeed, it might not be hard to prove that the commonplace is an attribute of genius; even, in a certain sense, an element of the sublime.

In Philadelphia, the Boston school, so called, is probably considered far from tame and ordinary. It is rather exciting; just a little wicked; very wicked, indeed, it used to be. But sail eastward for Paris, and you hear them talking of "cette ennuyeuse école Bostonienne." To discover that Paris itself is commonplace, you may have to turn your face westward again and behold the true unconventional under the immemorial shadow of the British throne.

Some of Longfellow's critics have called his last poem "commonplace." If they should turn back to "The Golden Legend," they would see that "The Hanging of the Crane" is written in the same method with that noble and enchanting story. It is the theme that is changed, not the poet or his manner. The vision is distinct and clear; the statement is equally clear and distinct, and the verse is more or less interesting, according to the poet's theme, and your own mood and temperament.

The thought we wish to suggest is, that it is the same faculty of seeing clearly and calmly, which leads not only to expressions which appear commonplace, but to expressions that are undeniably extraordinary and sublime.

The verse of Bryant, against which the charge of commonplace is often brought, well illustrates the thought we desire to indicate. The poet stands gazing upon the landscape; he describes all that he beholds, and he beholds everything with equal clarity of vision—the humble, ordinary grasses at his feet, and

"—all the pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills."

He sees everything from

"—the sluggish clod which the rude swain  
Turns with his share and treads upon."

From this to

"Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

But it is in Wordsworth that we may find the most striking illustrations of our thought. He tells us, for instance, in "The Excursion," with thankless care:

"Across a bare wide common I was toiling,  
With languid steps that by the slippery ground  
Were baffled; nor could my weak arm disperse  
The host of insects gathering round my face,  
And ever with me as I paced along."

A good line that last, by the way, and worthy of a less sordid office. But soon the poet's eye is lifted from the slippery ground and from the bothering clouds of insects, to behold

"—some tall crag  
That is the eagle's birthplace, or some peak  
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows  
Inscribed, as with the silence of the thought,  
Upon its bleak and visionary sides,  
The history of many a winter storm,  
Or obscure records of the path of fire."

And it is the author of the tiresome "Ecclesiastical Series" that has given the world this, one of the half-dozen noblest sonnets in the language:

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
"The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn:  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

It might not be impossible to discover illustrations in other arts—even the arts of war and statesmanship. We are inclined to think that this view of the commonplace, as an attribute of greatness, will help to the understanding of some notable examples of civil and military distinction. Without pursuing the subject farther, we merely suggest the familiar and frequently associated names of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant—puzzles and stumbling-blocks as they are to psychological students.

PERHAPS you have noticed, by the way, how a commonplace adjective, when simply and truthfully applied, takes on and holds perennially a fresh and peculiar meaning. What could be more commonplace than "admirable," "silent," "pious," "venerable," "great," "yellow," "blue," "primeval." Who would think that the application of these qualifications to names of persons, places, or things, could make epithets that time cannot outwear! And yet this is the way that we get the Admirable Crichton, William the Silent, Pious Æneas, the Venerable Bede, Peter the Great, the Yellow Tiber, the Blue Danube, the Forests Primeval, and a thousand undying phrases of prose and verse.

GABRIEL OAK, in "Far from the Madding Crowd," was assisted in waking, just before dawn, by the ringing of sheep-bells. He went out in the fog to find two hundred of his ewes lying dead in a chalk-pit, over the brink of which they had been hurried by one of the dogs. The poor young dog, says the story, under the impression that since he was kept for running after sheep, the more he ran after them the better, had collected all the ewes into a corner, driven the timid creatures through the hedge, across the upper field, and, by main force of worrying, had given them momentum enough to break down a portion of the rotten railing, and so hurled them over the edge. The dog "had done his work so thoroughly, that he was considered too good a workman to live, and was, in fact, taken and tragically shot at twelve o'clock that same day—another instance of the untoward fate which so often attends dogs and other philosophers who follow out

a train of reasoning to its logical conclusion, and attempt perfectly consistent conduct in a world made up so largely of compromise."

To every reader, doubtless, a different "instance" will be suggested; but in coming upon this, we were reminded of some pregnant sentences in the biographical preface to the American edition of Shelley's works. The wreck that Shelley made out of his consistent philosophies is one of those melancholy episodes in the intellectual life that no one cares to dwell upon. We cannot forbear, however,

giving further currency to the words we have referred to in the biography; they have a very wide and an always present application:

"A woman's heart is too delicate a thing to serve as a fulcrum for the lever with which a man would overturn any system, however conventional. The misery of the elective affinity scheme is, that men are not chemical substances, and that in nine cases in ten the force of the attraction works more constantly and lastingly upon the woman than the man."

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Some Curious Things in Housekeeping.

EVERY branch of science has its marvels; but, expecting to meet in nature with wonders that baffle knowledge, we are not so much astonished at these as at the startling facts that are forced upon us from day to day in social life. Some of the most surprising of these confront us in the developments of the science of housekeeping. They are entirely beyond explanation, and would be beyond belief if they rested upon mere assertion; but as all of us, unfortunately, have tested them by our own senses, we accept them with wonder, and with some show of resignation.

Take an important branch of housekeeping—cooking. How inexplicable are some of the results of culinary study. A woman, with whom we once lived for a time, had kept house for thirty-five years, had never had a servant, and had, during that time, as she informed us, "baked twice a week regular." Consequently, to go into the statistics of the matter, bread had been baked in that establishment 3,640 times. Deducting 240 for occasional sickness or absence of the mistress (a large allowance, for she was healthy, and seldom went from home), and we have 3,400 times that this woman had made and baked bread.

She used good flour, and yet her bread was invariably damp, sticky, and unfit for a savage to eat, and no Christian stomach could possibly digest it with comfort. Now, surely this was a wonderful thing! By what methods, unfathomable to ordinary reason, could she have avoided, in thirty-five years' practice, learning how to make good yeast, how much to work the dough, how long it should stand to get light, what temperature the oven should be, and the proper length of time to bake it? How could she help doing it right the three thousand four hundredth time? It would seem that a vast amount of labor would be necessary to do it badly! She was a woman of average good sense, and, no doubt, conscientious. She had no aspirations, and no "mission," and read nothing but a weekly religious newspaper. Her whole mind was in her housekeeping, and here was the result!

Another woman, now over fifty years of age, has cooked, more or less (generally more), since she was twelve. She has a special liking for lamb chops, and has cooked them very many times. And, to this day, she serves up liver-colored chops, fried, and swimming in a greasy liquid! Merely looking at them will give a right-minded person the dyspepsia. This woman has eaten lamb chops elsewhere, cooked according to the best civilized methods, and has praised them; but each time she returns serenely

to her frying-pan and grease. Now, upon what hypothesis can this be explained? Can it be possible that there are human beings so constituted that their minds and bodies act independently, so that the sensation of taste has no mental effect whatever? For in these instances the results were not the effect of carelessness or indifference—they both thought their horrid abominations were feasts for the gods.

And not the least curious thing in these cases is, that these poor cooks have sharp eyes for the faults of the butcher and baker. The butcher knows better than to offer a stale or tough chop to No. 2; and if the baker were to serve No. 1 with such bread as she makes herself, she would refuse to pay for it, entirely unconscious of the reflection she would thus cast upon herself.

Why do some housekeepers continue, week after week, month after month, and year after year, to use raw flour for "thickening"? Would it not be reasonable to suppose that after a number of years—say ten—the raw flavor, and the stickiness of the compound, would suggest to them the possibility of altering their manner of preparing it?

We have suggested but a few things that happened to occur to us, and these belong only to one branch of housekeeping; but, if we were to pursue our inquiries into other departments, we should be met at every turn with phenomena similar to the above. They indicate the existence, in the midst of our home life, of marvels that science has, so far, failed to explain, and for which reason can find no law.

### The Children's Pennies.

A SHORT time ago there was an appeal in one of our daily papers for a dollar subscription in aid of the sufferers from the grasshopper plague in the West, and it is pleasant to know that the response was quick and generous, and that several thousand dollars were raised in this way alone. So far, it is all very well, but it suggests a subject worth a little thought. The appeal was made just before Christmas, when the children's money-banks had begun to rattle bravely with the pennies that were to go toward their holiday fund. These little people, however, have very vague ideas about money, and it really represents to them but little practical pleasure. They understand the excitement of saving, but the delights of buying, of choosing and giving, are not as yet very real, and they are apt to share some of the indefinite feeling of a little yellow-haired lady who refused to spend her hoard for cups and saucers for her sister, as she had saved it on purpose to buy "a present." What "a present" meant

she did not explain, but it was not china, that was certain. But if these young folks are not practical, they are tender-hearted, and when their fathers read the appeal, and told them of the sufferings of the children in the West, they were ready enough to count out their pennies and send them to the general fund. So far, the picture is very pretty and good to think about. But leaving this, is it not fair to ask if these generous little givers really knew what they were doing. They had no idea of the pleasures they were surrendering, so it was really no self-sacrifice, and, of course, they could take no count of what it might mean in the way of family union to have spent this money for each other. But little as they may think of the value of loving deeds, and of practical charity, education in these virtues is important, and worth thought from parents. We are glad for our children to have kindly impulses, and to be benevolent, but we hardly recognize how much want of purpose there is in their charities. It is for us to help the poor around us, to see that our little second cousins have clothes in which to go to school, and to send the washerwoman a doctor when her baby is sick; but we are content to let the children contribute to the mite-box at Sunday-school, and to dispense their charities through a Board of Missions, or a self-appointed agent. We teach them to give, but not how to give, and we rob them of the happiness of seeing the results of their gift. It is all very well to send money to India, or to a Home Mission, but it is best for the child to take its old shoes over to the cobbler, who is out of work, and, after having paid him for the mending, to give the shoes to little Joe, who comes for scraps. It is possible that the child may, in this way, learn a not unimportant lesson in social economy, and perhaps in the future help to solve the vexed question of how to help the poor. As far as his heart is concerned, it would not be a bad idea for him to give the penny that lies loose in his pocket to little Bob, who looks longingly at the game of marbles, thinking how many good shots he could make if he only had a "white alley" to start with.

There might be a word also said for the fathers who sent their children's money off to Kansas and Nebraska, but added none of their own. To be sure they had demands on their charities at home, and the children performed this duty, but vicarious benevolence is not always the most satisfactory, and when Nellie's father sent the ninety-seven cents out of her bank, he might have realized some of the pleasure of co-operative charity if he had added a hundred and three more to the fund.

#### Sleeplessness.

To take a hearty meal just before retiring is, of course, injurious, because it is very likely to disturb one's rest, and produce nightmare. However, a little food at this time, if one is hungry, is decidedly beneficial; it prevents the gnawing of an empty stomach, with its attendant restlessness and unpleasant dreams, to say nothing of probable headache, or of nervous and other derangements, the next morning. One should no more lie down at night hungry than he should lie down after a very full dinner; the consequence of either being disturbing and harmful. A cracker or two, a bit of bread and butter, or cake, a little fruit—something to relieve the sense of vacuity, and so restore the tone of the system—is all that is necessary.

We have known persons, habitual sufferers from

restlessness at night, to experience material benefit, even though they were not hungry, by a very light luncheon before bed-time. In place of tossing about for two or three hours as formerly, they would soon grow drowsy, fall asleep, and not awake more than once or twice until sunrise. This mode of treating insomnia has recently been recommended by several distinguished physicians, and the prescription has generally been attended with happy results.

#### Around the Dinner-Table.

A MERELY bounteous table is not always welcome or appetizing. Two or three dishes, well prepared and daintily arranged, are superior to a dozen carelessly and inartistically put on. Hospitality is often confounded with profusion; and some of us are apt to believe that we play the host ill, unless we persuade our guests into eating a great deal. This sort of entertainment is simply material, though it is commoner than we think.

The pleasures of the table should appeal to the eye and mind as well as to the palate. Form should be consulted; grace should be indispensable. The savor of food gains much from its setting, and its accompaniments. A few flowers, perfect order and neatness, with congeniality and sympathy about the board, will insure what an Apician feast might not.

The day of uniformity in table, as well as other furniture, has passed, the present fancy being for oddness and variety. This, apart from picturesqueness, is both convenient and economical, since the breaking of one or two pieces does not necessitate the purchase of an entire new set. It is not unusual now to see on elegant breakfast tables each coffee-cup different from its neighbor, and no two of the plates alike. But it is at tea—most informal of meals—that the greatest variety, and the prettiest effects, may be produced.

Flowers have come to be indispensable to many tables, and they will be, ere long, let us hope, indispensable to all. They need not be rare nor costly. They are so beautiful, even the plainest and poorest of them, that nothing else can supply their place. A few green leaves, a dozen way-side daisies, a bunch of violets, impart a charm, and awake in us the touch of Nature.

But, more than all that is on the table, is the spirit brought to it. There can be no high enjoyment of the senses unattended by sympathy. Disquietude of mind at table is the precursor of indigestion. They who are invited to dinner, and take thereto anxiety and discontent, defraud the host of a proper return for his hospitality. No one has a right to go socially where he does not hope to give some sort of compensation. The table-cloth should be the flag of truce in the battles of every-day life. We should respect it, and, in its presence, commend ourselves to peace.

#### In Memoriam.

OUR "Christmas Suggestion," in the January number, has brought to our notice two other beautiful instances in which the memory of the dead has been truly honored by devotion to the living. A correspondent writes:

"We know a tender and mourning mother that, after the loss of her only son, added, in his name, to the town library, a department of valuable books of reference for the use of mechanics, who, but for her liberality, would have been unable to consult the

authorities of which they have so great need. How much more likely are they to remember him, and to associate his memory with love, than if they were to read a swelling epitaph on a stately monument dedicated to his memory?

"Another lady, a most dutiful and devoted daughter, marked her mother's grave by a simple slab, and appropriated the money, that might have purchased a costlier stone, toward educating, in her mother's name, a poor blind girl, who, when she grew up, was enabled largely to provide for herself, and so keep out of the alms-house, from which she had been taken."

These are but two of many instances that might be mentioned of affectionate and noble tributes to the dead, not by shaft or statue, but by lifting up the lowly, and helping those in need of help.

#### How to Keep House on a Small Salary.

A CLERK'S WIFE sends us the following bit of experience, which may have for many of our readers an interest both timely and practical:

After many years of married life passed in comparative affluence reverses came, and my husband was obliged to accept a situation in a large city, with a small salary of eight hundred dollars per year. I felt that this could suffice for our maintenance only by the exercise of the strictest economy. A little over fifteen dollars a week! How many times I divided that eight hundred dollars by fifty-two and tried to make it come out a little more! Still I determined to solve the problem of the day—namely, whether one could keep house on a small salary, or whether boarding-house life was a necessity, as so many clerks' wives assert. We had neither of us been accustomed to economizing, and I felt it was but just, if my husband worked hard for his salary, that I should perform the labor of making it go as far as possible.

Thirty replies were received to our advertisement for two unfurnished rooms, without board. Looking them over carefully, I selected half-a-dozen which came within our means, and started on an exploring expedition. In a pleasant house and neighborhood I found a lady willing to rent two adjoining rooms, with closets and water conveniences, for the modest sum of twelve dollars per

month. In one room there were two deep south windows, where I could keep a few plants in the winter. I consulted my husband, and with his approval engaged the rooms.

We had one hundred and seventy-five dollars, ready money. With this we bought bright, but inexpensive carpets, a parlor cook stove, an oiled black walnut set of furniture, a table, a student lamp, a few dishes, and some coal. With the few pictures, a rack of books, and some ornaments in our possession, we decked the rooms tastefully, and commenced the serious business of keeping house on eight hundred dollars per year. We determined from the first that we would not have any accounts, but would pay cash for everything, and when we could not afford an article, do without it. After paying rent and washerwoman we had fifty dollars per month for other expenses. Twenty dollars of this furnished us a plentiful supply of food and paid car fare. I learned to love my work. Strength came with each day's labor, and renewed health repaid each effort put forth to make my little home pleasant and restful to my husband. And how we did enjoy that little home!

When the stormy nights came, we drew our curtains, shutting out the world, with a bright fire, and the soft glow of our reading-lamp upon the crimson cloth, reading a magazine or evening paper (in which we were able to indulge), with a "God pity the poor this dreadful night," forgetting in our cozy and comfortable home how many there were in the great city who would call us poor. We always kept within my husband's salary, wearing plain but good and respectable clothing, and eating simple but substantial food. And now, as circumstances have been improving with us, and we are living in a house all our own, with servants, and thousands instead of hundreds a year, we look back to the year spent in our simple, frugal little home, and know that it will always be the happiest portion of our lives.

\* The readers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY are invited to send to the magazine brief records of experience, and practical suggestions appropriate to this department. Address "Home and Society," SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, New York.

#### CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

##### The "Sex in Education" Controversy.\*

WHETHER one is to agree with Dr. Clarke or not in his views in regard to the important matter, to the discussion of which he has contributed his two little volumes, it is impossible not to admire the calm audacity with which he has entered on his work.

\* Sex in Education; or, A Fair Chance for the Girls. By Edward H. Clarke, M. D., late Professor of Materia Medica in Harvard College, &c., &c. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The Building of a Brain. By Edward H. Clarke, M. D., author of Sex in Education. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Sex and Education. A reply to Dr. Clarke's Sex in Education. Edited, with an introduction, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

No Sex in Education; or, An Equal Chance for both Girls and Boys. Being a review of Dr. E. H. Clarke's Sex in

Education. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey, author of What Women Should Know, &c. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co.

Woman's Education and Woman's Health. Chiefly in reply to Sex in Education. By George F. Comfort, A. M., of Syracuse University, N. Y., and Mrs. Anna M. Comfort, M. D. Syracuse: Thos. W. Durston & Co.

The Education of American Girls. Considered in a Series of Essays. Edited by Anna C. Brackett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



certainly in keeping with the scientific character of the argument which he proposes. Even in his second treatise, published after the first had been for a year before the public, and after much denunciation and rejoinder had already reached his ears, he shows no trace of emotional disturbance, but repeats and endeavors to fortify his original statement with a suavity which, as we can easily imagine, might appear to his antagonists as deliberately and designedly provoking. Once in a while a touch of sarcasm, which does not at all strengthen his argument, suggests that this general suavity is at the cost of some self-restraint. But, on the whole, the tone of his books is not seriously open to criticism.

In considering his argument, the criticism which proceeds confessedly from an unprofessional and unfeminine stand-point, finds itself seriously embarrassed. And yet the case, as he has argued it, and as those who have replied to him have taken up the argument, is addressed to a jury neither professional nor feminine. The appeal is to the public—whether rightly or wrongly in regard to method; whether seasonably or prematurely in regard to time. And, unfortunately, as many think; or, fortunately, as in the long run the result may show—it is before an audience so large and so heterogeneous that the question is to be settled, if it is settled at all. Several of the women who have written in reply to Dr. Clarke—not those who have written most ably—have, indeed, resented the idea that the question is open for discussion or for settlement, even by physicians of the opposite sex, claiming that, from the nature of the case, only themselves can understand it, investigate it, or determine it. And they resent with especial bitterness what they call the indelicacy of Dr. Clarke's method, and his intrusion within limits where public discussion and argument are not properly to be permitted. Accepting the inevitable, however, they have taken up the public discussion, and we have already four volumes against Dr. Clarke's two, and contributions from more than twenty more or less able and effective writers, who deny either his premises or his conclusions, or both, with considerable force and vehemence. The controversy as it stands, therefore, is confessedly a matter for criticism, on its merits as a controversy.

Dr. Clarke's argument is simple enough in statement. During the years of growing youth, say between thirteen and eighteen, our girls, he says, have upon them a physical obligation so serious and so burdensome, so much more serious and burdensome than any physical obligation which is upon boys of corresponding age, that they cannot give the same uninterrupted time, the same persistent strength, the same continuous methods to their intellectual education, that are indispensable to the best education of the boys. It is possible for boys to study, month in and month out, year in and year out, as it is not possible for girls. Once a month, girls are bound by natural law to give themselves a more or less prolonged respite from study. Failure to recognize and obey this law has already wrought wide-spread mischief for more than one generation of girls. And the necessity for observing this law of periodicity in the one sex, to which there is nothing corresponding in the other, renders the "identical co-education of the sexes" practically impossible, and the attempt to accomplish it not only a mistake, but, if persisted in when fairly pointed out, a sin.

But Dr. Clarke is far more successful in the statement of his position than in the proof of it. Of no statement ever made is it more apposite to quote

the oracular saying of Captain Bunsby, that the bearing of that observation lies in the application on it. And some of the responses which have been offered to Dr. Clarke are so evidently inspired by dislike to this "application" of the statement, that they lose thereby something of the force to which they would otherwise be entitled. They are written in the tone of an advocate, as if in the interest of some favorite theory or scheme which was, at any rate, to be defended, rather than in the tone of a calm and earnest student, searching for truth as the test of every theory and the basis for every scheme. This is the more inexcusable, because, as is clearly evident from the essays of the abler and more learned of Dr. Clarke's antagonists, he laid himself open, at more than one point, to legitimate criticism, by his failure to make good his position. Judged by the evidence thus far presented, he must be held to have seriously overstated his case. Of course the evidence is not all in. Further discussion may change the look of the case materially. But, on a careful survey of the literature as it has thus far come before us, it certainly appears that Dr. Clarke has not yet even proved his premises. The physical periodicity is a fact, of course; but that it requires a periodical respite from study, so general, so prolonged, so serious, as to make the "identical co-education of the sexes" impossible, without injury to one sex or injustice to the other, is more than any jury, with simply these six books before them, would be willing to say. And certainly the instances which he adduces as illustrations and proofs of his position in his chapter "chiefly clinical," are even ludicrously insufficient (especially in the light of the severe criticism which is made upon his inaccuracy in regard to the "Vassar College case"). In Part II. of his second volume—"The Building of a Brain"—the facts in evidence are, indeed, more serious and convincing, and require from the writers on the other side of the question the collation of additional statistics and of facts, if they can be forthcoming, like those which in Miss Brackett's book,—in Mrs. Putnam-Jacobi's essay, for example,—are arrayed with so much effectiveness and skill.

Still less has Dr. Clarke made good the position indicated in the chapter entitled "the European way." It may be that there is, between the European methods in this particular and our own, a contrast as striking as that which he suggests, but there is hardly the least evidence of it presented, and there is considerable evidence furnished against it. And it certainly does not prepossess one in favor of the strength of Dr. Clarke's position on other points, to find that he has left his position on this point so insecure.

It may be that the exaggeration with which, on the evidence thus far presented, Dr. Clarke may be justly charged, was not unintentional, but designed to attract public attention the more surely to a subject the importance of which he deeply felt. If so, it was surely a mistake. People were not so deaf that he needed to speak so loudly. Indeed it is rumored that since the publication of his first treatise the increase of parental precaution in regard to the health of school-girls in the Boston schools has been so marked that, for some time to come, Dr. Clarke need not be disturbed by the fear of injurious results from overwork. There is certainly a danger in the other direction, if the panic of which this discussion has been the occasion should become general. It is, indeed, a sorrowful thing, to see the physical sacrificed to an overtraining, or to a disproportioned training, of the intellectual nature; and the cry of warning against this evil is certainly

necessary. But what if the health of the body is sacrificed to an insufficient education of the mind—to an *under-training* of the intellectual nature? From the women who have written in reply to Dr. Clarke there comes, with startling unanimity, the pathetic cry that the physical ailments against which he would defend our girls come not only from over-exertion at school, but also from the discontinuance of the rational and wholesome intellectual exercise to which, at school, they have been accustomed. Again and again, they say, the graduated school-girl, going home and into "society," with its excitements and irregularities, and breaking down in one or another of the ways that Dr. Clarke describes, has rightly ascribed her physical failure to the want of just that very intellectual occupation which the school, with its regular discipline, its hygienic safeguards, and its wholesome engagements, furnished to her. It is plain that there are two sides to the question, and that it is still far from being settled.

Meantime, the discussion of it is sure to be useful. Incidentally it has done good already. Both sides are agreed, for example, that there is grave danger to our school-girls from such injurious methods as incite and stimulate them by public examinations and exhibitions, by prizes and competitions, and the general "chromo" and "sewing-machine" gift mania by which American life is just now possessed. Both sides confess the viciousness of Sunday-school concerts, and evening entertainments, and the premature artificialities of our young society. And there is no reason whatever why parents and teachers should not begin at once practically to act upon the conclusions in which both parties have agreed. Taking the steps which are obviously right, to begin with, the steps which are at first uncertain will become obvious in their turn. Meantime Dr. Clarke has given us an axiom which is so admirable that it ought always to be borne in mind, not only in this discussion, but also in the more general discussion of the rights and duties of women in modern society. "The only difference between the sexes is sex," he says. It seems a truism, but it has a positive and a negative force; and it is often forgotten on both sides of the controversy.

Of the four volumes published in reply to Dr. Clarke, and which we have grouped together in this criticism, by far the ablest is that published by the Messrs. Putnam, and edited by Miss Brackett. If it contained only the learned, dispassionate, and able essay of Dr. Putnam-Jacobi, it would be worth all the other volumes put together. But it contains, besides, Miss Brackett's own essays (which are clever, and strong, and fair), and several others of less marked ability. It has little or nothing of outcry against Dr. Clarke as being insulting and indelicate, and generally malicious in his intent; and it is full of good suggestions, which parents and teachers would do well to heed. The volume compiled by Mrs. Howe ranks second, but after a considerable interval. It is less scientific in its method and spirit. It is more cantankerous in its resentments and insinuations. Several of its papers are, indeed, reasonable and forcible; and it is difficult to characterize a compilation in which the writers are so many and so various. Mrs. Duffey's book is vitiated by a latent belief that man is the natural enemy of woman, and that in Dr. Clarke this natural hostility has its typical expression. The book of Professor and Mrs. Comfort, while undertaking a professional and scientific refutation of Dr. Clarke, is disfigured by so much laborious sarcasm, and so much imputation of ignorance and disingenuousness

to the author of "Sex in Education," that one is not encouraged to place the fullest confidence in the accuracy of its assertions.

It is a pity that a subject so important cannot be discussed without so much of acrimony. It is not a matter which should divide the sexes on the line of sex. Every school-girl who has a mother has a father also, and the presumption is that he is not in a conspiracy to deprive her of any privileges to which she may rightfully aspire. The question is one that does not so much need learned quotations from Plato, or stinging sarcasms from George Eliot's Mrs. Poyser, as it needs fact and testimony, and scientific argument and honest common sense. And in the settlement of it every household is deeply interested. To Dr. Clarke, for opening it and arguing it, with whatever defects may be charged upon him, those who denounce him most bitterly have reason to be deeply thankful.

#### "The Conflict between Religion and Science."

DR. DRAPER has acquired considerable reputation as an advocate of the theories of the school of Comte and Buckle; but his books have earned no such general respect as he appears to suppose, if we may judge from a remark in his preface. We except, of course, that International Mutual Admiration Society, of which Tyndall, Huxley and Spencer are prominent members in England, and which is not without its organs in this country. This last book of Dr. Draper is a thinly disguised attack, not only upon Christian revelation, but upon all religion outside of the creed which includes the deification of nature, "the emanation and absorption" of the soul, and a materialistic fatalism, which is the natural adjunct of such theories. In his preface he says: "A Divine revelation must necessarily be intolerant of contradiction; it must repudiate all improvement in itself, and view with disdain that arising from the progressive intellectual development of man." Here we are informed that revelation is hostile to improvement—not simply to an alteration of its own contents, but to intellectual advancement generally. The author of such a statement must have read the New Testament to little purpose. The side of religion, in this pretended conflict, is represented as that of "traditional faith and human interests," of superstition and fancy. The author laments that when the old Græco-Roman religion broke down, the philosophers did so little for the guidance of public opinion. From his laudation of stoicism, with its pantheistic doctrine of fate, it would seem that he is inclined to do the work which he charges them with neglecting. This great neglect of duty on the part of the old heathen sages brought "an intellectual night" upon Europe. We had thought that the ruin of ancient society and civilization was due to other causes. Pray, what produced this "neglect" on the part of philosophers? Was that not an effect and part of the general decadence? So Dr. Draper, on his own principles, ought to hold. This "night" is now passing away,—thanks to Dr. Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," and "History of the American Civil War,"—in which, by the way, the Rebellion is traced back to the geological structure and the climate of the Southern States. Dr. Draper's notion of the philosophy of

\* History of the Conflict between Religion and Science. By John William Draper, M. D., LL. D., Professor in the University of New York, &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

history is like that of Buckle: "Human affairs present an unbroken chain in which each fact is the offspring of some preceding fact, and the parent of some subsequent fact;" "Men do not control events, but events control men." If this is the case, why denounce the theologians? Why even anathematize the Inquisition? Nay, why is not one event, one character, one institution, as right and rational as another, all being links in the "unbroken chain?" Our author, if he had been faithful to this conception, would have omitted much of his condemnation of men and things. He represents that we are now "in the midst of a controversy respecting the mode of government of the world, whether it be by incessant divine intervention, or by the operation of primordial and unchangeable law." This is utterly to misstate the case. Religious men hold to law; they deny that law excludes a personal God, its author and sustainer. They maintain that He is able to intervene supernaturally; that He made the world, and that at certain times and places He has wrought miracles. This is not to deny law, or to assert an "incessant divine intervention." The anthropomorphism, which the author charges upon religion, pertains rather to himself, and to the notion that uniformity and regularity exclude personal agency, as if there must be caprice and irregularity where the will of an Omniscient and Omnipotent Being is concerned. Dr. Draper gravely informs us that "the intellectual movement of Christendom has reached that point which Arabism (*sic*) had attained to in the tenth and eleventh centuries." Are we to infer that the intervening centuries since are a blank and a waste? The pantheistic Mohammedan Averroes is Dr. Draper's ideal philosopher! One would gather from this book that the failure of the Mohammedans to conquer Europe—which set bounds to the "Great Southern Reformation"—was the great calamity of modern history. There is something so ludicrous in these opinions that it is difficult to treat them with gravity.

In his first chapter, Dr. Draper undertakes to describe the rise of science. Science began, he tells us, with the Alexandrian Museum, which, considering the amount that is known with certainty about that establishment, is clothed with magnificent importance. An account is given of the conquests of Alexander, which brought the Greeks in contact with the Orientals, and thus gave to the former the beginnings of science. There was never a more astonishing inversion of the truth. Long before Alexander, the Greeks were sailors, colonists, travelers, and the great results of the Macedonian conquest were the diffusion of Greek knowledge and culture. The author himself, after saying that up to this time the Greeks "had neither experimented nor observed," but "had contented themselves with mere meditation and useless speculation" (p. 14), turns about (on p. 22) and tells us that "the Aristotelian philosophy was the intellectual corner-stone on which the Museum rested." Was Aristotle's philosophy derived from the East? Yet Aristotle, Dr. Draper proceeds to say, was a master of induction. In this statement, he corrects the recent blunder of Tyndall, who has so ignorantly assailed the Stagyrte; but, in doing so, he contradicts his own theory about the origin of science. In the second chapter we have a unique account of Christianity. The hierarchical system is called "a logical result of the development" of the Gospel (p. 38). The virtual apology for the bloody persecution of Diocletian is an extraordinary passage in this chapter. Dr. Draper, like Gibbon, commonly reserves

his indignation for the sins and infirmities of Christians. He expatiates with fervor on the records of intolerance in the church. In this chapter he has the boldness to say that the church was "a stumbling-block in the intellectual advancement of Europe for a thousand years." How any educated man, who has read modern history, who is acquainted with books as common, for example, as the lectures of Guizot, can utter, in a confident tone, so ignorant a remark, passes our comprehension. Who converted the European nations from polytheism and idolatry? Who reduced their languages to writing, and gave them a literature? Who abolished slavery? Who preserved the remains of ancient learning after the deluge of invasion? Who founded the schools and universities of Europe? Who were the patrons of learning at the Renaissance? Who were Dante, Petrarch, Erasmus, Reuchlin, More, Colet? But we cannot stop to confute this amazing judgment respecting Christianity and the church. On p. 53 we are made acquainted with a fact, before not known, that Arius was "a disappointed candidate for the office of bishop." Dr. Draper's narratives of the history of theological controversies are mere caricatures. They are as worthless as are his estimates of men; for example, of St. Augustine, whom he knows apparently only through some chapters of "the Confessions." In the third chapter, Mohammedanism is described, but not accurately. Dr. Draper has no exact acquaintance with the theology of Nestorius (whom he calls Nestor); and he attributes to a Nestorian influence upon Mohammed much more than the evidence in the case warrants. In the fourth and fifth chapters, which treat of Arabian science, he fails to understand that it was mainly derived from the Greeks. He glorifies the pantheism and fatalism which were developed in the Moorish schools, and thinks that these tenets are much more rational than the Christian doctrine of prayer (p. 108). On pp. 134, 135, he expounds his materialistic philosophy, attributing the belief in immortality to the dreams of savages, and to the "mechanism" which we carry with us, by which impressions are registered upon the brain. On p. 215 it is erroneously said that Melancthon was determined to banish philosophy from the church. It is said that science owes nothing to the Reformation. Dr. Draper's speculations on the origin of the Books of Moses involve the remarkable proposition, which is not absolutely asserted, but evidently favored, that Ezra wrote them. His authority is the book of Esdras, which he appears to regard as not apocryphal—a feat of credulity which matches many of his exploits on the side of skepticism. Theological scholars will be somewhat astonished to learn (p. 224) that the doctrine of the Atonement originated among the Gnostic heretics, and that the Trinity was forced into Christian theology by the Egyptians. Dr. Draper gives an extended account of the Vatican Council, and seems to regard all the usurpations of the Roman Catholic Church as so many attacks of religion on science. He ignores the fact that Copernicus was a priest, and that Newton, Leibnitz, Faraday, and most of the noblest discoverers in science, were Christian believers. His book swarms with statements, either positively erroneous, or put in such a form as to be misleading. He is doubtless versed in several branches of science, but if any proof were needed of his incompetence to handle philosophical and historical problems, this volume would afford it. A more hasty, pretentious, incorrect work, claiming the title of "history," has seldom fallen into our hands. There is no real conflict be-

tween religion and science. There is something which calls itself science, but which is simply a speculation of physicists, warranted by no facts; and this it is which assumes to deride the truths and disparage the influence of Christianity. And there are theologians who strain the doctrine of inspiration so as to make the Bible an authority in science as well as religion, and who are, therefore, compelled to misinterpret it, or to deny the truths of nature. But between a sober and rational science, and an enlightened faith in the Scriptures, there is no quarrel.

"Far from the Madding Crowd."\*

MR. HARDY'S latest book strikes us as being one of the most unique of modern novels; and this, not only in the point of view chosen by its author, but also in the singular, slow, and yet intimately engaging course of the action. We should be much surprised if any conscientious reader, without looking at the end, were able to divine the upshot of the narrative until reaching the chapter next to the last. But this we only mention by way of showing that Mr. Hardy has at last united to his other very striking merits, that of inducing an agreeable suspense as to the *dénouement* of his story. His chief distinction, however, is still, as in "Under the Greenwood Tree," that of his peculiarly pictorial way of looking at things, and his quiet and cultured sense of humor. There is in this novel an intermittent comedy of quaint talk among the illiterate personages, which, to our thinking, is quite as laughable as the best things of the kind in Dickens, and infinitely truer. Where Dickens would have thrown in glaring color, depending on a mask of impossible absurdity, or boisterous laughter of his own, to call our attention to the play, Hardy is content to introduce his characters with the least possible intrusion of his own fancy, yet sketching the figures with such an exquisitely graphic stroke, and so tenderly humorous a sympathy, that we stand all agog to hear them speak; and we really hear *them*—not the writer. His amazing minuteness in the speech of such persons gave us the impression in "Under the Greenwood Tree" that Hardy must rely to a singular extent upon notes of actual conversation; but in the present volume there is a freedom and swing in their talk which convinces one of his possessing such accuracy of observation and imaginative memory that he can delineate with certainty of truth in every detail. One point we must here notice; that is, an apparent discrepancy between the conversation and the social status of certain of the persons, —Bathsheba, Oak, Boldwood, and Troy. As described, they impress us in a way that makes their choice and intellectual phraseology a surprise to the reader. This, it is true, may be owing to misapprehension arising from our slight acquaintance with the special aspect of English life he is describing; but, if not, we are quite willing to accept it as a permissible artistic deviation from the line of literal fact for the sake of a legitimate and refined effect. Of this sort of liberty there is a fallacious disposition nowadays to deprive the writer of fiction; and in using it, Mr. Hardy, as in the stout, homely humor of his inferior persons, only shows himself a follower of Shakespeare in particulars. But for want of space we should say more of his treatment of Bathsheba Everdene. She is the completest study of this sort of woman which he has yet given us; and, though we cannot admire the type, it must be said

that he pursues her character with a patience and impartiality that end by changing a reader's first demurrer into at least an intelligent effort to sympathize with her. The type, however, seems to have a dangerous fascination for him, and it behooves Mr. Hardy to get a new model, we think, before writing his next story. One would not quarrel with him, either, for using a better scale of proportion another time. The mechanism of the present story, also, is defective, causing it to "wobble" considerably in the middle. His elaborate descriptions we have seen censured as being affected, but we discover in them only an error of over-earnestness. This we can understand as a stage of progress; but, if it should be carried farther, indeed if not greatly modified hereafter, we should say to Mr. Hardy: "You suffer decidedly from this, as Lucio says, 'most painful feeling of thy speech.'" As yet, Mr. Hardy is perhaps more mastered by, than master of, the grotesque; but it is a valuable ally to him, and, with his breezy reproductions of physical nature, his quiet humor, and quiet, but also penetrating, dramatic force here and there, stamps him, to our mind, as the most original and impressive figure among young English fictionists.

"Echoes of the Foot-Hills."

THE twenty pieces in Bret Harte's latest volume of verses (J. R. Osgood & Co.) are written in many keys, but are all pervaded by that delicate humor which is the subtle expression of the author's mind. The themes of most of these poems, occupying ten or twelve prosaic lines in a daily newspaper, would appear to the superficial observer quite unworthy of the poetic garniture in which we find them here ended. But the poet's pen is like the magician's wand.

Of the poems in this volume, a few are now permanently established in the popular esteem, and all are well known to the general reader. "Ramon," "Grandmother Tenterden," and "Guild's Signal," have had what the newspapers call "a great run." The last two have much sweetness and tenderness. The picture of an aged mother, startled by the apparition of her son dripping with the pale blue fires of the sea is not new; but the poem is full of pathos, color, and pictorial effect. The sighing of the waves, the changing of the wind, and the sympathetic moods of nature, are admirably introduced in a few compact phrases. The movement of this poem, "Grandmother Tenterden," is as characteristic of New England life and thought as "Concepcion de Arguello" is of that of the widely different and far off shores of the Pacific. And both these, like "Guild's Signal," have beneath their tender sadness that elusive gleam of shrewd humor which only serves to mellow the somber thought of the verse, just as a thread of silver heightens the effect of the gray web through which it runs.

Few writers, whether in prose or verse, have such a facility of giving a picture in a single swift stroke. The California winter rains, which make the land flush with sudden bloom, are said to have "dashed the whole long coast with color." Any one who has seen the marvelous change which a few showers have wrought on the Pacific hills and valleys will feel the force and beauty of that line; and the description of the cycle of the seasons is all compact in the phrase:

"Half a year of clouds and flowers,—half a year of dust and sky."

\* Mr. Hardy's books are published by Henry Holt & Co.



So, too, the engineer's signal, "sharp, intense, pierced through the shadows of Providence;" and it

"Flew down the track when the red leaves burned,  
Like living coals from the engine spurred."

And "Luke," of Colorado, speaks of a slight slip of a girl as

"—ex light and ex up and away  
Ex rifle-smoke blown through the woods."

On the walls of the Mission of San Luis Rey,

"The golden lizards slip, or breathless pause  
Still as the sunshine brokenly that falls."

In one of his prose stories, the scene of the tragedy of the hapless outcasts of Poker Flat is so accurately described in ten lines, that the reader sees it as vividly as though he had gazed on the real place with his own eyes.

With such charms as these, we may well overlook some of the minor disappointments which we meet in these poems. Some of the most striking pieces come to an unsatisfactory ending. The last line of "Grandmother Tenterden" is clearer, doubtless, to the mind of the writer than to the average reader. The ballad of "For the King" has about it a vagueness that worries one who has moved through the stately verse only to be confronted at last with a moral that may, or may not, make itself understood. Some such obscurity of purpose besets "Don Diego of the South," who seems, after all, to have appeared, disappeared, and reappeared, to very little purpose.

#### Mr. Stillman on the Cretan Insurrection.\*

ALTHOUGH unfortunate in not appearing sooner after the struggle, Mr. Stillman's volume on Crete during the last insurrection is welcome. Very little has appeared on this interesting revolt from Turkish misrule of the purest Greek race extant. With the exception of Mr. Skinner's "Roughing it in Crete," nothing is available in English; in French a young amateur insurgent wrote an account or sketch which is already forgotten. While we, in America, were taking breath after our own war, and beginning to look about, while the last vestiges of the four years' fever predisposed us to a selfish quiet, little Candia was beginning to feel that Turkish oppression and outrage were too much to bear; the subsequent armed defense which her rulers forced her Christian populace to make, found little or no echo in the United States. The peculiar condition of the sick man, Turkey, whose every step was watched by those great quacks, the Allied Powers, may be said to have made revolt in Crete possible and not entirely hopeless—at least not hopeless to the islanders, whose faith in foreign consuls Mr. Stillman amusingly describes. Just at the time of the first peaceable assemblies of Cretan Christians to petition the Sublime Porte (and the foreign legates) for remission of unjust taxes, abolition of venal courts, for schools and equal rights with Mohammedan fellow-countrymen, Mr. Stillman seems to have arrived in Candia like a torpedo charged with a possibility of explosion which was all the more alarming, because no one could foretell what a United States consul might or might not do. In spite of the gravity of interest in the fate of victims of European diplomacy, the position of the American consul cannot strike us otherwise than as dull. There he is, camped in the most important town of the narrow

island, one of the small set of men who can influence the real interfering powers by their reports to their respective Governments, yet the representative of a non-intervention Republic. The Turkish Governor is used to impertinence from Russian, French, and English consuls, but naturally must be somewhat amazed to find another active meddler in the person of a citizen of that shadowy Great Republic across the Atlantic, whose people we may imagine to have held in his lazy mind the place of energetic and very uncomfortable Giaours, whom Allah had been profitably employing for four years in cutting one another's throats. What must have been his feelings when, like a *deus ex*, appeared our consul, Mr. Stillman! Partly by taste, partly by generous and classical sympathies, but more, according to his own showing, by the force of circumstances, he is made the leader of the anti-Turk faction among the foreign consuls on the island. He is by far the most positive character on the scene, and appears to have enjoyed the situation not without a sense of the humor of his predicament.

Possessed of no mean skill in putting facts and landscapes before one, Mr. Stillman, in his account of his squabbles and the serious after-facts, infuses his own positive spirit into all he writes, to the enjoyment and instruction of his audience. The reading is thus made very entertaining, and certainly impresses one with reliance on the consul's honesty, whatever one may surmise on the score of hot-headedness. His book belongs to a kind oftener met with in England than here. It is composed with great fearlessness and vigor; but it is also the work of a man of exceptional education and attainments, linguistic as well as historical.

As United States consul, Mr. Stillman's field was of course limited to that of non-combatant; he could not take part in the insurrection, as did at least one New Yorker, recently Secretary to Governor Dix. But his field was one no other writer has let us see—the petty diplomatic, or what might be called the reverse side of the heroic acts which all the world was admiring. The deeds of the Cretan mountaineers were indeed heroic, and worthy to be ranked beside those of the warriors about Troy, to whom it is probable they bear a closer relation historically than any of the inhabitants of Greece proper.

Any one who likes to "rely on Providence," and has a tendency to shove the Greek question aside with the remark, comfortable and deprecatory, that "*ces bons Turcs*," after all, are not so black as they are painted, could not do better than read Mr. Stillman's able, if somewhat hasty, book on their treatment of Candia. All accounts agree respecting the horrible and inhuman acts of the Turkish and Egyptian soldiery, countenanced, if not openly ordered, by their commanders; and while Greek reports cannot be accepted as good evidence, enough is known to show that if ever a people had just cause for revolt it was the Christian people of Crete.

#### Ismaïlia.\*

THE fact that Sir Samuel Baker always takes his wife with him when he goes off on his adventurous journeys into unknown lands, gives the story of his

\* *Ismaïlia: A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave-Trade, Organized by Ismaïl, Khedive of Egypt.* By Sir Samuel White Baker, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., etc., with maps, portraits, and upward of fifty full-page illustrations by Zwecker & Durand. New York: Harper & Brothers.

\* *The Cretan Insurrection of 1866-7-8.* By Wm. J. Stillman, late U. S. Consul in Crete. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.



travels a romantic interest which is peculiarly its own. The attention of the reader is at once aroused, and his sympathies enlisted, by the spectacle of such feminine devotion and such more than feminine courage, combined with quiet and modest dignity, as Lady Baker exhibits. And her husband bears emphatic testimony to the fact that, so far from being in any way burdensome or inconvenient, her presence was a positive assistance, not only to himself personally, but to the whole Expedition of which he was in command. It is largely to her skillful and faithful care of the sick that the losses of the Expedition by reason of sickness were so inconsiderable. Moreover, she rendered great service by her scientific observations and registrations, and by the large botanical collection which she brought back to Cairo as one of the results of the three years' campaign in the region of the upper Nile and the great lakes.

Sir Samuel Baker undertook the great work of which he tells the story in this charming volume, not in the interests of geographical science, but in the interests of humanity. He had witnessed in his previous journeys the dreadful desolations which were being wrought in Africa by the inhuman slave-trade, and had seen, as Livingstone saw, as Schweinfurth saw, as every traveler in Africa has seen, that the thorough exploration of the continent was almost impossible, and its civilization and Christianization quite impossible, except as this "open sore of the world" (to use the pathetic words of Livingstone, in the last sentence which he ever wrote) was healed. The necessary anarchy, the steady depopulation of the continent, the poverty and wretchedness which are directly traceable to this infernal cause, are not to be described or imagined, except after careful examination of the narratives and statistics which trustworthy authorities have placed before us, and on which they invoke the deliberate judgment of the whole world.

It was to suppress this slave-trade, in one of its chief sources, and through one of its principal avenues, that Baker accepted military command under the Khedive of Egypt and conducted an armed force into the equatorial regions of Africa and almost to the shore of the Albert Nyanza, of which he was himself the discoverer. It is impossible to lay down the book in which he reports the results of his undertaking, without a feeling of disappointment—a disappointment in which Baker himself undisguisedly shares. And it is easy to see the precise point at which one great mistake was made, the avoidance of which could have brought the work of the expedition to a conclusion much less impotent. But it is not easy, and it certainly is not fair, to charge that Baker lacked in skill or in courage, or in devotion to the great object of his enterprise. Only the hinderances with which he had to contend, arising out of the insincerity and duplicity of the Egyptian Government (not so much of the Khedive personally as of his supporters and advisers), were greater than he understood or could overcome. It is yet an open question how far the results of his work may be permanent, or how far they may be thrown away by the imbecility and criminality of a Government that does not care to retain them. It is not at all a question that results of the greatest value were achieved, and that Baker placed in the hands of the Khedive the key to the situation, by the right use of which he might not only put an end to the slave-trade of the White Nile, but also greatly enrich and aggrandize his own territorial possessions.

But whatever permanent success or failure may follow from the Expedition, the story of it is of the most intense interest. Not for a long time have we had a more delightful book of travels—nor on the whole a more useful one.

#### Lange on the Book of Job.

THE latest volume of Dr. Lange's learned and comprehensive commentary is devoted to the book of Job; but a considerable space at the beginning of the volume is given to a general introduction to the poetical books of the Old Testament, by the American editor, Dr. Philip Schaff. This treatise by Dr. Schaff is at once learned and popular, and adds to the value of the Old Testament commentaries as a whole, and not merely to that of the book to which this volume is devoted.

Next follows an elaborate treatise by Prof. Tayler Lewis, on the "Theism of the Book of Job," and this again is followed by a rhythmical English version of the book from the pen of the same author. Prof. Lewis takes the ground that "we cannot do justice to poetry unless we read it as poetry," and that "this cannot easily be done in a rough, unrhythmical prose version." He has accordingly taken the pains to render the original into English meter, furnishing his version with careful exegetical notes, and adding to it, in no less than twelve *excursuses*, a wealth of scholarly discussion and criticism.

More than a third of the volume is occupied with the material thus described; and then follows the commentary, translated from the German, and enlarged and improved by Prof. Evans, of Lane Seminary. So that the student of this volume has the advantage of two independent commentaries, both of marked ability, not always in perfect harmony, but even by their differences, hardly less than by their agreement, throwing light upon the wonderful poem, which, in spite of being so often woefully misunderstood and so often neglected, has occupied, for centuries, a foremost place in the literature of the whole world.

The time has gone by already when this inspired drama is read with the unintelligent devoutness which accepts the *dicta* of Job, of Eliphaz, of Bildad, and almost of Satan in the proem, as worthy of equal reverence and confidence. But the Christian world has not yet learned the deep significance of those sorrowful speculations, that agonizing skepticism, that profoundly "honest doubt" of the afflicted patriarch, in which all the time there lived "more faith" than in the pious orthodoxy of his comforters, and more "than in half the creeds" of shallower and less earnest souls. Nor has it yet learned to recognize the grandeur of the Man of Uz, in his unconscious prophecy of the life and immortality revealed in Jesus Christ. Of all the "many prophets and righteous men" who desired to see and hear the Christian revelation, surely there was none greater than the writer of this mighty drama. And it is most pathetic to see how, as he "fights his doubts and gathers faith," and longs for light for which the fullness of the time of dawning had not yet arrived; how, as he describes what he longs for, and what he would be more than satisfied with if he could have it,—he unconsciously describes just what the gospel of our Lord has given to us, "upon whom the ends of the world are come." Toward such an intelligent appreciation of the book of Job this commentary is a most important aid.

## NATURE AND SCIENCE.

## The North Pole.

IN the address before the Geographical Section of the British Association, Major Wilson, the President, says: "As regards the general subject of Arctic exploration, there can, I think, be no doubt that that by Smith's Sound would yield the most important scientific results, and would offer great facilities for reaching the Pole itself. It should not be forgotten that all recent Polar expeditions sent out from this country have been dispatched with the special object of ascertaining the fate of Sir John Franklin, and that discovery was not a principal object. When, too, we consider that in these expeditions Arctic travel was reduced to a very perfect system, and that the distance from the point reached by the 'Polaris' to the Pole is less than has already been performed in some of the sledge journeys, and that no life has ever been lost on a sledge journey, it is impossible to doubt that a well-organized expedition would be able to reach the Polar area. In the words of a well-known Arctic explorer, 'What remains to be done is a mere flea-bite to what has been already accomplished.' Morton, the second mate of the 'Polaris,' says, as the result of his third voyage, that he is more than ever convinced of the practicability and possibility of reaching the Pole; and in my own opinion it is to be done, and England ought to do it."

## Fertilization and Flowers.

THE self-fertilization of flowers happens in many cases, and flowers which thus fertilize themselves have evidently one great advantage—few remain sterile for want of pollen. Every one, however, who has watched flowers, and has observed how assiduously they are visited by insects, will admit that these insects must often deposit on the stigma pollen brought from other plants, generally of the same species.

I will not now enter on the question why this self-fertilization should be an advantage; but that it is so has been clearly proved. It has long been known that hybrids between different varieties are often remarkably strong and vigorous. Kolreuter speaks with astonishment of the "*statura portentosa*" of some plants thus raised by him; indeed, says Mr. Darwin, all experimenters have been struck with the wonderful vigor, height, size, tenacity of life, precocity and hardness of their hybrid productions. Mr. Darwin himself, however, was, I believe, the first to show that if a flower is fertilized by pollen from a different plant, the seedlings so produced are much stronger than if the plant is fertilized by its own pollen. I have had the advantage of seeing several of these experiments, and the difference is certainly most striking. It is also remarkable that, in some cases, plants are themselves more fertile if supplied with pollen from a different flower, a different variety, and even, as it would appear in some cases, as in the Passion Flower, of a different species. Nay, in some cases it would seem that pollen has no effect whatever unless transferred to a different flower. In *Pulmonaria*, for instance, the pollen is said to be entirely without effect on the stigma of the same plant. Fritz Muller has made a variety of experiments on this interesting subject, which seem to show that in some cases pollen, if

placed on the stigma of the same flower, has no more effect than so much inorganic dust; while, which is perhaps even more extraordinary, in others the pollen, placed on the stigma of the same flower, acted on it like a poison. This he observed in several species; the flower faded and fell off; the pollen masses themselves, and the stigma in contact with them, shriveled up, turned brown, and decayed; while other flowers on the same branch, which were left unfertilized, retained their freshness.

Moreover, it appears that if a supply of pollen from another plant is secured, it is comparatively unimportant to exclude the pollen of the plant itself, for in such cases the latter is neutralized by the more powerful effect of the former. In many cases self-fertilization is still more effectually guarded against by the fact that the stamens and pistils do not ripen at the same time. In some cases the pistils ripen before the stamens. Thus the *Aristolochia* has a flower which consists of a long tube, with a narrow opening closed by stiff hairs which point backward, so that it resembles an ordinary eel-trap. Small flies enter the tube in search of honey, which, from the direction of the hairs, they can do easily, though, on the other hand, from the same cause, it is impossible for them to return. Thus they are imprisoned in the flower; gradually, however, the pistil passes maturity, the stamens ripen and shed their pollen, by which the flies are thoroughly dusted. Then the hairs of the tube shrivel up and release the prisoners, which carry the pollen to another flower.—[Sir John Lubbock.]

## Art in Ancient Egypt.

FROM a report in "Nature" of the address of Professor Owen, before the Ethnological Section of the British Association, we extract the following:

Prof. Owen then passed to the consideration of the origin, antiquity, and race characters of the first scientifically known civilized people. This part of the discourse was illustrated by a diagram of the dynasties and reigns of Egyptian kings, and enlarged views from photographs of portrait-sculptures of individuals of the third and fourth dynasties, of a Hykshos Pharaoh of the sixteenth dynasty, of a monarch of the twentieth dynasty, belonging to the native race, after the expulsion of the "Shepherd Kings," and of Pharaohs of the Greek race, including one of Cleopatra, which, from the circumstances of its discovery, supported the belief of its being a true likeness of that queen. The noblest of all is the statue of Chephren, the Phra, or Pharaoh of the fourth dynasty, who built the second of the great pyramids of Ghizeh. It is of life size; the Pharaoh is seated on his throne, carved out of one block of the beautiful, intractable, and rare mineral called diorite. The face, with features as refined and intellectual as those of a modern European, has a calm, dignified expression, free from the conventionality of the statues of later monarchs. The anatomy of the frame was as true as in works of art from the chisel of Michael Angelo. According to the "table" exhibited, this king lived B. C. 4,200. The sculptor wrought thirty-seven centuries before Phidias. What was the period of incubation necessary to attain such perfection

in both the creative and mechanical departments of the noblest of arts?

#### The Limit of the Sun's Heat.

M. J. VIOLLE recently explained to the French Academy some experiments designed for the purpose of estimating the temperature of the sun, which he reckons at  $1,354^{\circ}\text{C}.$ , without, however, allowing for the loss occasioned by the absorption of the earth's atmosphere, but for which his apparatus would have been more strongly affected, and the estimate would have been higher. His paper called forth very interesting remarks from M. St. Claire Deville and M. Berthelot as to the limits beyond which increase of temperature could not be obtained. M. Deville observed that it was not prudent to speak of higher temperatures than had been actually measured, those measured by M. Bunsen being the highest known. The heat resulting from chemical combination was limited by the temperature at which dissociation occurred, and which, according to his experiments, never exceeded a measurable quantity. When the pressure was augmented, under which two gases combined, there was usually an augmentation of the temperature produced; but the experiments of Professor Frankland, M. Cailletet, and his own, proved that the light which was disengaged increased faster than the temperature, and that the chemical rays augmented rapidly in number and intensity. It might, then, be supposed that combinations occurring under increased pressures would exhibit energy, not in the form of heat, but in waves of shorter lengths, and that a limit would be reached beyond which no calorific effects would be produced. M. Berthelot observed that as long as the law of Mariotte was considered absolute there appeared no limit to the temperature simple gases might be made to assume, unless it was supposed that they were transformed into something still simpler, or into the universal ether; but, practically, it might be found that radiations of all kinds augmented so rapidly with increase of temperature that no temperature would be realizable beyond  $2,500^{\circ}\text{C}.$  or  $3,000^{\circ}\text{C}.$ , as observed in the experiments of M. St. Claire Deville. Equality of temperature and of pressure of two identical masses of gas did not necessarily imply identity of those vibratory movements which correspond to luminous or chemical radiations. One such gas might appear yellow, or red, and chiefly emit luminous or calorific rays, while the other might be blue or violet, and emit more chemical rays. They would then be in a state of equilibrium of temperature, without being in the same physical conditions. Two such masses might be compared to musical instruments emitting sounds of equal force, but composed of different harmonies. In experiments he had made with carbon heated in an atmosphere of hydrogen, first with a strong galvanic battery, and then with solar rays condensed by a lens, the effects were at first identical—dark red, bright red, reddish white and dazzling white; but as the temperature continued to increase they became different. With the electric current the carbon passed from dazzling white to the blue so well known to persons accustomed to electric illumination; but in the solar focus the change was from dazzling white to rose, which corresponds with a higher temperature, close to that at which platinum melts under very powerful lenses. Would gases treated by different means afford analogous results?

Finally, M. Berthelot said: "It is not possible to communicate to matter an active force to an extent

without limits. No instrument can be made to give an indefinitely augmenting sound, no projectile can be made to acquire an indefinitely increasing velocity of rotation or translation; but we are not able to assign with any probability derived from our own experiments, what may be the limits of temperature in a body differing as the sun does from the conditions we are surrounded with."—"Academy."]

#### Effect of Camphor on Seeds.

CERTAIN curious and all but forgotten experiments of much interest to agriculture and gardening have lately been revived by a German savant. Very many years ago it was discovered and recorded that water saturated with camphor had a remarkable influence on the germination of seeds. As of many other useful hints, the stupid world took no notice of this intimation; but a Berlin professor, having seen the record of it, appears to have established the fact that a solution of camphor stimulates vegetables as alcohol does animals. He took seeds of various sorts, some being three or four years old, and possessing a slight degree of vitality, and placed them between sheets of blotting paper. Some of these he wetted with pure water, and others with camphorated water. In many cases the seeds did not swell at all under the influence of the simple moisture, but in every case they germinated where they were subjected to the camphor solution. The experiment was extended to different kinds of garden seeds, old and new, and always with the result of showing a singular awakening of dormant vitalism and a wonderful quickening of growth. It also appears from the Professor's researches that the young plants thus stimulated continued to increase with a vigor and vivacity much beyond that of those which were not so treated. On the other hand, when pounded camphor was mixed with the soil, it appeared to exercise a rather bad effect upon the seeds. The dose in this latter case was possibly too strong. At all events, this action of camphor is worthy of an examination by seedsmen and gardeners, and even farmers might determine how far wheat and barley may be profited by the strange power this drug appears to possess over the latent life of vegetable germs.—["The Horticulturist."]

#### The Song of Fishes.

IN a very interesting article on this subject, Mr. John C. Galton says: "That certain fishes produce at certain seasons sounds—nay more, that many such sounds can be brought under the category of musical notes—is known to few even in these days, though the fact did not escape the notice of that most observant of all natural historians, Aristotle."

"More recently recorded observations upon the sounds produced by fishes are but few and far between. One of the best, perhaps, of all accounts is that given by Sir J. Emerson Tennant, late Governor of Ceylon. When at Batticaloa—a place halfway down the east coast of this island—he made some inquiries about certain sounds, resembling the faint, sweet notes of an Æolian harp, which were alleged to proceed from the bottom of a neighboring lake. The fishermen said that both they and their fathers knew these sounds, which were declared to be audible during the dry season, but to cease when the lake had been swollen after the rains. These, they said, proceeded not from a fish, but from two species of mollusk, known by the Tamil name of *oerie cooleero crado*, or, the crying shell. Sir E. Tennant

took a boat and visited the lake by moonlight, and thus describes the sounds which he heard: 'They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the wood-work of the boat the vibration was greatly increased in volume.' The sounds varied considerably at different points, and could be localized, as it was possible to row away out of their influence. This fact, thought Sir E. Tennant, lends support to the view of the fishermen, that the sounds were produced by mollusks, and not by fish. Similar sounds have been heard in the harbor of Bombay, described as like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an Æolian harp, the note of a pitch-pipe or pitch-fork, or any other long-drawn-out musical note. These sounds came from all directions, almost in equal strength, and arose from the surface of the water all round the vessel. The fish which was alleged to produce them closely resembled, in size and shape, the fresh-water perch of the north of Europe.

"It appears that out of more than three thousand species of fishes no more than fifty-two are at present known to produce sound. This contrasts most singularly with that which happens among the other four vertebrate classes, containing at least twelve thousand species, every individual of which possesses a larynx or special organ of voice."

#### Memoranda.

In a communication to the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, Herr Dove shows that when the temperature falls suddenly, in the latter part of December, it generally indicates a moderate and uniform temperature in the January following. Early winters, with sharp frosts in November, are generally followed by a mild January, while a warm November and December usually usher in a winter of extreme severity.

An Italian Professor, having satisfied himself that the perfumes of flowers have a chemical effect on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone, thereupon recommends that dwellers in marshy localities, and near places infected with animal emanations, should surround their homes with odoriferous plants.

M. Kohlrausch finds that the expansion of hard rubber, under an increase of temperature, is three times as great as that of zinc. It is proposed to utilize this property in the construction of thermometers of great delicacy, by gluing together a strip of rubber and one of ivory. The compound bar thus formed, when fastened at one end, even though it be only twenty centimeters long, exhibits a movement of many millimeters at the opposite extremity, for an elevation of one degree of temperature.

In Tellier's apparatus for the preservation of meat in cold, dry chambers, the cold is produced by the alternate volatilization and condensation of ether. The vessel in which the vaporization is conducted is traversed by a number of metallic tubes. Through these the air is slowly driven to the chamber. As it passes over the cold metallic wall of the tubes the moisture is deposited, and the temperature at

the same time reduced to the required degree. Meat may in this way be preserved perfectly for forty or fifty days. After that it acquires a greasy taste.

If the size of Encyclopedias may be regarded as an index of the extent of a nation's learning, the Chinese are certainly far in advance of the rest of the world in that respect, for we are informed that a "Cyclopedia of Ancient and Modern Literature" has just appeared at Peking, which consists of 6,104 volumes, and costs 4,000 pounds.—["Academy."]

In writing of tendrils, Professor Gray says: When a fresh, active tendril in climbing comes in contact with any suitable support, it hooks or coils its end around it. Having thus secured a hold, it shortens by coiling up a part or the whole of its length. This draws up the climbing stem nearer to its support, and makes it easier for the young tendrils above to gain their hold.

M. Béranger Feraud, a surgeon in the French navy, describes a singular custom that prevails among the Belantes, a savage people of Africa. The custom in question consists in making the marriage relation dependent on the preservation of the "pagua, or festive garment given by the husband to the wife, at the wedding. The woman who wishes to secure a divorce wears out her pagua as fast as she can, and as soon as it is in tatters she is released from the power of her husband."

It is said that albumen from blood is now used to a considerable extent in Germany for mordanting yarns and cloth.

At the close of the present century the annual income of the University of Oxford will be about one and a-quarter million of dollars, and that of Cambridge about three-quarters of a million of dollars. A portion of this it is proposed to devote to the purposes of original research.

The Brier is recommended as the best stock for roses on a clay soil, and the Marietti for stock on sandy soil.

The presence of fowls in an orchard is said to be one of the best preventives against the ravages of insects.

Nearly all the photographs taken of the solar eclipse of December 12th, 1871, show traces of a comet in the coronal structure.

Mathematics may enable us retrospectively to justify results obtained by experiment, may point out useful lines of research, and even sometimes predict entirely novel discoveries, but it will never revolutionize our laboratories. Mathematical will not replace chemical analysis.—[Prof. A. Crum Brown.]

Professor Dolbear, the inventor of the opeioscope, is of New England, and not of England, as stated in a former number.

H. Weiske and E. Wilcox find as the result of experiments on goats, that while the diminution of the supply of phosphoric acid and lime in the food does not alter the composition of the bones, it greatly reduces their size.

Hydrate of chloral has been used with success in the treatment of a case of tetanus, or lock-jaw.

Injections of aqua ammonia into the veins has been used with success in the treatment of snake-bites.

## ETCHINGS.

## Over the Way.

BY M. M. D.

OVER the way, over the way,  
 I've seen a head that's fair and gray;  
 I've seen kind eyes not new to tears,  
 A form of grace, though full of years.  
 Her fifty summers have left no flaw—  
 And I, a youth of twenty-three,  
 So love this lady, fair to see,  
 I want her for my mother-in-law!

Over the way, over the way,  
 I've seen her with the children play;  
 I've seen her with a royal grace  
 Before the mirror adjust her lace;  
 A kinder woman none ever saw;  
 God bless and cheer her onward path,  
 And bless all treasures that she hath,  
 And let her be my mother-in-law!

Over the way, over the way,  
 I think I'll venture, dear, some day  
 (If you will lend a helping hand,  
 And sanctify the scheme I've planned),  
 I'll kneel in loving, reverent awe,  
 Down at the lady's feet, and say:  
 "I've loved your daughter many a day—  
 Please, won't you be my mother-in-law?"

THE modern sculptor has a hard time of it with his portrait statues, it must be confessed. What is he to do? Shall he dress a gentleman as he finds him; go back to the toga; or go farther back still to the altogether natural man? Or shall he compromise with a cloak or water-proof—as in the case of the Savior of his Country, expiating his virtues in Union Square? They have the same trouble in England as here: *vide* Wm. B. Scott. For centuries, he says, the portrait statues of their kings appeared in the Roman cuirass with bare arms and knees, and their statesmen in the chlamys and toga. "One last step only was wanting to adopt the ideal antique and abandon clothing altogether, and this was very nearly accomplished toward the close of last century. Canova's statue of Napoleon, now in Apsley House, is absolutely naked; and the statue to Samuel Johnson, in St. Paul's, is almost undraped, the single loose covering being thrown so as to be only useful for the sculptor's supposed artistic purposes—a ludicrous spectacle in a simply rational point of view; the stout old gentleman, as he leans his head on his hand in his nakedness, seeming to be saying to himself: 'What a sad case things have come to with me at last, standing before the public in a state of nature.'"

It is a matter of tradition that the statue of Washington, by Greenough, in the grounds of the Capitol at Washington, is saying, as plain as gesture and countenance *can* say: "My sword is by my side, and my clothes are in the Patent Office"—toward which he points with majestic modesty.

MASSON revives the following incident narrated by Coleridge in his "Biographia Literaria." In 1796 Wordsworth and Coleridge became personally known to each other. Like Coleridge, Wordsworth, who had traveled, and resided in France during the fervors of the French Revolution, partook of the

social enthusiasm of the time. The two having gone to live together for a summer in a pleasant retreat on the coast of Somersetshire, their demeanor attracted so much local attention, that Government was induced to send a spy to watch them. The poor man, however, after dogging them for some weeks in their walks, acquitted them of any disloyal intention, and even became ashamed of his office, feeling sure, as he said, from their continual talking of one *Spy-Nosey*, as they sat together for hours on a sand-bank, behind which he lay concealed, that they had detected him, and were making game of him.

MAHOMET overheard one of his followers say, "I will loose my camel and commit him to God." "My friend," said Mahomet, "let thy camel and commit him to God."

A SPINSTER in a neighboring town says that this year marriage is an epidemic which spares neither age nor sex.

HERE are the eight lines which have made Bourdillon, the Oxford undergraduate, famous:

## LIGHT.

The night has a thousand eyes,  
 The day but one;  
 Yet the light of the bright world dies  
 With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
 And the heart but one;  
 Yet the light of a whole life dies  
 When day is done.

AFROPOS of Bacon (and Shakespeare), here are some selections from his "Apophthegms New and Old":

Sir Thomas Moore had only daughters at the first; and his wife did ever pray for a boy. At last he had a boy, which after, at man's years, proved simple. Sir Thomas said to his wife: "Thou prayedst so long for a boy, that he will be a boy as long as he lives."

Sir Thomas Moore, the day he was beheaded, had a barber sent to him, because his hair was long, which was thought would make him more comiserable with the people. The barber came to him and asked him, "Whether he would be pleased to be trimmed?" "In good faith, honest fellow," said Sir Thomas, "the King and I have a suit for my head, and till the title be cleared I will do no cost upon it."

Many men, especially such as affect gravity, have a manner, after other men's speech, to shake their heads. Sir Lionel Cranfield would say, "That it was as men shake a bottle, to see if there were any wit in their head or no."

Diogenes, having seen that the kingdom of Macedonia, which before was contemptible and low, began to come aloft, when he died, was asked: "How he would be buried?" He answered, "With my face downward; for within a while the world will be turned upside down, and then I shall lie right."

Cato the elder was wont to say, "That the Romans were like sheep; A man were better drive a flock of them, than one of them."



There was a minister deprived for inconformity, who said to some of his friends; "That if they deprived him, it should cost an hundred men's lives." The party understood it as if, being a turbulent fellow, he would have moved sedition, and complained of him. Whereupon being convened and apposed upon that speech, he said; "His meaning was, that if he lost his benefice, he would practise physic; and then he thought he should kill an hundred men in time."

Michael Angelo, the famous painter, painting in the Pope's chapel the portraiture of hell and damned souls, made one of the damned souls so like a Cardinal that was his enemy, as every body at first sight knew it: Whereupon the Cardinal complained to Pope Clement, desiring it might be defaced; Who said to him, "Why, you know very well, I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell."

Cicero was at dinner, where there was an ancient lady that spake of her years, and said, "She was but forty years old." One that sat by Cicero rounded him in the ear and said; "She talks of forty years old, and she is far more, out of question." Cicero answered him again; "I must believe her, for I have heard her say so any time these ten years."

There was a soldier that vaunted before Julius Caesar of hurts he had received in his face. Julius Caesar, knowing him to be but a coward, told him; "You were best take heed, next time you run away, how you look back."

There was a Bishop that was somewhat a delicate person, and bathed twice a day. A friend of his said to him; "My lord, why do you bathe twice a day?" The Bishop answered; "Because I cannot conveniently bathe thrice."

Thales, as he looked upon the stars, fell into the water; Whereupon it was after said, "That if he had looked into the water, he might have seen the stars; but looking up to the stars, he could not see the water."

Mr. Popham, when he was the Speaker, and the Lower House had sat long, and done in effect nothing, coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him; "Now, Mr. Speaker, what hath passed in the Lower House?" He answered; "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks."

Mr. Savill was asked by my Lord of Essex his opinion touching poets; who answered my lord; "He thought them the best writers, next to those that write prose."

Mr. Mason, of Trinity College, sent his pupil to another of the fellows, to borrow a book of him; who told him; "I am loth to lend my books out of my chamber; but if it please thy tutor to come and read upon it in my chamber, he shall as long as he will." It was winter; and some days after, the same fellow sent to Mr. Mason to borrow his bellows; but Mr. Mason said to his pupil; "I am loth to lend my bellows out of my chamber; but if thy tutor would come and blow the fire in my chamber, he shall as long as he will."

Galba succeeded Nero, and his age being much despised, there was much license and confusion in Rome. Whereupon a senator said in full senate, "It were better live where nothing is lawful, than where all things are lawful."

In Flanders by accident a Flemish tiler fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, and killed him, though he escaped himself. The next of the blood prosecuted his death with great violence against the tiler. And when he was offered pecuniary recompense, nothing would serve him but *lex talionis*.

Whereupon the judge said to him; "That if he did urge that kind of sentence, it must be, that he should go up to the top of the house, and thence fall down upon the tiler."

They feigned a tale of Sixtus Quintus, that after his death he went to hell; and the porter of hell said to him; "You have some reason to offer yourself to this place; but yet I have order not to receive you: you have a place of your own, purgatory; you may go thither." So he went away, and sought purgatory a great while, and could find no such place. Upon that he took heart, and went to heaven, and knocked; and St. Peter asked; "Who was there?" He said, "Sixtus Pope." Whereunto St. Peter said, "Why do you knock? you have the keys." Sixtus answered, "It is true; but it is so long since they were given, as I doubt the wards of the lock be altered."

In Chancery, one time, when the counsel of the parties set forth the boundaries of the land in question, by the plot; And the counsel of one part said, "We lie on this side, my lord;" And the counsel of the other part said, "We lie on this side;" The Lord Chancellor Hatton stood up and said, "If you lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe?"

Solon, when he wept for his son's death, and one said to him; "Weeping will not help;" answered; "Alas, therefore I weep, because weeping will not help."

Plato entertained some of his friends at a dinner, and had in the chamber a bed or couch, neatly and costly furnished. Diogenes came in, and got upon the bed, and trampled upon it, and said; "I trample upon the pride of Plato." Plato mildly answered; "But with greater pride."

One of the Fathers saith; "That there is but this difference between the death of old men and young men; that old men go to death, and death comes to young men."

Augustus Caesar would say; "That he wondered that Alexander feared he should want work, having no more to conquer; as if it were not as hard a matter to keep as to conquer."

Callisthenes the philosopher, that followed Alexander's court, and hated the King, was asked by one; "How one should become the famousest man in the world?" and answered; "By taking away him that is."

Agessilaus, when one told him there was one did excellently counterfeit a nightingale, and would have had him hear him, said; "Why I have heard the nightingale herself."

One came to a Cardinal in Rome, and told him; "That he had brought his lordship a dainty white palfrey, but he fell lame by the way." Saith the Cardinal to him; "I'll tell thee what thou shalt do; go to such a Cardinal, and such a Cardinal," naming him some half a dozen Cardinals, "and tell them as much; and so whereas by thy horse, if he had been sound, thou couldest have pleased but one, with thy lame horse thou mayest please half a dozen."

There was one that died greatly in debt. When it was reported in some company, where divers of his creditors were, that he was dead, one began to say; "In good faith, then he hath carried five hundred ducats of mine with him into the other world." And another of them said; "And two hundred of mine." And some others spake of several sums of theirs. Whereupon one that was amongst them said; "Well, I see now that though a man cannot carry any of his own with him into the other world, yet he may carry other men's."

Cato Major would say; "That wise men learned more by fools, than fools by wise men."

**The King of the Cannibal Islands. (Tune, "Malbrouk.")**

BY J. W. DE FOREST.

THE King of the Cannibal Islands  
Decided to conquer some dry lands,  
So he marched over valleys and highlands  
With twenty-four cannibal braves;  
With two dozen man-eating knives,  
All hungry as so many graves,  
He skirmished through earthlands and skylands,  
Defiant of weather and waves.

He came to Atlantis the Holy,  
Whose people were lamb-like and lowly,  
Though growing a touch roly-poly  
And languid in fasting and prayers;  
They fasted while sleeping, like bears,  
And prayed in their Vanity Fairs,  
And walked in the narrow way slowly,  
Much cumbered with Belzebub's wares.

Then followed a wonderful battle;  
Good luck! how the weapons did rattle!  
The women, the children, the cattle  
Took part in the desperate strife;  
They carried the war to the knife;  
With slaughter Atlantis was rife;  
About it the Muses will prattle  
While Providence granteth them life.

The Cannibals turned out the winners,  
They made twenty-five hearty dinners,  
They gobbled the saints and the sinners  
And put all Atlantis to sack;  
They swallowed white, yellow and black,  
The hungriest, greediest pack  
Of robbers and pickers and skimmers  
That ever sent region to wrack.

Henceforth they were chiefs of the nation,  
And lived by relief legislation;  
They served up a bill for collation  
And fattened a law like a beast;  
Their appetites daily increased;  
A lunch was a patent, at least;  
While railroads and steam navigation  
Scarce furnished the joints for a feast.

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown"—and yet King Kalakaua has been having, for the last three months at least, about as easy a time as the most self-indulgent of uncrowned mortals could desire. To the carnal mind, there would seem to be nothing wanting for the personal delectation of our royal guest, except a little balmier air, and a somewhat milder sky. Perhaps it is because he does not wear a crown, after all, but only a feather cloak, that he can take life so lightly, and go forth to see the world clad with such ingenuous and pleasing good nature. Among all the Hawaiian regalia there is no crown. The fact is that gold is scarce among the simple islanders. It is not very long since cowries were a legal tender on those coral shores; and as for golden crowns and scepters, the islanders learned kingcraft from those grave Puritan missionaries to whom crowns and scepters were next door to idols. Gold is scarce, but if they had not gold, they had golden feathers; at least the little birds in the Hawaiian forests had them,—little blackbirds, each with two small golden feathers under each of his two wings. It took so many birds to make a cloak, at the rate of four small feathers to a bird, that the manufacture has now quite ceased; indeed the birds themselves have almost ceased to be.

There is a great deal of human nature in folks, under whatever skies they may have happened to be born. These simple children of the sun, this king and his governors, for whom our national and municipal hospitality has been so lately taxed, have seemed to show a great avidity for the innocent diversions of the Black Crook and the Hippodrome, provoking some derisive criticism on their queer taste. But then the Honoluluans declare that when an English traveler, or an American tourist, on his way to see the world, comes to Hawaii, he asks to see the hula hula, sometimes even before he goes to see the great volcano. Now the hula hula is the Hawaiian Black Crook, not so elaborate as ours probably, somewhat more unadorned perhaps, less deliberately bad, no doubt, but in its genius, not dissimilar. An English prince at Honolulu, not many years ago, is remembered as having given the prestige of his high patronage to the hula hula. The hula hula first, and the volcano afterward, if there is time. The ballet and the hippodrome, by all means, and Niagara afterward, if we have time. Let us not be too hard upon his Pacific Majesty!

WHEN we of the generation that is watching the sunset of life's sweet day—"when we were young, ah! woeful 'when!'" there used to be in our grammar-books only one or two illustrations of the dangers of careless punctuation, though it must be owned these illustrations were well chosen to make an impression on the childish mind. The reader may remember them; one was of a clergyman who was requested to read from the pulpit the following notice: "A man having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation;" where the transposition of a comma might easily have made things uncomfortable for the man, if his wife had happened to be of a sensitive turn. The other was of a barber who enticed customers by a deluding sign; but this is so universally familiar, we can't make up our mind to repeat it. Lately, however, the attention of the juvenile minds of this particular generation and locality has been called to a more pretending illustration of the dangers of neglecting the study of punctuation—an illustration so ancient, that a Darwinian, applying his test to manners, might doubt whether the *genus* school-boy have developed to any appreciable degree in the last three hundred years. The fearful warning in question is found in the play of "Ralph Roister Doister," written by Nicholas Udall, probably before 1553, and when he was Master of Eton. The play, which is the first known comedy in the English language, was probably written for the Eton boys to act, since, says the writer of a notice of Udall (Mr. W. D. Cooper), "it was the custom of Eton, about the Feast of St. Andrew, for the Master to choose some Latin stage-play for the boys to act in the following Christmas holidays, and that he might sometimes order smart and witty English plays." Warton says that about the year 1540 Udall wrote many comedies, and a tragedy, *De Papatu* (on the Papacy), written probably to be acted by his scholars." The hero of "Roister Doister" is an absurd, bragging coxcomb, whose humor it is to think he must fall in love with every woman he sees, and that the women are all as much in love with him. He falls in love, or thinks he does, with a rich young widow, and gets a letter written by a scrivener, which he sends to her by a mischievous hanger-on of his, who, out of mere monkeyish perverseness, reads it aloud to her, leaving out stops, or putting them in, in a way to make the letter a tissue of abuse and mocking insult. Of course the lady, who was disgusted enough

with Ralph already, was out of all patience with him on hearing this outrageous missive, and Ralph himself in despair when he heard what a letter he had paid for. The scrivener is called up and hauled over the coals, but he easily justifies himself by reading his letter as he wrote it. The authorship of "Roister Doister" was not fairly established—the only copy of the earliest-known edition, probably printed in 1566, which is preserved at Eton, wanting the title-page—until lately, when attention was called to Thomas Wilson's "Rule of Reason," in the third edition of which, published in 1663, the author, treating of "*The Ambiguities*," adds to his previous examples Roister Doister's letter, with the following heading:

"An example of soche doubtful writing, whiche, by reason of pointing, maie haue double sense and contrarie meaning, taken out of an entrelude made by Nicolas Vdal." We give below the two letters, for which we are indebted to Arber's pretty reprint of the play, one of the series of "English Reprints," for which students of English literature are so much indebted to this genial scholar. We may add that the comedy itself has recently been acted with great success by a company of young people in this city. It is probable that this is the first revival of the amusing little play since it was written in the sixteenth century. It was acted without any material clipping or any important change in the text.

## FIRST VERSION.

Sweete mistresse where as I love you nothing at all,  
Regarding your substance and riches chief of all,  
For your personage, beaute, demeanour and wit,  
I commend me unto you never a whit.  
Sorie to heare report of your good welfare.  
For (as I heare say) suche your conditions are,  
That ye be worthis favour of no living man,  
To be abhorred of every honest man.  
To be taken for a woman inclined to vice.  
Nothing at all to Vertue gyving hir due price.  
Wherefore concerning marriage, ye are thought  
Suche a fine Paragon, as nere honest man bought.  
And now by these presentes I do you advertise  
That I am minded to marrie you in no wise.  
For your goodes and substance, I coulde bee content  
To take you as ye are. If ye mynde to bee my wyfe,  
Ye shall be assured for the tyme of my life,  
I will keepe ye ryght well, from good rayment and fare,  
Ye shall not be kepte but in sorowe and care.  
Ye shall in no wyse lye at your owne libertie,  
Doe and say what ye lust, ye shall never please me,  
But when ye are mery, I will be all sadde,  
When ye are sory, I will be very gladd.  
When ye seeke your heartes ease, I will be unkinde,  
At no tyme, in me shall ye muche gentleness finde,  
But all things contrary to your will and minde,  
Shall be done: otherwise I wyll not be behinde  
To speake. And as for all them that woulde do you wrong  
I will so helpe and mainteyne, ye shall not lye long.  
Nor any foolishhe dolte, shall cumber you but I.  
Thus good mistresse Custance, the lorde you save and kepe,  
From me Roister Doister, whether I wake or slepe,  
Who favoureth you no lesse, (ye may be bolde)  
Than this letter purporth, which ye have unfold.

## SECOND VERSION.

Sweete mistresse, where as I love you, nothing at all  
Regarding your riches and substance: chief of all  
For your personage, beaute, demeanour and witte  
I commend me unto you: Never a whitte  
Sory to heare reporte of your good welfare.  
For (as I heare say) suche your conditions are,  
That ye be worthis favour: Of no living man  
To be abhorred: of every honest man  
To be taken for a woman inclined to vice  
Nothing at all: to vertue giving hir due price.  
Wherefore concerning marriage, ye are thought  
Suche a fine Paragon, as nere honest man bought.  
And now by these presentes I doe you advertise,  
That I am minded to marrie you: In no wyse  
For your goodes and substance: I can be content  
To take you as you are: yf ye will be my wyfe,  
Ye shall be assured for the tyme of my life,

I wyll keepe you right well: from good raiment and fare,  
Ye shall not be kept: but in sorowe and care  
Ye shall in nowise live: at your own libertie,  
Doe and say what ye lust: ye shall never please me  
But when ye are mery: I wyll bee all sadde  
When ye are sory: I wyll be very gladd.  
When ye seeke your heartes ease: I will be unkinde  
At no tyme: in me shall ye muche gentleness finde.  
But all things contrary to your will and minde  
Shall be done otherwise: I will not be behinde  
To speake: And as for all they that woulde do you wrong  
I (will so helpe and mainteyne ye) shall not lye long.  
Nor any foolishhe dolte shall cumber you, but I,  
I, who doe say nay, will sicke by you tyll I die.  
Thus good mistresse Custance, the lorde you save and kepe.  
From me Roister Doister, whether I wake or slepe,  
Who favoureth you no lesse (ye may be bolde)  
Than this letter purporth, which ye have unfold.

"THIS," said the Inventor, in Tom Hood's "From Nowhere to the North Pole"—"this," said he, "is the 'Latest Invention for Writing Poetry by Machinery'; a most interesting process, I assure you."

"I should think so," said Frank. "I thought it always required such clever people to write poetry."

"It used to do so," said the Inventor, who added, after a pause: "I once wrote poetry myself."

"Indeed!" observed Frank, admiringly.

"Yes, a good deal; but I soon learnt to simplify the process. People would not publish my poems unless I paid them for doing so. I had no money, which, consequently, left a good deal of time on my hands. I employed it in the construction of this machine. When it is completed, and makes a success, I shall get the money to publish my poems."

He led Frank to a large shallow drawer, divided into small compartments.

"In each of these little boxes you will find a number of words rhyming together. You choose what you please, and place them along the edge of the table of this machine," and he pointed to a machine something like a printing-press.

"Above, you will see several large reservoirs. Each is filled with words, printed on small pieces of wood, just like these rhymes. Each contains words suited for the different styles of measures you have to choose from. When you have fixed on the style, you connect the feeder of its reservoir with the machine by pulling out this damper."

Frank tries his hand at an ode on Invention, and picks out his rhymes—"immense," "intense," and "reveal," and "appeal."

"Now, my young friend," continues the Inventor, "all you have to do is to depress that lever, and the engine will work. Raise it, and it is thrown out of gear."

Frank did as he was desired. There was a clank and grinding sound, and then the wheel began to revolve, and the table disappeared slowly, to return in a short time, covered with lines of carefully arranged words. This was what Frank read:

## AN ODE TO INVENTION.

Amidst believes announce alas immense,  
Destroy behoof confound conceits intense,  
Again red-hot diverse post-haste reveal,  
Unclass revenge —

"But I say," said Frank, letting go of the lever, "I can't understand what it's about."

"Oh, help! murder!" shouted the Inventor, springing to the machine. "You've stopped in the middle of a line, and the spare words will get into the works. There, I said so! Look, 'appeal' has got into the cogs, and there's 'assist' in the fly-wheel! Oh, what's to be done?"

"But," repeated Frank, "I can't understand it."

"Poetry isn't meant to be understood!" said the

Inventor in a tone of irritation. "There are the words, and the reader must find out their meaning."

Presently the machinery was made ready, and the lever depressed, and the table vanished and returned bearing these lines:

## A SONG.

Merrily roundelay happiness blue  
Sicily popular meet tumtiddy,  
Popinjay calendar fiddle-strings grew,  
Capering mulberry feet tumtiddy.

"I think that will do," said Frank, releasing the lever at the end of the line.

"Now," said the Inventor, "observe the ingenious system of double-feeding. You see the 'tumtiddy'—which is mere nonsense, and therefore easily distinguishable from the rest of the words—that is supplied by the second feeder, which is turned on by a small pin in the wheel, which, at the same time, applies a break to the other feeder. When all is done, you have only to remove the 'tumtiddies'—thus; and there is the poem."

## Fritz und I.

MYNHERE, blease helb a boor oldt man  
Vot gomes vrom Sharmany,  
Mit Fritz, mine tog und only freund,  
To geep me gompany.

I haf no gelt to puy mine pread,  
No blace to lay me down,  
For ve vas vanderers, Fritz und I,  
Und sdrangers in der town.

Some beoples gife us dings to eadt,  
Und some dey kicks us outd  
And say: "You ton't got peensins here  
To sdroll der schtreets aboutd!"

Vot's dat you say, you puy mine tog  
To gife me pread to eadt!  
I vas so boor as nefer vas,  
But I vas no "tead peat!"

Vot, sell mine tog, mine leetle tog,  
Dot vollovs me aboutd,  
Und vags his dail like anydings  
Venc'er I dakes him outd?

Schust look at him, und see him schump!  
He likes me pooty vell,  
Und dere vas somedings 'bout dat tog,  
Mynheer, I vouldn't sell.

"Der collar?" Nein, 'tvas someding else  
Vrom vich I Gould not bart;  
Und if dot ding vas dook away,  
I dink it 'rakes mine heart.

"Vot vas it den aboutd dat tog,"  
You ashk, 'dat's not vor sale?'  
I dells you vat it ish, mine freund,  
'Tish der vag off dat tog's dail!"

Epigram on Napoleon's Chair in the N. Y. Historical Society's Rooms.

THIS is the chair in which sat one  
From other men alone, apart;  
And though the nap is nearly gone  
There still is left the bony part.

"IN his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." II. Chronicles, xvi., 12, 13.

THE following song, by Swinburne, was sung by Miss Furtado in the character of Anne Page in the

recent London revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor":

Love laid his sleepless head  
On a thorny rose bed;  
And his eyes with tears were red,  
And pale his lips as the dead.

And fear, and sorrow, and scorn,  
Kept watch by his head forlorn,  
Till the night was overcome,  
And the world was merry with morn.

And Joy came up with the day,  
And kissed Love's lips as he lay,  
And the watchers, ghostly and gray,  
Fled from his pillow away.

And his eyes at the dawn grew bright,  
And his lips waxed ruddy as light—  
Sorrow may reign for a night,  
But day shall bring back delight.

LET us renew our youth in Dorry's journal, from Susan Coolidge's "What Katy Did":

March 12. Have resolved to keep a journal.

March 13. Had roast beef for dinner, and cabbage, and potato, and apple sauce, and rice pudding. I do not like rice pudding when it is like ours. Charley slack's kind is rele good. Mush and sirup for tea.

March 19. Forgit what did. John and me saved our pie to take to schule.

March 21. Forgit what did. Gridel cakes for breakfast. Debby didn't fry enuff.

March 24. This is Sunday. Corn befe for dinner. Studded my Bibel lesson. Aunt Isay said I was greedy. Have resolved not to think so much about things to etc. Wish I was a better boy. Nothing perukeler for tea.

March 25. Forgit what did.

March 27. Forgit what did.

March 29. Played.

March 31. Forgit what did.

April 1. Have dissided not to keep a journal more.



RICHES HAVE WINGS.

SELDOM has the world witnessed such an unveiling of kingly glory as in "The Greville Memoirs," a condensation of which has been given in the Bric-a-Brac series. Of George IV., Greville writes: "His greatest delight is to make those who have business to transact with him, or to lay papers before him, wait in his anteroom while he is lounging with Mount Charles, or anybody, talking of horses or any trivial matter; and when he is told, 'Sir, there is Watson waiting,' etc., he replies: 'Damn Watson, let him wait.' He does it on purpose, and likes it. This account corresponds with all I have before heard, and confirms the opinion I have long had, that a more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog does not exist than this King, on whom such flattery is constantly lavished. He has

a sort of capricious good nature, arising, however, out of no good principle or good feeling, but which is of use to him, as it cancels in a moment, and at small cost, a long score of misconduct."

Farther on we get this enchanting glimpse of life in a palace:

"The King complains that he is tired to death of all the people about him. He is less violent about the Catholic question; tired of that, too, and does not wish to hear any more about it. He leads a most extraordinary life—never gets up till six in the afternoon. They come to him and open the window curtains at six or seven o'clock in the morning: he breakfasts in bed, does whatever business he can be brought to transact in bed too, he reads every newspaper quite through, does three or four hours, gets up in time for dinner, and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He sleeps very ill, and rings his bell forty times in the night; if he wants to know the hour, though a watch hangs close to him, he will have his *valet de chambre* down rather than turn his head to look at it. The same thing if he wants a glass of water: he won't stretch out his hand to get it. His valets are nearly destroyed, and at last Lady Conyngham prevailed on him to agree to an arrangement by which they wait on him on alternate days. The service is still most severe, as on the days they are in waiting, their labors are incessant, and they cannot take off their clothes at night, and hardly lie down. He is in good health, but irritable."

The Chancellor said to Greville, concerning the King: "The fact is, he is mad." "The fact is," Greville adds, "that he is a spoiled, selfish, odious beast, and has no idea of doing any thing but what is agreeable to himself, or of there being any duties attached to the office he holds."

Of William IV., the Memoirs say, upon his accession: "He seems a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and if he doesn't go mad, may make a very decent king, but he exhibits oddities." Later:

"Though he has trotted about both town and country for sixty-four years, and nobody ever turned round to look at him, he cannot stir now without a mob, patrician as well as plebeian, at his heels."

"At the late King's funeral he behaved with great indecency."

"When they had all got together in St. George's Hall, a gay company I never beheld: with the exception of Mount Charles, who was deeply affected, they were all as merry as grigs. The King was chief mourner, and, to my astonishment, as he entered the chapel directly behind the body, in a situation in which he should have been apparently, it not really, absorbed in the melancholy duty he was performing, he darted up to Strathaven, who was ranged on one side below the Dean's stall, shook him heartily by the hand, and then went on nodding to the right and left. He had previously gone as chief mourner to sit for an hour at the head of the body as it lay in state, and he walked in procession with his household to the apartment. I saw him pass from behind the screen. When he went to sit in state, Jersey preceded him, and he said, when all was ready: 'Go on to the body, Jersey you will get your dress coat as soon as you can.'"

"Yesterday was a very busy day with his Majesty, who is going much too fast, and begins to alarm his ministers, and astonish the world. In the morning he inspected the Coldstream Guards, dressed (for the first time in his life) in a military uniform, and with a great pair of gold spurs half-way up his legs like a game cock, although he was not to ride, for, having chalk-stones in his hands, he can't hold the reins."

"The King has been to Woolwich, inspecting the artillery, to whom he gave a dinner, with toasts and hip, hip, hurrahing, and three times three, himself giving the time. I tremble for him; at present he is only a mountebank, but he bids fair to be a maniac."

There are, to be sure, brighter colors in the portraits of these British monarchs; but there are also blacker ones, with which we need not soil these pages.

The levity and disrespect with which Greville alludes to Irving, Mr. Somerville, and, in fact, most men and women, would lead us to suppose that when he came to Pius VIII., he would not spare his Holiness:

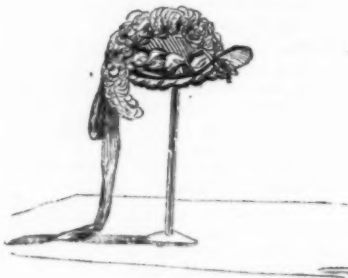
"He received us most graciously, half rising and extending his hand, which we all kissed. His dress was white silk, and very dirty, a white silk skull cap, red silk shoes with an embroidered cross, which the faithful kiss. He is a very nice, squinting old twaddle, and we liked him. He asked us if we spoke Italian, and when we modestly answered, 'a little,' he began in the most desperately unintelligible French I ever

heard; so that, though no doubt he said many excellent things, it was nearly impossible to comprehend any of them. \* \* \* When I said, '*Très-Saint Père, le Roi mon maître n'a pas de meilleurs sujets que ses sujets catholiques*,' his eyes whirled round in their sockets like tetotums, and he grinned from ear to ear."

#### MODERN EPITHETS.



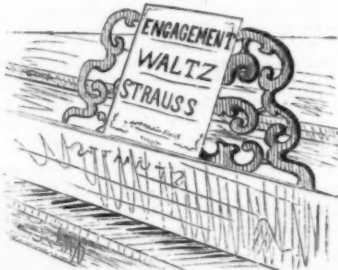
"A PERFECT TREASURE."



"A PERFECT LOVE."



"PERFECTLY GRAND."



"PERFECTLY SWEET."